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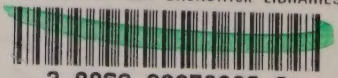

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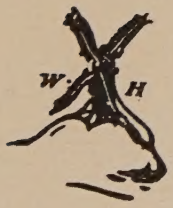

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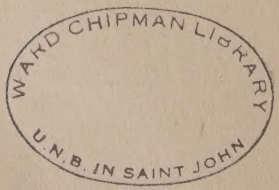

CONTENTS

PART	*PAGE*
I. SURVEY	1
II. PERSONAL	21
III. THE NOVELS AND STORIES—	
THE VILLA RUBEIN, ETC.	33
THE ISLAND PHARISEES	39
THE FORSYTE SAGA	45
A MODERN COMEDY	86
THE COUNTRY HOUSE	120
A COMMENTARY	130
FRATERNITY	135
THE PATRICIAN	145
THE DARK FLOWER	152
THE FREELANDS	160
BEYOND	167
FIVE TALES	171
SAINTS PROGRESS	179
THE BURNING SPEAR	187
STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.	190
IV. A NOTE ON HIS POEMS	207
V. THE PLAYS—	
FOREWORD	219
THE SILVER BOX	223
JOY	230
STRIFE	232
JUSTICE	240
A NOTE ON THE LITTLE DREAM	247

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE PIGEON	249
THE ELDEST SON	255
THE FUGITIVE	261
THE MOB	268
A BIT O' LOVE	275
THE FOUNDATIONS	279
THE SKIN GAME	284
A FAMILY MAN	290
LOYALTIES	294
WINDOWS	304
THE FOREST	310
A NOTE ON OLD ENGLISH	315
THE SHOW	316
SIX ONE-ACT PLAYS	323
ESCAPE	327

PART I

SURVEY

I

SURVEY

In John Galsworthy, England has an outstanding writer and a man of head and heart. He was born on August 14th, 1867, on Kingston Hill, in the County of Surrey, England, eldest son of John Galsworthy, a prominent London lawyer and chairman of several companies, bred and born in Devonshire, and Blanche, born Bartleet, of a family long settled in Worcestershire. Galsworthy had the good fortune to be " born with a silver spoon in his mouth " ; he grew up, too, in full freedom, and has the most enjoyable recollections of his youth. For four years he was educated at a private school in Bournemouth. From 1881-1886, he was at Harrow, where he distinguished himself in games, and fairly well in work. Later he went to New College, Oxford, and in 1889 took an honour degree in Law. In 1890 he should have begun active work at the Bar—like his father he was destined for the Law—but the dryness of that profession was deeply repugnant to him, and appears to be so to the present day.

Instead of practising Law, Galsworthy made a trip round the world and was roving from 1891 to 1893. These years were of supreme importance to his evolution. On the sailing ship " Torrens," voyaging from Australia to South Africa, he met Joseph Conrad, then a sailor. A friendship arose between the two which was only interrupted by Conrad's death in 1924. Conrad, the Pole who wrote in the English language, is a phenomenon in Anglo-Saxon literature ; but although Conrad and Galsworthy were so dissimilar in every way, they had a great understanding of each other.

It was not until the year 1895 that Galsworthy—then nearly twenty-eight—almost in spite of himself, began to

write. In 1898, the first volume of his stories appeared with the title "From the Four Winds," under the pseudonym John Sinjohn. This volume has been withdrawn from circulation—Galsworthy calls it "my first sins." It contains immature tales of adventure, in settings inspired by his travels. These stories aim at thrilling and primitive effects, and their only actual value lies in the fact that with them Galsworthy began. More important is the novel "Jocelyn," which appeared the following year under the same pseudonym, and has also been withdrawn from circulation. This is a love story, a sort of jejune precursor of "The Dark Flower." It portrays the conflict between love and duty, love and convention; shows a man wavering between his invalid wife and a fresh young girl. The woman dies, but the man torments himself with the idea that through his neglect he is guilty of her death, and can, less than ever, decide to marry the girl. A fermenting romance, an early work, which lacks all the later keenness of characterisation, atmosphere, pithiness, irony, and individual style of its creator, but which is, nevertheless, a stepping-stone to his later books.

In 1900—the writer was already thirty-three years old—we get the beginnings of a maturer Galsworthy. Under the same pseudonym appeared the novel "Villa Rubein", which he later re-wrote; a book full of the freshness and charm of youth, and which, despite all its weaknesses and a certain naiveté, we should be sorry to have missed. In it love and adventure play the chief roles, but there is a social background, and the ironic touch has begun to make itself felt. 1901 bestows on us four characteristic long-short tales: "A Man of Devon", "A Knight", "The Silence", and "Salvation of a Forsyte", the last of which is certainly the most important. Here, for the first time, a Forsyte (Swithin) makes his appearance; and Galsworthy, the ironist and satirist, begins to emerge.

In the two following years a few short sketches appeared, and then, in 1904, " The Island Pharisees " opened a series of novels and for the first time revealed the whole individuality of this writer. This novel, which then bore the symbolic subtitle " A Journey ", was the first to be published under the author's own name. From it we can gauge Galsworthy's development since his travels and first tentative experiments in " From the Four Winds " and " Jocelyn." " The Island Pharisees " is important, chiefly for its disclosure of the author as a social critic.

Considering Galsworthy's work from " Villa Rubein " on, we now discern two spirits within him : that of a lyric poet, wizard of atmosphere, worshipper of beauty, and that of a reasoning, disintegrating critic, ironist and satirist. In the constant blending of these two spirits lies the main charm of his art.

During 1904 and 1905 Galsworthy made further rapid development, and the social critic becomes the social philosopher. For him, the year 1906 was perhaps the most vitally important of all his writing years, because in it appeared " The Man of Property ", which brought him sudden fame and (though the writer was then unaware of it) was the opening volume of that national epic, " The Forsyte Saga ", and its continuation, " A Modern Comedy." It is probably the most powerful novel he ever wrote or will write, and in it he definitely revealed his technique and his individuality. He may have extended his technique in later works, but he has not changed it.

But the year 1906 also marked his appearance as a dramatist, with his first play, a social comedy, " The Silver Box ", which from the start strikes the keynote of his stage work. It treats of social contrasts and the conflicts arising therefrom. As in the novel, from " The Man of Property " on, so in the drama, from " The Silver Box " on, Galsworthy has, with hardly an exception, remained faithful to a

technique rich in contrasts, in restraint, and in the ironic treatment of his subject. Success in the theatre, in spite of plentiful misunderstandings by the public and his critics, has remained true to him; with his increasing maturity it has increased greatly, just as his fame as a novelist assumed very vast proportions after the appearance of "The Forsyte Saga." In his work generally novelist and dramatist are closely interwoven; whole chapters of the novels and short stories are pervaded with the spirit of the dramatist, while many of the plays have a strain of the novel in them, without thereby losing their dramatic effect.

The comedy "Joy" (1907) was a more domestic affair, and the chief gain of that year was the novel "The Country House", in which the writer carried on the social criticism begun in "The Island Pharisees" and in "The Man of Property." In "The Man of Property" he had shown the typical London family of the Forsytes in all the variations of the possessive instinct and of middle-class complacency; in "The Country House" we meet the country gentlemen, the much smaller family of Pendyce, afflicted by the malady of a narrow stubbornness. In the writing of this book not only the ironist and humorist, but the lover of animals, the pen-painter of scenery, and the lyric poet have taken their share.

Transition to the great novel "Fraternity", published in 1909, is through the volume "A Commentary", 1908, a collection of sketches and studies, in which Galsworthy, by his moving descriptions of social misery, stands out as an indicter of Society. Social contrasts are inexorably worked out, with an inflexibly truthful fanaticism. The book foreshadows the despair which overcomes and often threatens to crush us in "Fraternity." This novel, which exposes the hopelessness of social fraternity owing to the deeply-rooted and unbridgeable contrasts in human nature, is impregnated with a unique and overwhelming melancholy, and obsessed by social conscience; but its characters are constructed

with rare plasticity, presented profoundly, and charged with such deliberate irony, that the book is certainly one of the climaxes in Galsworthy's creative career; while in the handling of contrasts it is, technically, a masterpiece.

1909 is another important milestone on the road of Galsworthy's dramatic evolution. In "Strife" he gave us his most powerful and most impartial stage work. The whole play is a great fight and has a certain compelling and fatalistic force. In the following year Galsworthy proclaimed his credo of humanity from the stage through the poignant and accusing drama "Justice." In it, he exposed the blindness of the machine in which justice rides, and denounced the prison system—above all, solitary confinement. He tries to remain strictly objective, but his heart, beating warmly for the martyred, inspires him with the magnificent speech for the defence, and makes him give us one of the simplest but most terrible scenes ever played on the stage: the wordless scene in which the convicts in solitary confinement beat crazily against the doors of their cells and the institutions of human society. The practical result of this drama in England, a reform in prison life, showed the great impression that it made.

In 1910, with the volume "A Motley", Galsworthy first became known as a notable exponent of the genre picture, the sketch, and the brief story. 1911 brought the novel "The Patrician", in which the writer drew an imposing picture of the "drying-up" effects of aristocracy. Its aristocratic "hero" after a poignant struggle finally sacrifices love for the sake of leadership. With this colourful book, Galsworthy, hitherto described as "gloomy" and "pessimistic," somewhat appeased the "optimists." The volume published the following year, "The Inn of Tranquillity", contained poetical prose sketches, and a series of enlightening essays in which the author expounded something of his philosophy and æsthetic views, disclosing himself as a

pantheist, a believer in a balancing and all-pervasive harmony. With "The Patrician" and "The Inn of Tranquillity", in fact, the poet of the first years, Galsworthy, the pursuer of beauty, reaches an altogether fuller expression; and the ironic realist is forced somewhat into the background. From 1911 and 1912, too, besides these two books, we have a volume of poems: "Moods, Songs, and Doggerels", "The Little Dream", a dramatic and fanciful allegory, and "The Pigeon", a tragi-comedy with fantastic touches, and one of Galsworthy's most beautiful and original plays. Shortly before the end of 1912, the ironic comedy, "The Eldest Son"; made a tardy first appearance in London, showing in its parallelism of plot some resemblance to "The Silver Box", and some to the novel "The Country House", but more mature and complete, superior in humour, excellent in characterisation.

Galsworthy's diligence and unusual versatility are again revealed in the love novel, "The Dark Flower", published in 1913. Over this book of passion, suffused with atmosphere, the prudish shook their heads, while those who had become accustomed to the author moving in a certain groove and all the sociologists, were grievously disappointed. It is, none the less, one of the most poetically intense of his works, one of the culminating points in his worship of beauty. As for the dramatist: the years 1913, 1914, and 1915 are also prolific. In 1913 we had "The Fugitive," a drama showing the calvary of a young and pretty woman who leaves her husband, but is unable to support herself. In "The Mob" Galsworthy treats of mob passion and the consequences thereof.

A poetically inspired play was "A Bit o' Love", written before, but produced in London during the war. It portrayed the suffering of a truly Christian priest up against the mob feeling of his crude villagers, and was something of a stage experiment on the part of the author. In 1915 two

further volumes, "The Little Man and Other Satires", and the novel "The Freelands", appeared. "The Little Man" is a somewhat symbolical one-act play strongly tinged with irony. In the satiric "Studies of Extravagance", the writer pokes fun at certain types of his compatriots. In 1924 these satires, together with some new ironic sketches and stories, were published in another volume, "Abracadabra." "The Freelands" is a family novel, social and philosophical in theme, but threaded through with a love story. From it we learn the lot of the under-dog on the land, and some of the problems of the English countryside. If written with a less sure and powerful pen than the preceding novel, it is none the less a book of great charm and mature artistry, a sort of rustic "Fraternity." The disturbance of the War, and the author's active help in it, naturally slackened his output, and in 1916 there appeared only "A Sheaf", essays and reflections, mostly connected with the War. Richer is the yield of 1917—the novel "Beyond", and the fantastic comedy, "The Foundations." Whereas "The Dark Flower" dealt with the love life of a man, in "Beyond" the writer described the love life of a woman; the book has an enthralling plot, but much less individuality. Later he shortened this novel considerably (new edition, 1923). "The Foundations" is a witty post-war comedy, in which the author evinced a certain prophetic insight. In 1917 appeared his masterly short story, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte", in continuation of "The Man of Property", an exquisite poem in prose which alone would assure his immortality. While the imagination of many writers was lamed by the War, or devoted to "war journalism" of doubtful quality, Galsworthy, at this period, penned some of his finest stories, as though he had taken refuge from the brutal reality in the realms of fancy. The "Five Tales", which appeared in 1918, just before the end of the war, are among his finest inspirations.

In 1919 three books were published, all written during the War. "Another Sheaf", containing besides essays, fantastic reflections on the future; "The Burning Spear", which appeared at first anonymously under the initials A.R.P.M., a satire on the War and its false patriotism; and the novel "Saint's Progress", which deals with the war and in some measure with the orthodox Church, in days which have outgrown it. Although not among his best, it is yet one of Galsworthy's most moving, and, in its unpretentious way, fascinating books.

In the meantime a plan for continuing the Forsyte Chronicles had been maturing in the writer, and, in the autumn of 1920, the appearance of the second book, "In Chancery", was everywhere acclaimed. In this book and in "Awakening", the brief story of little Jon Forsyte, published shortly afterwards, the fate of the Forsytes is developed in a crescendo of interest. Scarcely a year later, the third volume, "To Let", followed. With this, Galsworthy completed that monumental edifice, "The Forsyte Saga," which stands unique in contemporary literature, and has been followed since by a second Forsyte trilogy, "A Modern Comedy." The "Saga" was—so far—his best and boldest work, and, on its appearance in a single volume in 1922, founded his fame throughout the world. In this gigantic cycle, the action of which is spread over three-and-a-half decades, all the qualities of its writer are fused: the social-philosopher, the ironist, the symbolist, the painter of character, the wizard of atmosphere, the pursuer of truth and beauty, novelist, and dramatist, man and poet. In this brief survey I restrict myself to these remarks on a colossal work which is fully discussed in the following chapters.

Despite such fecundity in the novel, the dramatist did not remain idle! Quite the reverse: two or three of his most important plays date from between 1920-1922. 1920

brought us the first performance of " The Skin Game ", a drama which in its vigour recalled " Strife " ; a duel in the truest sense of the word, and one of Galsworthy's most successful plays. Next year gave us that fine character comedy, " A Family Man ", followed in 1922 by Galsworthy's most successful drama, up to the present, " Loyalties." No other play of this playwright's has been performed so frequently in England, America, and Germany. There have been many arguments over this work, and even to-day, perhaps no final verdict can be pronounced. But it is certainly not only the most brilliant of his plays, but that which best reveals all his merits and individuality as a dramatist. Construction, conflict, climax, catastrophe, characterisation, ironic treatment, humour in grave situations—are all masterly. It is again a duel with unbuttoned foils ; again as in so many of his dramas, a rebellion of the weaker, of the individual against the closed phalanx of Society. Remarkable that Galsworthy's two great successes in the novel and the play should so coincide in point of time.

Almost simultaneously with " Loyalties ", the delicate comedy " Windows " was produced in London. " Windows," is again proof of Galsworthy's versatility, and both in this play and in " Loyalties ", echoes of the war are still reverberating. One must allude here to the publication, in 1920, of " Tatterdemalion ", a collection of War tales, short stories and sketches, and " Captures ", which, appearing in 1923, contained a number of the author's most characteristic short stories.

The years which succeeded 1919 were certainly among Galsworthy's richest. Release from the nightmare of the War clearly set free numberless ideas, and a fresh fund of energy. This wealth of production in so comparatively short a period would otherwise be quite incomprehensible. After altering one of his most impressive short stories, " The First and The Last ", into an effective one-act play—at that

time five further one-act plays were written—he also dramatised the delightful tale, "A Stoic", from "Five Tales", making of it the character comedy "Old English", first performed in 1924. These dramatisations he made in spite of his own expressed conviction that the same material cannot be successfully used both as novel and play. Autumn 1924 brought two new and important works: an elemental drama, "The Forest", full of power, which has not been properly understood, and "The White Monkey", a continuation of the Forsyte Chronicles, though rounded and complete in itself. The leading characters of the "Saga" forced the pen into the author's hand again, with novel developments and a wonderfully lucid humour. "The White Monkey" not only begins the new Forsyte trilogy, "A Modern Comedy," in which the troubled and complex post-war period is portrayed almost up to date, but in a sense it inaugurates a new style, a light and subtly humorous treatment of serious matters. The delicate ironist has regained the upper hand.

"The White Monkey," and its sequel, "The Silver Spoon," which appeared in 1926, have a subtler texture, and still more amazing technique; and we are, of course, in closer contact with these two pictures of our own period and culture, and with the last book, "Swan Song", than we are with "The Forsyte Saga."

Towards the end of 1927 appeared two short Interludes of the new cycle, "A Silent Wooing", and "Passers by", charming little ironic masterpieces. And then in July, 1928, we have "Swan Song" itself, crowning volume of the "Forsyte" Chronicles, in which all the resources of Galsworthy's art have been summoned to the formation of a specially subtle and original whole. For the moment it is not possible to compare the merits of "A Modern Comedy" with those of "The Forsyte Saga." Too short a time has elapsed for the formation of mature judgment. But it may

be safely said that with the second trilogy the author has achieved another masterpiece. These two trilogies, complete each in itself—six novels and four short stories all linked together—form a work unique in modern literature, which, moreover, to the Continental reader gives a special insight not only into English character, but into English life and culture.

The autumn of 1925 brought "The Show", a drama exposing the modern lust for sensation. In this play the ironist is again to the fore. In the late summer of the following year, Galsworthy gave us the drama "Escape", where for the first time, he attempts an episodic technique, curiously suited to the theme. In this play a serious subject is treated with humour, humanity, and a subtle irony. (The rumour that Galsworthy has asserted "Escape" to be his last play, is without real foundation. He has recently devoted himself more to novels, but he has not deliberately renounced the stage.)

In 1926, a selection of the early poems, with some new and, so far, unpublished ones, appeared under the title "Verses New and Old", and in the autumn of 1927 appeared an interesting new volume under the title "Castles in Spain, and Other Screeds", containing essays, philosophical, literary and critical, meditations and addresses.

Influence on Galsworthy's work is primarily Russian and French. In his early years he steeped himself particularly in Turgeniev and de Maupassant. Something of Turgeniev's technique and of de Maupassant's irony, polish, and reserve, is to be found in Galsworthy's style of narration. Except Dickens and perhaps Thackeray a little, no English writer has influenced him, unless it be Shakespeare. At any rates Galsworthy's maturer style and technique is quite novel of its kind; and in drama, too, he has gone his own way, and still goes it, quite uninfluenced by Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, few of whose works he knows.

In the writer's work from its beginnings, when he was twenty-eight till after the appearance of "The Island Pharisees", a sort of spiritual conflict seems to be disclosed, as if he were trying to cut himself loose from the conventions in which he had been brought up. "The Island Pharisees" and "The Man of Property" reflect the attitude of self-liberation. Almost from the outset, his rebellion against all restriction of personal liberty—especially against imprisonment—is manifested. Such passion for freedom, apart from the poetic impulse, was certainly the first inspiration to many important works. And it may be a satisfaction to Galsworthy to know that his work not only bears the mark: "L'art pour l'art", but also powerfully influences his readers both spiritually and socially, broadens their horizon, and makes them susceptible to things which, until then, they had never reflected on, never seen, never felt. Galsworthy arouses; he has frequently the effect of a bombshell. He has in him something of his favourite sceptical vagabond, Ferrand. The secret of how he achieves his powerful effects is, of course, embedded in his specific individuality. He is not a writer who worries himself with mere abstract problems or broods over unrealities while standing aloof from modern life. His work is of this world, his ideas frank, upright, sane; and, contrasted with continental authors, comparatively uncomplicated. He avoids hair-splitting, erotic discussions and sexual sophistries. Abnormal cases are, with him, very rare. In his healthy body dwells a healthy mind. With few exceptions his characters are drawn from everyday life, are not heroes, not exceptions, not shadows or figments of the brain, but beings of flesh and blood. Most of them belong to the prosperous middle class, some to the aristocracy; there are also plenty of proletarians, and some creative artists. Galsworthy does not aim at producing something "novel," something "which has never yet been seen," at all costs; he simply says what he has to say. He

has never done homage to a fashion, or to a " trend " ; with infallible confidence and calm he has gone on his way recking nothing of " opinions." Despite his indirect mode of expression, his style, on the whole, is simple and never aims at effect. He does not try to be brilliant, to dazzle, to bewilder by paradoxes, or to let off fireworks. He is terse, says nothing superfluous. He aims not at the mere luminescent power of wit as such. His spirit and his heart must make themselves felt. But he does not wear spirit and heart on his sleeve, one must delve for them.

In his earnest endeavours to present contemporary problems, he has rich stores to draw on. Not with the cool eye of the critic alone does he explore their depths ; his heart, warm for the misery of human creatures, for social injustice and social needs, causes him to feel and to reveal what he has felt. And, despite his sometimes scathing irony, his love for humanity is genuine. England already owes essential reforms to the power of his pen.

All the same, none worships beauty more passionately than Galsworthy—be it the beauty of Woman, of Art, of Nature. He loves life, and enjoys its delights, but in moderation. Living a life full of kindness to his fellow-men, balanced, harmonious and inimical to all one-sided fanaticism, at the age of sixty-one he has reached full maturity. May he yet give us much that is great, beautiful and unexpected. Not only England and America, we *all* need Galsworthy—for as man and as writer he not only appeals to the world, he enriches the world.

PART II

PERSONAL

II

PERSONAL

It was in London, in the year 1909, that I saw Galsworthy's first drama, " The Silver Box." It was something in the nature of a revelation to me, since I had for a long time seen chiefly sentimentally mendacious plays, insipid comedies, melodramas for grown-up children, moralising and constructed tendency plays, or mere opportunities for magnificent staging. What an unexpected joy to behold beings of flesh and blood on the English stage, and an arresting plot which depicted a bit of real life. Not the usual reward of virtue, punishment of vice, but the harsh reality and irony of daily existence. At last the realistic drama had forced its way into England ! My next experience was " Strife," but despite the excellent performance, this play left me somewhat cold. Only when I had perused the work and seen it acted a second time, did its greatness and significance become clear to me. I mention this because it often happens to many Continental spectators (and readers) of Galsworthy's work. He is extraordinarily English, and comparisons with other—e.g. German—authors, are usually inappropriate and futile.

In 1910 came " Justice " with its crushing effect. Then a Berlin literary periodical asked me for a detailed contribution on Galsworthy's dramas. Notwithstanding a stay of several years in England, the difficulty of fathoming English psychology became more and more evident to me, and so, after long hesitation, I determined to ask the writer himself about the various points in his plays. An invitation couched in cordial terms followed immediately, and to this I owe my first introduction to him and Mrs. Galsworthy. I

still remember that when I entered the room, he was sitting reading on one side of the fireplace, while on the other sat his wife, doing needlework. At his feet lay a sleepy dog (the spaniel " Chris " of " Memories ", prototype of the spaniel " John " of " The Country House "). The neighbourhood was strange to me and I had lost my way. I arrived very late and apologised, but Galsworthy received me pleasantly. He was at that time living in Addison Road, near the district which plays such an important part in " Fraternity." He had been described to me as an inaccessible " iceberg," as a man of reserve carried to extremes. This attitude he certainly adopted towards all those who from motives of curiosity, sensation or selfishness, pestered him ; for Galsworthy is very careful of his time. After the first natural constraint had worn off, I almost immediately got to know him from quite a different side. Most people mistake his reserved manner for dryness and lack of enthusiasm. His great modesty, too—he talks little of himself and his work—has frequently been completely misunderstood. He hates all strong language, the loud, the declamatory, bravado. But I can hardly recall one visit or meeting when Galsworthy did not " thaw." He is, too, like very few other writers, a past master in the art of listening.

One episode from pre-war years stands out particularly in my memory. I had visited him one evening ; he asked if I would accompany him in his taxicab. While we were talking the cab stopped suddenly with a violent jerk. Galsworthy grew pale and murmured : " Someone has been run over." This is indeed the only time that I have ever seen the writer, who is extraordinarily self-controlled, in agitation ; a human life was in question ! He got out quickly. Through his own carelessness, a man had absolutely run into the cab, and had been knocked down ; fortunately nothing serious had happened to him. Greatly relieved, Galsworthy continued the drive.

The world war interrupted all work and efforts to introduce Galsworthy to the German stage and German publishers. It was long before the work of destruction could be made good. And it is significant—that as before the war—it was again Vienna whence Galsworthy's fame went forth to the German stage and the German publishing world. In the year 1923, "The Dark Flower" appeared; in 1924, the collection of short stories, "A Fisher of Men", and when, in 1925, "Windows", and—in particular—"Loyalties", were produced in Vienna with conspicuous success, the spell was broken. Since 1924, within four years, in rapid succession thirteen large and six smaller volumes have been published in the German language, and nine dramas produced in many theatres.

It was not until 1923 that I had the opportunity of once more meeting Galsworthy and his wife at Innsbruck, and of that meeting I have retained some of my most delightful recollections. (He loves the Tyrol, and once wrote me that when he was a boy of six, he "read himself almost blind" over the story of Andreas Hofer and the War of Liberation.) He and his wife had done Red Cross work in a French hospital, and felt the war most acutely, but though when I met him again he was nearly fifty-six, he appeared to have grown younger. His tall figure seemed to have become more elastic, his dark blue eyes deeper still; something serene, relieved, harmonious, emanated from him, and the kindliness of his nature radiated a more comforting warmth than ever. A man fully mature, who, although standing above life and its happenings, yet takes an active interest in all human affairs and is in their midst—such was the writer who had finished "The Forsyte Saga", and had experienced the great success of his plays.

In the summer of 1925, I was fortunate enough to get to know the place where Galsworthy had formerly lived and worked at the remote village of Manaton in the lovely

county of Devonshire, and to pass about ten days with him at " Grove Lodge," his London home. A great part of his earlier work was written at the farm " Wingstone " at Manaton. (The edition de luxe of his works, published in 1923 and 1924, is called the " Manaton Edition.") Great peace and seclusion, charm and wealth of colour of the hilly moor, nature inviolate! And not very far away, a deep blue sea, with dark red cliffs. It is there that one understands so well the infinite variety of moods in " The Patrician ", " The Dark Flower ", in the tale " The Apple Tree ", the drama " A Bit o' Love ", and in a whole series of short stories, sketches and studies ; and one feels that—thus—and in no other way could they have been achieved.

The friendly farmer told me of Galsworthy's readiness to help—so often abused ; of his great love for dogs and horses, of his pleasure in riding, of Mrs. Galsworthy's particular predilection for flowers and music. Except for the absence of a piano, the rooms in the granite farmhouse which Galsworthy occupied with his wife, the garden, the lawn, and the surroundings of the farm are in much the same condition as the writer left them a few years ago. There, too, stands the " lime tree " to which we owe one of his loveliest sketches. The few rooms in the house are simply and tastefully furnished ; pleasant pictures adorn the walls. The roomy chair is shown in which the author used to sit writing in one of the ground floor rooms. He used frequently to work, too, out on the veranda. At " Wingstone " all is tranquillity and peace.

There Galsworthy lived in strict seclusion, steeped in the atmospheric charm of Dartmoor and its surroundings. The farmer told me that he often played cricket with the villagers. He was and is passionately fond of riding. When the weather was threatening, he helped with haymaking, so that the hay should be brought in betimes. In the evening, after a day of creative labour, he would listen to his wife playing

softly on the black piano in the charming whitewashed room, while the wood logs crackled merrily in the open fireplace. At times it happened that the many dogs of the farm and their friends assembled on the veranda, and seemed to be listening attentively.

As Manaton is a good half-day's journey from London, and Galsworthy passes much of the year away from England, he has given up working there. Lately, when not obliged to be in town, he has been writing at his new home in the village of Bury in Sussex, considerably nearer London. The scenery there, too—downs undulating gradually to the sea—is peculiarly lovely, and full of a serene atmosphere.

What first struck me in the tasteful, elegant yet simple house, " Grove Lodge," in London, was its wonderful quiet, harmony and comfort, and the natural way in which everything is done. The small house, covered with creeper, is the last house in a quiet corner on the edge of Hampstead Heath. At " Grove Lodge " all duties are performed in a subdued, almost inaudible manner—Galsworthy has no children—and the servants work silently. Only the two dogs, with which he sometimes played, could be heard now and then. It is characteristic of the writer that, on his return from Vienna in summer 1926, he wrote : " We are well, but Mark, our dog, is dead and we are very sad."

Galsworthy and his wife are a model host and hostess ; they understand perfectly how to make their guests feel at home. Valuable paintings hung on the walls of the rooms and the staircase ; there is a striking portrait of Galsworthy's father ; some magnificent pictures of the Belgian painter Léon de Smet have a peculiar charm. Galsworthy is a great lover of pictures and has much appreciation for the art of painting. To a small writing table is affixed the motto : " I shall pass through this world but once : any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to nay human being, or dumb animal, let me do it now. Let

me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Seldom is such agreement between word and deed found in a great creative spirit as in the case of Galsworthy. He is a silent benefactor, and, like his Hilary in " Fraternity " and Wellwyn in " The Pigeon ", tormented by the idea that so much poverty and misery should be possible in the world : like those two, he is obsessed with the desire to help. Though he comes from a wealthy family and has personally never known financial worries, he has deep understanding, a large heart, and an open hand for the unfortunate. Despite his great industry, he finds time for them. He looks on wealth as a mere accident of birth.

At this writing table he usually dictates his extensive correspondence to Mrs. Galsworthy, who also, with loving care, copies the first draft of his MSS. on the typewriter, an instrument which the author himself never uses. He is among the chosen few to whom the Gods have granted a wife absolutely congenial and who understands him thoroughly. He not only reveres her character, but he values intensely her keen critical faculty and immediate grasp of the finest shades and last subtleties of feeling. He is quite accessible to well-meaning criticism. Surely no writer can offer his wife a more beautiful and modest tribute in his greatest work than the words in which he dedicates to her " The Forsyte Saga."

And here let me record that it was *she*—at that time not yet his wife—who encouraged him, then about twenty-eight, to take up literary work. Until then the idea of writing had never entered his head. As he himself relates : " If one has been brought up at an English Public School and University, is addicted to sport and travel, has a small independent income, and is a briefless barrister, one will not take literature seriously, but one might like to please her of whom one is fond. I began. In two years I wrote nine

tales. They had every fault. Crudely expressed, extravagant in theme, deficient in feeling, devoid of philosophy (with perhaps one of two exceptions) they had no temperament."

Galsworthy reads aloud splendidly. On two evenings he read to me till far into the night, in a quietly subdued manner, but with magnificent plasticity and that fine ironic humour of his, a delightful sketch from early youth, and some chapters from the MS. of "The Silver Spoon." When he came to the exciting brawl between Michael Mont and Sir Alexander McGown in the lavatory of the House, he too began to laugh, and we continued to laugh till the end of the chapter. Nothing could be more mistaken than the idea that this writer is not only an "iceberg" but of a gloomy disposition. At an excellent production of the charming old English "Beggar's Opera", which is a special favourite of his, I saw him laughing at its drollery till the tears stood in his eyes. Although he had heard the Opera many times, he was as delighted as ever. This was one of the most delightful evenings of my stay.

Galsworthy loves music greatly. Most of all perhaps the music of Bach and Gluck; he is particularly fond of "Che faro" from "Orpheus" and considers it the most beautiful song in the world, "provided it is well sung." Chopin is also one of his favourite composers; he loves to be lulled into dreams. For Wagner he has no real sympathy. As to his opinion on the hyper-moderns, one has but to peruse the chapter in the "White Monkey" entitled "Music." During his pre-war wanderings he liked to see and listen to Offenbach's Operettas. "They take one out of oneself," he said to me.

Galsworthy is also an excellent speaker. And, as President of the "Pen Club," (which he helped to found) that international society of authors and editors, he presides over the meetings with great tact and skill, smoothes out differences,

and works practically for the object of the society—the creation of such a conciliatory atmosphere, mutual understanding, and spiritual peace between the nations, as shall prevent or at least make difficult, the atmosphere of war. Galsworthy would certainly have made a brilliant barrister (*vide* " Justice ") but for two considerable impedimenta : the fact that he can never speak impromptu, and would hate the life of a lawyer. One can easily imagine him as a statesman, but for those same reasons.

I have never heard him utter a harsh or intolerant word about anyone, not even about those who have attacked him unjustly or spitefully : their number grows less from day to day. He never attacks anyone personally. He nearly always expresses tolerant and understanding opinions on his colleagues, and he hates scandal, " That miserable, mean thing, the human tongue," he makes Courtier say in " The Patrician." And only gross cruelty, barbarity, particularly towards helpless animals, can rouse his anger. He treats dependants with the greatest courtesy and consideration. He has equipoise and mental balance, and applies them both practically and in his writings. Anatole France's words : " L'excès est toujours un mal," which we find as motto at the head of the volume of studies, " The Inn of Tranquillity ", are a guiding principle in Galsworthy's life. Punctual, moderate, one might almost say " correct," as he is in his mode of life, he is equally punctual and considerate in keeping appointments. That megalomania which makes light of such everyday matters is unknown to him ; he tries not to leave letters or questions unanswered, and to meet every request.

In Galsworthy, chivalry and energy are coupled with the utmost delicacy of feeling. Of the many attentions he showed me during my stay in London, I will only mention the following as characteristic. In the latter pre-war years I had passed some enjoyable years at Highgate. One morning

while staying with Galsworthy, I had occasion to go to town, and he placed the car at my disposal. Before I started, he said in his gentle manner: "I have told the chauffeur to drive you first to Highgate." I must point out that since my pre-war stay in this suburb I had not again referred to it. Such a trait in a busy man cannot be forgotten; kindness like this consolidates love, confidence and devotion, the tie of lasting friendship more than anything else.

In conclusion I would like to say something of the consistent way in which the writer works, and of his versatility. Where another would rest on his laurels, Galsworthy, in his exceptional diligence, writes almost every day when not travelling. He works in every place, every weather, in the train—best of all, indeed, in the sun. "Escape" was written in the sun of California. He enjoys, as a rule, the most perfect health, and is, like his work, the picture of latent strength; but owing to a bronchial affection of his wife's—now happily relieved—they spend the late autumn, winter and early spring, which are so hurtful in England, abroad in the South. In latter years they have been to Sicily, Portugal, Morocco, Arizona, California, South Africa. Accustomed from youth to travel, Galsworthy has seen, observed, experienced much, and come into contact with numberless people. In this way, despite his strongly pronounced Englishry, the international trend in him originated, though most of his works treat exclusively of England and English problems. When one considers that he only began to write, hesitatingly and tentatively, at the age of twenty-eight—so that he has not spent much more than thirty years in literary activity—the extent of his work is amazing. Twenty-six volumes of novels, stories, sketches, studies, satires, essays, speeches; two volumes of poetry, eighteen full-length dramas, an allegory and six one-act plays (several new short stories have not yet appeared in

book form) ! And withal, most of them bear the stamp of perfection, of most exhaustive treatment. At the same time he follows all the questions of the day, and studies his problems very conscientiously. He has exceptional poetic imagination, and, in spite of his vast achievement, he is never in haste, and allows everything to mature quietly. His mental steadiness, in conjunction with great faculty for work, and creative instinct, have produced a harvest in all the fields of literary art. That a great novelist should be an almost equally great dramatist, and at the same time have mastery over the lesser forms, is unique in the present day.

This can only be explained by an exceptional power of concentration. Very often when perusing his books we gain the impression of an almost somnambulistic sureness on the part of the writer. This we can understand better from what he himself has said of his method of work. An ironic incident, an event, a character, will make an impression on him, and gradually assume the shape of a sketch or story. Out of some quite trivial episode, such as a glimpse of the split boot of an actor, who, nevertheless, deports himself as though he were a success, Galsworthy's imagination and plastic gift will create a story, which has in most cases but very slight, or no bearing on the living prototype. Seldom does he employ one person as model ; very often two, three or more, merge into a single figure. Galsworthy does no preliminary work, never prepares a scenario to a play, or a plan, or a summary to a short story or novel. As soon as he becomes ironically moved he wants to write. But he forces nothing, he waits till the inspiration comes. He never knows in advance how he is going to end. He says he will wake at night, involuntarily begin to think, and then see a certain way ahead. When walking alone or shaving, plot and characters will " jolt forward." Helpless as he is to stem such inspirations, he is just as unable to work on beyond the end. The end is there when inspiration ceases. He

believes that the whole imaginative process is far more subconscious than conscious, at least in his own case. This disposes of the contention of many critics, that this or that of Galsworthy's works is constructed, a pure matter of intellect. He only works during the mornings, when his imagination is most alert; between tea and dinner he revises. After dinner he never works, for he could not sleep. He revises his MSS. again and again, corrects both the first and the second typewritten copy several times. He cuts ruthlessly, can never cut enough, he says, and one must aver that, at times, especially in his plays, it is almost too much of a good thing. Too incisive cutting is apt to lead to misunderstandings, to unintentional equivocal and ambiguous meanings. Despite his impartial aloofness, he writes with deep sympathy and passion. He never represses his temperament, it is his temperament that dictates the incidents and characters to him, but also his reserve which forces him to leave so much unsaid, to say so much between the lines. The incidents and characters indirectly reflect his feelings and his thoughts. His whole technique is indirect. (This will be exhaustively discussed at the end of the chapter dealing with "The Man of Property.") He hates all direct preaching, all that is purely didactic. How irresistibly Galsworthy is swept away by his incidents and characters is evinced by the fact that even after he thinks he has done with them, they will not leave him in peace. "The Island Pharisees" was written in 1903. Some characters in it gave rise to "The Man of Property"; another plays an important rôle in "The Country House"; an episodical figure reappears in "Fraternity"; Ferrand we meet later in "The Pigeon." As Shakespeare was obsessed by Falstaff, so Galsworthy by Soames Forsyte, who, notwithstanding his prominent rôle in the "Saga", intervenes most decisively in the plot of the second trilogy, and, in the twofold sense of the word, had seemed to be immortal.

The more one is steeped in Galsworthy, the man and his work, the more does one discover that he is a cosmos. It appears strange to-day the length of time it took and the difficulties one had to encounter, before he came into his own in the German language.

PART III

THE NOVELS AND STORIES

III

THE NOVELS AND STORIES

(1) VILLA RUBEIN AND OTHER STORIES

Published, October, 1900 *and* 1901 *; Revised New Edition, October,* 1910.

In one of the Prefaces to the " Manaton Edition " (édition de luxe), Galsworthy makes the following statement : " I was writing fiction for five years before I could master even its primary technique." He then states that " Villa Rubein " was the first work which somewhat satisfied him. He talks of " the endless duel fought within a man between the emotional and critical sides of his nature, first one, then the other, getting the upper hand, and too seldom fusing so that the result has the mellowness of full achievement " . . . " My early work was certainly more emotional than critical. But from 1901 came nine years when the critical was, in the main, holding sway." From 1910 to 1918 the emotional again struggled for the upper hand. And from that time on, the writer achieves his strongest effects by a fusing of both elements.

" Villa Rubein ", in its almost naïve freshness has something of the spring in it. Young, innocent, powerful commencement, élan, enthusiasm ; adventures, dangers, happy ending ; yet, nevertheless, already powerful psychological treatment of the conflict. Harz, the young Tirolean painter of peasant blood, penetrates into a half English, half Austrian family, and wins the love of Chris, that plucky girl striving for development. Harz hates the bourgeois from the depths of his soul, he is a rebel to his finger tips, a precursor of Bosinney, in " The Man of Property ", and the first artist in Galsworthy's novels. One of

the girl Chris's relations puts the police on to Harz. The girl's old uncle from London, whom Chris loves and reveres, Nicholas Treffry—later cited as a crony of old Jolyon Forsyte, and of Sylvanus Heythorp in " A Stoic "—comes to the rescue. He assists Harz to escape over the frontier, but the fatigues and excitements of the journey have been too much for the invalid uncle, and lead to his death. During a thunderstorm in the night, while Chris is watching at his bedside, and Treffry is dying, Harz comes back, unable to live without her. Tragic irony! the affectionate uncle has destroyed himself to no purpose! This is already typically Galsworthian. This early romance is indeed the story of the girl's struggle between her love for her old uncle, and her love for the young artist. Through this struggle Chris's untouched soul attains to knowledge of that too universal truth that one can seldom make one person happy without hurting another. Harz finally marries Chris in London, where he becomes a successful painter. She bears a child; but even this does not still her yearning, her thirst for knowledge. She is striving on to newer and higher experience. The book concludes with the significant words; " Can we never have enough."

This ending is not quite elaborate enough; and other passages lack completeness. But, although the author has not yet found himself, this short novel is a milestone on the road of his development. Written very simply and directly, " Villa Rubein " contains many lyrical descriptions, which mark the commencement of Galsworthy's poetic evolution. The conflict between philistine and revolutionary artist, from now on, frequently recurs. We find it later in " The Forsyte Saga", in " The Dark Flower ", in " The Fugitive." Chris, too, is varied in the writer's future girl figures. Nicholas Treffry is the first of the author's old men of the conservative English middle-class; he has a certain spiritual affinity with the Forsytes, the " grand old men " of the Saga.

In this early work, one of Galsworthy's main ideas is already found : the attempt of the individual to break through the closed ranks of society into the caste barricaded against him ; the fight of the individual against the mass or, at least, against the majority. This time the attempt ends in the success of the rebel ; in most future cases, however, the individual is broken by the power of the mass. Finally, let me draw attention to the writer's love for the Tyrol. In " The Dark Flower ", too, there are a number of chapters devoted to scenes in the Tyrol. Austrians, Austrian women in particular, frequently appear in his novels and tales. Galsworthy revised the first draft of " Villa Rubein ", and in 1909, it appeared in this revised form.

The four stories which appeared in 1901, were also published under the pseudonym, John Sinjohn. In the first, " A Man of Devon ", the writer, for the first and only time, makes use of the letter-form. The story is in the idyllic manner, full of music, and marks the development of the landscapist in Galsworthy. He is here describing the county of his fathers, the lovely Devonshire, in whose scenery is so much glamour. The name Galsworthy, pronounced Gaulsworthy, by the by, comes from a hamlet in Devonshire. None can paint the beauty of Devonshire more alluringly. In this story, in " The Patrician ", " The Dark Flower ", in short stories and sketches and the dramas " A Bit o' Love " and " Escape ", he seems to have reproduced its very soul. There is the closest fusing of the landscape with the story in " A Man of Devon " ; the story, as it were, grows out of it. In his descriptions of people, as landscapist, and painter of moods, Galsworthy is a past master of delicate notes and suggestions, which preface what is coming. In this story, he is already pantheistic. Devonshire's tenacious, almost pagan, people, bred of the sea and the moors, has produced England's conquerors and explorers, her best seafarers. Zachary Pearse is an unscrupulous adventurer. The

strange girl Pasiance, with her queer charm, falls in love with him and marries him secretly. But he goes off on a wild enterprise, and in her chagrin she falls victim to a sort of suicidal accident. The originality of this story lies, not in its plot, but in created atmosphere, which from this time on forms a special feature of his work. The shorter edition, published 1909, is a distinct improvement on the original.

" A Knight " opens the series of those individual portraits which Galsworthy has clothed with story. This is the first real disclosure of the writer's subtle and tender art of characterisation. Roger Brune, an American soldier and passionate protagonist of freedom, cavalier through and through, is a precursor of the more staid and ironically treated Courtier in " The Patrician." He cannot bear that a lady, quite unknown to him, should be insulted, challenges the offender, a Frenchman, and falls in a duel. He remains a gentleman in the truest sense of the word to his last breath. In his chivalry, he has refused to pursue the lady who left him, and has supported her child by another man. He is best characterised by the words of a French journalist, in whose arms he falls : " We are all of us cads ! That is the rule ; but this—this, perhaps, was the exception." A man of this temper is bound to come to grief in our modern world.

The story is very characteristic of Galsworthy's chivalrous manner towards women, his sensitive tolerance, and high ideas of honour. The " manly man " will call him " a feminist ", without understanding that his so-called " feminism " is merely a phase of his definite humanitarianism. This story, by the way, the author himself says was a complete invention, inspired by a few glimpses of " an old fellow of a certain dried-up elegance " at Monte Carlo in 1896.

No less characteristic is " The Silence ", a piece of early portrait painting, which very successfully catches the atmosphere of the British Columbian forest. The notion of

" the forest " taking its revenge on civilisation appears again, after nearly twenty-five years in the drama " The Forest ", and the short story " Timber." In all these cases, the struggle ends with the victory of nature. If this story were not lacking in a last convincing " something," and if in parts the author had not carried his reticence too far, it might be counted one of his best. Pippin, exceedingly capable and energetic, sent as manager to a British Columbian mine, is not wrecked alone by the misunderstanding of his employers in London, but by his own nature. He is depicted as so worn down by his fight with Nature that the sending home of a report of his struggles is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and he commits suicide. An original idea, already treated in a somewhat ironic fashion. Pippin, the conqueror of the wilderness, and his prosperous directors, living far from all struggle and danger, are well contrasted. Pippin has no less obstinacy than Harz in " Villa Rubein " ; he is a forerunner of the strong men who do not allow themselves to be bent, like Anthony in " Strife ", Heythorp in " A Stoic ", Strood in " The Forest ", and others. Iron will power, perseverance and skill, all under-estimated, this is Pippin's tragedy. Old Jolyon Forsyte appears in this story for the first time, chairman of the Company whose mine Pippin manages, and the only one of the directors who understands his manager.

The most valuable and mature of the four stories is " Salvation of a Forsyte." The story is dashed off with an astoundingly confident facility, an almost masterly nonchalance, and is distinguished from the others by a quite novel kind of ironic humour. We make the first discovery of the writer's powerful satiric gift, his pleasure in a certain malicious treatment of his " hero." This " hero " is Swithin Forsyte, whom we meet again five years later in " The Man of Property." In a preface, Galsworthy wittily remarks that Swithin is the only one of his characters

whom he killed before he gave him life. This story starts with Swithin Forsyte lying on his death-bed and haunted by remembrance of a youthful experience. In Salzburg many years back, he had fallen by chance into the society of Hungarian rebels. He falls in love with the daughter of their leader Boleskey. Rozsi, essentially good, surrenders herself to him. She could probably make him very happy —for a little while. But the egoistic, stiffly-conventional, matter-of-fact Englishman, whom Boleskey and his two daughters only revere as a " hero " through a comical misunderstanding, gets scared at the fiery Hungarian's lack of culture. It makes a particularly dismal impression on him when Rozsi eats a piece of chicken with her fingers. All her unsophisticated instinctive goodness, has an oppressive effect on him. To make her his wife would be fatal and, after a brief, but severe, struggle, he takes to his heels, as if the devil were at them. Now some forty-five years later he is dying quite alone, and it all comes back to him. What has he missed ? . . . This story is interesting in several ways. The characters are sharply defined and placed in drastic opposition—the contrast between the cold, reserved, unimaginative Englishman so solicitous of himself, and the enthusiastic Hungarians, redolent of their feelings, and careless of their lives, is delicious. The confronting of Swithin Forsyte with Boleskey, was a truly happy and diverting inspiration. The story is full of ironic lights, and amusing from first to last, yet highly restrained. The style is terse and graphic, the tempo takes us along to a breathless conclusion. In this tale, indeed, the author already stands before us the more or less finished artist.

Finally of this volume let mention be made that Galsworthy dedicates " A Man of Devon " to his father, " A Knight " to his mother. Later he raised a real monument to his father in the magnificent study " A Portrait ", and to some extent in the figure of " Old Jolyon."

(2) The Island Pharisees

Published in London, January, 1904. *New Edition with Preface, February,* 1908

Three years elapsed between the preceding work and the appearance of "The Island Pharisees"—a quite exceptionally long interval. Galsworthy had reached one of the cruxes of his career, he had to collect himself and draw breath, before launching out. He wrote "The Island Pharisees" three times.

The work is a milestone in the history of his evolution. Although it inaugurates a long series of novels, it can hardly itself be termed a novel. The narrative element yields wholly to the analytical; the dominating spirit is bitterly ironic. "The Island Pharisees" is the result of an exceedingly acute fermentation of Galsworthy's mind and spirit. Its criticism of society oversteps the mark; but it was honest indignation at what was rotten and decayed, that breathes from almost every line; desire for a better, more worthy England, forced the pen into his hand. With admirable fearlessness, he scathingly attacks the hypocrisy and prudery, the bigotry and eccentricity of his compatriots, their institutions and customs bad or inexpedient. He hurls one idol after the other from its pedestal. But if the evils he arraigns are sometimes specifically English, many of their conditions can be found in every "cultured state", and "Pharisees" may be met with in every civilised land! It is this which makes Galsworthy's first critical work more or less international.

The plot in itself is very simple—Shelton, a quiet, un-

assuming, correct gentleman of thirty, from the well-to-do class, that is to say, belonging to the " Upper Ten ", who has enjoyed the traditional schooling and education of his caste, has his eyes opened ! That is really all. On his return from a trip round the world, he gets engaged to Antonia Dennant, youthful and fresh and elegant, who apparently suits him admirably. He is dismissed on a three months' period of probation. Going home, he meets Louis Ferrand, a young Flemish vagabond, a renegade from a bourgeois family. This chance meeting alters the Englishman's fate. He learns to see with other eyes ! Ferrand, with his Gallic humour, presents things to him in quite another light. The ragged young philosopher reveals to him a new and unknown world, the world of the weak, of the oppressed and starving, of derelicts living in hopeless poverty. Gradually Shelton, in reality the stronger character of the two, loses his matter-of-course feeling of security, his composure and his complacency. *His social conscience is aroused.* And, when he returns to Antonia and her circle and sees how pachydermatous they all are, what dire need there is everywhere for sweeping reforms, he finds it impossible to acquiesce in the order of things as they are taken for granted. The absurdity of the idea that the " Upper Ten " of England are the universe, becomes more and more apparent to him ; he can no longer breathe freely in that narrow world ; after a severe struggle with himself, he forsakes it and breaks his engagement to Antonia, who is utterly incapable of understanding him. At the last, he sleeps a deep sleep of exhaustion, during which, as it were, he sheds his old skin, and awakens regenerated. The abandonment of caste is no light matter, as Shelton, and perhaps Galsworthy himself, has found.

Only the ironic manner in which Galsworthy holds up a mirror to his compatriots through the medium of Ferrand, and a satirical humour, in which the didactic is forgotten,

make the writer's moral indignation and resentment palatable. Much, indeed, of the book is hard to digest, for in it England's social problems are dissected: the workhouses, the Church, the marriage laws and the woman question—including prostitution; the scholastic system, and such social organisations as clubs and the theatre; even policy, especially Colonial policy, etc., and hardly a stone is left standing on another. In addition, the English national character with its reticence and its antiquated views on sexual morality, its intimate beliefs, its sometimes ridiculously blind optimism, is subjected to a pulverising criticism. Galsworthy here begins to exploit one of his leading themes; Theory and Practice are totally different things. In theory, we preach, and see ourselves magnificent; in practice, we are too frequently the reverse.

In this critical and satiric study, Galsworthy, at that time too young and immature, had not attained the great impartiality and self-discipline by which his subsequent works are so distinguished. The calm and composure of later years are lacking. The work is a somewhat crude attempt to contrast the assertion of the average citizen, "Whatever is, is right", with the assertion of the rebel: "Whatever is, is wrong!" In a very characteristic preface to the revised edition of the "Island Pharisees", which appeared in 1908, Galsworthy proves how thoroughly he has studied the social problem, and the original point of view he adopts. In it he says that there are two species of men; ninety per cent of them satisfied, slaves of habit, non-curious, who go the trodden, secure, easy path of their fathers—to these belongs Shelton at first, and Antonia for ever; the remaining ten are of different kidney, the curious who seek an undiscovered side-path—to them belongs Ferrand; but nine even of these come back to the broad road, only the tenth (one per cent of all) fares on. Nine of these ten curious-courageous go down, and only the

toughest, the hundredth, is the successful pioneer who opens up a new road to mankind! The institutions of the majority, of those who maintain that "Whatever is, is right", and sleep in their well-warmed beds, are usually a generation behind the demands of the ten per cent minority, of the rebels and side-path seekers. The ninety per cent majority are the dough, the ten per cent minority the yeast! The conservative and revolutionary elements form two parties, who hate each other bitterly, attack and abuse each other. And so they go their ways, to one side and the other. Now and then, however—but very, very rarely—comes one able to stand between the two: *i.e.*, to be objective, to smile at the comicality of this perpetual conflict. . . . This ideal, Galsworthy himself has gradually attained and many of the biased cannot forgive him for it; his progress in the four years which elapsed between the first appearance of the "Island Pharisees" and that of the Preface to the second edition, is immense. He has become initiated—a sage. His social philosophy has become unsuspectedly profound. Apart from Ferrand, whom we already know from the two short tales "Courage" and "Compensation", the individual characters in this book are not very interesting. The author employs many of them merely to voice his—for the most part—negative views. Even Shelton interests us most as a forerunner of the more mature Hilary in "Fraternity" and Felix Freeland in "The Freelands", much of whose Hamlet-like nature he has. The chilly Antonia, too, has by no means the intensity of later remotely similar, female characters. In sharp contrast to the pale presences in the circles of the "Upper Ten", Ferrand stands out; we live far more with him than with the shadowy hero of the tale. This mordant rebel, who jestingly propounds the bitter truth, philosopher and ironist of "the bye-ways and the hedges", was resurrected in the tragi-comedy "The Pigeon", and achieved a certain

immortality. Without the zest of this intruder on Shelton's agreeable and comfortable life, this almost wholly didactic work would be intolerable. As a disintegrating element, he has a predecessor in Harz, the painter in " Villa Rubein ", but Harz has nothing like the humour and uncanny illuminative power of the Flemish vagabond. Ferrand has much of Galsworthy's personal irony and of his former rebellious mood. What the author himself says of the origin of Ferrand may be interesting. His prototype, who died in a hospital for tuberculosis, brought on by his vagrant mode of life, was a real " vagabond ", whom Galsworthy encountered in the Champs Elysées, just as, in " The Pigeon ", we are told that Ferrand met Wellwyn. In the hands of the writer, however, he, no doubt, turned out very differently from the Ferrand of real life. But Galsworthy has explained that like most of his preceding and subsequent tales, " The Island Pharisees " " originated in the curiosity, philosophic reflections and unphilosophic emotions roused in me by some figure in real life."

This book—much talk and little action—has real significance in that it first reveals Galsworthy as a critic of society, whose irony henceforth threads all his work. It is often the ironic note which imparts the peculiar arresting originality, even to his best painting of nature and scenery, a specific individuality which renders his descriptions so unforgettable ; though, in " The Island Pharisees ", indeed, there are none of these descriptions. On the authority of Galsworthy himself, this work is the introduction to all those subsequent novels in which he paints the various strata of English society with a somewhat satirical brush. " The Island Pharisees ", unfinished and perhaps unimportant as a story, yet forms the basis for the true Galsworthy, as it were, his active programme, whose significance is being recognised and appreciated to an ever-increasing extent. The social conscience in him, the " consciousness

of society", has developed into criticism of the existing order of things. Henceforth, the social explorer and social philosopher goes forward, digging deeper and deeper, and, in his poetic and creative power, supported by a genuine humanitarianism, brings to light gold purer and purer.

(3) The Forsyte Saga

(*a*) Volume One: The Man of Property

Published London, March, 1906

Galsworthy could hardly guess that this book, on which he worked three years, and which reveals for the first time the novelist in all his originality and maturity would not only make him suddenly famous, but would be the first volume of his monumental work, " The Forsyte Saga." He could certainly not suspect that Soames, its leading character, would, as it were, accompany him through life, and demand a second great trilogy to finish him off. He could have had no suspicion that he was commencing one of the most powerful works in literature, not only of England but of the whole world; a work carried over forty years to the immediate present, in which he would hold up a mirror to the last and to the modern generation. Finally, the year 1906 was the starting point of his real career; he found himself as novelist in " The Man of Property," as dramatist in the " Silver Box ", and first achieved that success which is a more or less necessary stimulus to every creative spirit.

Exhaustive treatment of the Forsyte cosmos within restricted limits is impossible, and this dissertation, apart from a brief inventory of contents and chronology, must be restricted to the chief ideas and characters, to certain critical objections, and to the peculiar technique employed. The enormous material of " The Forsyte Saga ", which contains some eleven hundred pages—while " A Modern Comedy " is about as long—its extraordinary wealth of characters, incidents, descriptions; its depth of feeling and philosophy, the wisdom of its recognitions, its wit, humour, sarcasm, irony, and love of humanity; its often uncanny

plasticity, illuminative power, and truth to life—all this profusion no discussion can attempt to reproduce—at the best only a pale photograph of this vast painting can be achieved.

" The Man of Property ", the actual hero of which is the huge Forsyte family, is Galsworthy's family novel *par excellence*. The author pursues the Forsytes in all their physical and psychological ramifications. The characters may be individually typical, but they are designed to give the picture of a Tribe, a specifically English tribe illustrating British national character. England swarms with Forsytes. At the same time they are in a sense international; for the possessive instinct is universal. Under the thin veneer of " Civilization ", Forsytes wander all over the so-called civilized quarters of the globe, as " savages " all over the uncivilized. Wherever we look, we are surrounded by Forsytes. We ourselves are more or less Forsytes in every imaginable variety. And however instructive the cycle may be to the foreign reader, as a way of learning the specifically English character, its greatest value nevertheless, is its universally human validity, as a work of art, as a contribution to the recognition of the human soul, as a tragedy with a satiric touch, or—better—a " Comédie Humaine." Whether the work be dubbed " society novel " and the writer " critic of society ", labelled " social-philosophical ", " social-psychological ", or what not, its value is in its creative grandiosity, its liberating power, its iron consistency and concentration, and, above all, its pure humanitarianism.

The widely ramified Forsyte Family, the largest ever created by Galsworthy, representatives of the English upper middle class, exalted by this work to international significance, revere, as their dearest idol, property; and, until a certain period, when the decay of the Forsytes, as such, sets in, the ambition of nearly all of them is concentrated on the acquisition and retention of it. The action of " The Man

of Property " starts on the 15th July, 1886. Dates are characteristic of Galsworthy, a painfully exact realist, and the year is important in its bearing on the times and their spirit. At this period, the prosperity of the Forsytes had reached its high water mark. The " Saga " begins with the commencement of the decay of this rich family, with the decay, as it were, of their class collectively. To understand this family and its class, we must note the broad outlines of the family history.

The first Jolyon Forsyte of whom anything is known, born 1741, died 1812, lived in the county of Dorset by the sea, and was a yeoman, *i.e.*, a farmer on a small scale. He was " thick and sturdy ", typical of England before the Industrial Era which set in after the Napoleonic Wars. The second Jolyon Forsyte, " superior Dorset Forsyte ", born 1770, died 1850, " built houses, begat ten children, and migrated to London town." The eldest of these six sons was the third Jolyon, born 1806, died 1892, known in the " Saga " as " Old Jolyon ", a cultured and refined specimen of the Forsytes, a tea merchant, and later chairman to important companies. He is described thus : " One of the soundest Englishmen who ever lived. . . . He was just and tenacious, tender and young at heart ", and something of a philosopher. With the rise of the Forsytes from farmers on a strip of land by the sea to lawyers, or merchants in the British Metropolis, the possessive instinct has developed more and more powerfully. Property connotes power ; the Forsytes are fortunate, and their possessions increase steadily. They become members of the remunerative middle-class avocations. James, second son of " superior Dorset ", is a solicitor, and founder of the important firm of " Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte " ; Swithin, his twin, estate and land agent ; Roger, fourth son, collector of House Property ; Nicholas, fifth son, a director of mines, railways, and an owner of house property ; finally, Timothy, " baby

of the family", retires from his vocation as publisher to live on the income of his investments in Consols, most secure of all British stocks. They are borne from success to success; and the amassing of property is their main interest in life. Waking and dreaming they are dominated by the possessive instinct, and, like their money and their houses, their wives too, are their property. They have settled in the best part of London, around Hyde Park, and their homes are their castles. Not exactly puritanical, nor precisely pharisaic, they watch over the honour of the family; for like property, Family is sacred. Their primary object is security, cast-iron security in their investments, their marriages, their health—it will already have been remarked that the Forsytes live unusually long. With iron tenacity they cling to life; it is infamous having to die, and leave all property behind. In them, the type of the upper middle-class is brought to its highest perfection. They lack comprehension of the abstract, they avoid the higher flights of thought. Art, philosophy, love in the real sense of the word, are somewhat strange to them. They are not a graceful tribe, and their judgments are expressed in terms of money. But as a general thing we observe that their acquisitive faculties are exercised with a view to securing not so much their own present as the future of their children, of whom they have a good many. Their possessive tenacity is therefore not all selfish. None the less are they impervious to ideals. With all their defects these propertied opportunists of the nineteenth century are not devoid of preservative virtues; are not dishonest, have energy, and a certain plastic strength. Indeed, they are very British.

Into this encased world, disintegration penetrates. Even in "old Jolyon", who, as the eldest, exercises the dignity of patriarchial leadership, so to speak, a strong feeling for beauty is apparent, a refined artistic taste, and a susceptibility to the nobler sides of life. This Forsyte at least is

not merely concerned with amassing property. In his son, " young Jolyon ", first an underwriter at Lloyds, and later a water-colour painter, these disquieting elements are even more present. To his father's great grief he takes refuge from an unhappy marriage in an Austrian governess, whom he ultimately marries, and by whom he has two children. In thus daring to live his own life, he is almost unavoidably cut off from his progenitor and the rest of the family, for old Jolyon, although he loves his only son very dearly, cannot yet tear himself loose from the lumber of convention ; he is too strongly rooted in the Forsyte world. With a bleeding heart, he renounces his boy, and lives his widowed life, in oppressive loneliness. Only fourteen years later, when this loneliness gets more and more intolerable, does he become reconciled with his son.

Far stronger is the disintegration from without. Two destructive elements suddenly penetrate the stronghold of materialism. Soames, James Forsyte's only son, solicitor like his father, already wealthy, and a true representative of " Forsytism ", has, after several vain attempts, at last married the beautiful amber-haired, velvet-eyed Irene Heron ; she is twenty, daughter of an impoverished professor, and unable to get on with her stepmother. In her, Beauty—which still inflames, and spurs men to conflict, " impinges on the possessive world " of philistines, clinging to their property. From the outset, Irene stands in drastic contrast to the Forsytes. Her unusual nature even makes them doubt her British origin. Poor and inexperienced, in marrying without love she committed the great mistake of her life. Soames, however, " The Man of Property ", " pale and well-shaven, dark-haired, rather bald ", with a prominent chin, " flat-shouldered . . . flat-waisted ", always impeccable in appearance, considers his wife as much his property as his pictures or his shares. He is a great collector before the Lord, has taste, but still more business acumen,

for he always manages to sell his pictures at a large profit.

This practical, matter-of-fact, cautious, perfectly correct man of thirty odd years, educated at a public school, with his watchful grey eyes, is " as grey, smooth and hard as the asphalt of the London streets", asserts André Chevrillon, one of the most intellectual and profound connoisseurs of Galsworthy's work. A successful solicitor, of rigid principles and an orthodox conception of morality, egoist to his finger tips, clinging to wealth and tradition, Soames can do without love far less than a lesser egoist ; he can buy all, all, with money, save Irene's love, for which he is ever striving after his fashion. But she feels nothing for him, is of the non-Forsyte world, has nothing in common with him, who has indeed only bought her. It is, and remains Soames' tragedy and fate that this, his highest " possession ", should never actually belong to him. Thus he has to expiate his lust of property. None hankers more after love than this materialist, and none gets up hungrier from table than Soames, who would fain possess the very soul of the woman he loves.

So matters stand after about three years' marriage when the novel starts with an " At Home " at Old Jolyon's, where we meet the second intruder into the closed ranks of the Forsytes, in the person of the young architect, Philip Bosinney. June Forsyte, small, slight, youthful, the imperious grandchild of the imperious Old Jolyon, and daughter of the less hard " young Jolyon " by his first wife ; June with the flaming crown of hair, and the fiery art-loving temperament inherited from her father, which so often runs away with her and moves her to extend a helping hand to those lame ducks, the disciples of art ; has introduced her fiancé, Bosinney, to the family. This young man, with a " pale, brown face, a dust-coloured moustache, very prominent cheek bones, hollow cheeks and a leonine forehead ", in many ways a typical Bohemian, hails from another world. He differs as much from the Forsytes as chalk from cheese,

represents the might of the Ideal as opposed to the might of Capital. His soft felt hat, his unconventional bearing, his poverty, are from the outset suspect to the form-loving Forsytes. He is immediately sensed as a seditious element, a danger. How natural that these two " foreigners ", Irene and Bosinney, hemmed in by the Forsytes, should strive towards each other. Irene, who has wilted, like a flower in a sandy desert, only blossoms now that she learns the meaning of real love. Bosinney gradually drifts away from June to the more mature Irene—and his fate. The conflict is intensified because June has become a close friend of Irene's. An irresistible destiny drives the two lovers to a union which leads to Bosinney's premature ruin. In vain does Irene implore Soames to keep his express promise to release her if she can no longer live with him—he will not hear of it.

Now Soames, desiring a country residence, has entrusted the building of it to Bosinney, who has found a site with a fine view at Robin Hill. Like most artistic natures, Bosinney, in his enthusiasm, under-estimates the cost. He seeks to decorate it in a particularly individual manner, and oversteps the amount conceded to him for this purpose by some hundreds of pounds. In the meantime, Irene denies herself to Soames, and the more does he yearn for her. And when he becomes convinced that the architect is her lover, he decides to make him bankrupt by suing him for exceeding his instructions, and so to revenge himself on both. Devoured by jealous longing, one night he makes his way into his wife's room—left unlocked by an oversight—and forces upon her the supreme act of property. Long since should Irene, who has shrunk from ruining her lover, have gone abroad with Bosinney ; now she is at last convinced that she can no longer stay with Soames. Bosinney, stunned with horror at the outrage, crushed by the hopeless lawsuit impending, wanders round in a thick London fog, and gets

run over. The judge delivers judgment against the absentee, who is already beyond earthly judgment. The man of property, the man of wealth, triumphs over the ruined artist, and lover of his wife, who returns momentarily to her cage, " like a bird that is shot and dying."

" . . . The sight of her figure, huddled in the fur, was enough. . . . He knew then for certain that Bosinney had been her lover . . . and taking in all the tremendous significance of this, he longed to cry : ' Take your hated body that I love, out of my house ! Take away that pitiful white face, so cruel and so soft—before I crush it. Get out of my sight ; never let me see you again ! ' . . . And Soames thought : ' Why is all this ? Why should I suffer so ? What have I done ? It is not my fault ! ' . . . So they sat, by the firelight, in the silence, one on each side of the hearth. . . ."

After young Jolyon's mésalliance, a final breach has been made in the morality and iron reserves of the Forsyte family by Irene and Bosinney. Even though Bosinney be destroyed, his artistic nature has, like some elemental force, broken through the mailed group of Forsyte philistinism. This process of disintegration, which will now unceasingly pursue its course, was already prepared by the intrusion of Irene, who passes through the whole " Saga " as a symbol of Beauty. The magnetic power of attraction, which she unwittingly exercises, enthralled Soames first, laid him low ; and becomes his destiny. And this is the " motiv " of many of Galsworthy's works : the power of Beauty entering the life of the philistine, altering it fundamentally, turning everything upside down ; so that he acts as he never thought he could. Soames the materialist, bleeds to death spiritually through Irene, the symbol of Beauty. In her he has debased woman to a chattel and therein lies his tragic guilt. Strangely however, despite his repellent character, we frequently feel deep pity for this man, who, during the progress of the

" Saga ", develops into one of the most tragic male figures in modern literature. Is it because he is so greatly punished, because he sets about things in such a wrong way, because he is eternally seeking love and never finding it ? He and Irene have unleashed many a heated argument, which are far from being at an end, and to which we will allude again later.

Let us now turn to the other Forsytes, whom a contemporary critic terms " immortal mediocrities." As Chevrillon points out, " The Man of Property " contains its " natural history ", its " Zoo." There is old Jolyon, the octogenarian, with his magnificent white head, his energetic voice, steel-grey eyes, long white moustache, and strongly developed Forsyte chin—a pillar of his generation, and the most sympathetic among the elders of this unsympathetic family. His leadership descends to his nephew Soames, whom he dislikes intensely, as son of " that poor thing ", his brother James. Old Jolyon has preserved a young heart, which rejoices in beauty. None can direct the Board meetings of important concerns like this imposing man, whose very word is law. Even his opponents within the family circle respect him, and his son, " young Jolyon ", reveres him. His grandchild, too, June the impulsive, that " atom with the flaming hair ", is devoted to him. There are the twin brothers, James and Swithin, the " fat and the lean of it ", as old Jolyon calls them, both over six foot. James, the solicitor, " lean, with grey eyes, his cheeks framed within Dundreary whiskers ", always depressed and suspicious and acquisitive of property, a true father to Soames ! Swithin, on the other hand, of mighty bulk, " with a breast like a pouter pigeon ", clumsy, sensual, connoisseur and epicure, bachelor, and Club man—one has but to recall " Salvation of a Forsyte ! " He is fascinated by Irene's beauty, which, indeed, impresses most of the Forsytes. Then there is Timothy, once a publisher, who from precaution has retired prematurely, and lives on his income,

with his three old sisters, the " Aunts ", Ann, Juley and Hester. Oh, those aunts! In masterly fashion does Galsworthy describe the dreary home of two very aged virgins of the wealthy middle-class. (The third sister Juley had once been married to a " man of weak constitution, who died of it ".) One can almost smell the mildew in this nest of gossip, hear the old dames cackling, burrowing in family matters. " Forsyte 'Change ! " To it, flows all scandal ; there on important occasions the whole tribe foregathers ; thence all the family gossip circulates. A veritable hub of " Forsytism ", of the Forsyte spirit. At the " meetings " there, one begins indeed to understand how deeply Morality and Custom, Property and Tradition are rooted in this family ; how inconceivable will be a marital scandal, a divorce between Soames and Irene, any divorce in the Forsyte family. And to the " font " of his old aunts, Soames makes a pilgrimage whenever he needs consolation. From these tough old women, who seem as if they would live for ever, a certain strength emanates. Yet one day, to the astonishment and dismay of all, Aunt Ann, the eldest, lies down and dies—after all—at the age of eighty-seven ! And Soames, next to Jolyon, the pillar and refuge of the family, assumes the function of " undertaker "—which function from now on he retains—not only is he trusted in business by his relatives, he also buries them. In " The Saga," which is spread over three and a half decades, there are not only several births, but—owing to the advanced age of many of the family members—a good many deaths described with a convincing depth. Of the many younger Forsytes, we need only mention the tall, bull-like George, " wag of the family ", and sportsman, whereas most of the other Forsytes care nothing for sport, regarding it as unlucrative. If young Jolyon, with his artistic nature, stands at one outer edge of the family, George, the sportsman, stands at the other !

Compared with " The Island Pharisees ", which only lies a few years back, " The Man of Property " evinces marked progress. Except for Ferrand, there was scarcely any characterisation in the earlier book, and the narrator ceded almost wholly to the raisonneur, in this new novel, Galsworthy, both as creator of character and as narrator, with one mighty bound reaches the heights and stands before us finished, as it were ; though, naturally, during the subsequent twenty years of his prolific activity, he has developed his artistic mastery of expression and technique, his subtlety, pithiness and impartiality. The landscapist, the lyric poet, the adorer of Beauty, come later on to fuller development ; and, in the new Trilogy, he reaches ease, and a saving humour, altogether enchanting. In " The Man of Property," however, he laid the foundations of the subtle and original technique, which invests most of his subsequent work with a quite individual note. Let me then here attempt to explain the specific characteristics of Galsworthy's style and creative talent.

From the very outset, we are struck by the leisurely tone of the story, its calm and apparent lack of passion. The plot at first develops rather slowly, with ample margin for characterisation of the individuals. In the opening chapter of this book and in other works, most of the important figures are introduced ; a somewhat confusing method, which should not deter the reader. After ridding himself of this " list of personages ", with a brief description, Galsworthy obviously feels more at ease ; he can launch out. (In his more recent novels, he has abandoned this method of opening.) From this introductory picture of the Forsytes and their chief external features, he rapidly passes to a much more subtle, indirect method ; he adds new traits to his characters, either through remarks of their own or of others ; introduces their trivial peculiarities. In the " pointillistic " manner, he puts stroke on stroke, line on

line, adds feature to feature, and suddenly, to our surprise, we are confronted with a finished creation ; the figure stands before us—alive ! Very often, particularly in the case of Soames and old Jolyon, we learn their thoughts, from the most trivial to the most secret. The writer permits them to indulge in monologues, as it were. In these various ways the characters grow before our eyes and become, so to say. transparent. In the whole " Saga ", only Irene and Bosinney, the two lovers, remain opaque. This is clearly deliberate, In Irene's case, Galsworthy indubitably allows it for the purpose of stressing the symbolical, and concreting the " atmosphere " that emanates from her. Irene and Bosinney never, in fact, express their emotions directly, they are conveyed through the eyes and feelings of others. Galsworthy is generally sparing in the expression of his characters' sentiments—in his dramas, even more so than in his novels—which makes his plays difficult to understand, if one has not seen them acted. He does not like to tear a passion to tatters, he likes to leave it a little mysterious. This often gives rise to the quite erroneous assumption that he does not press enough out of his themes. Galsworthy is a past master in reserve, repression and suppression, he excels in the unspoken ; his brevity of style, sometimes pushed to the extreme, gives us riddles to solve, and this reserve lies in his very being ; it is the most profound and strongest expression of the specifically British in him. Outpourings of grief or pain, dejection or disappointment, anger or vexation, are repugnant to the well-bred Briton. But a sudden ejaculation in one syllable by a Galsworthian character is frequently more eloquent than whole sentences of other writers. If Irene or Bosinney, e.g., *do* make a remark, it has usually the effect of an electric shock ; as if a dark room suddenly became luminescent ; at a bound, one has, as it were, reached a point of vantage whence unexpected vistas are opened up ; and the

writer's conscientious and leisurely preparations are justified.

But is this unusual economy of means and of expression an *arbitrary* personal peculiarity only? Not so! Through it Galsworthy achieves *his most powerful* artistic effects. The imagination of the reader has been stimulated to supply all that is lacking, all that is apparently omitted or skipped in word or plot. This, which greatly increases the pleasure of reading Galsworthy, leads the unimaginative to deprecatory verdicts which are really centred in misunderstanding. The easy-going, who like everything to be cut and dried and buttered thickly with the author's opinion, have come to the wrong shop with Galsworthy. He seldom expresses anything directly, he is nearly always periphrastic. The English language is admirably suited to ambiguous, equivocal expression, and Galsworthy takes full advantage of this profitable fact.

The whole Irene-Bosinney love affair is hinted at, rather than related; no commonplace love phrases are recorded. Thus a strange and delicate aroma, a rare and often exquisitely chaste atmosphere pervade most of his restrained love stories. However dramatic they have a peculiar tenderness. In Galsworthy the realist goes hand in hand with the mystic and the poet. He can be extremely caustic, and is generally in the ironic mood, but he can "drop into poetry" and very often does.

The indirect narration is frequently used in the love story: instead of directly describing the moods of two lovers he will get them by showing the thoughts and feelings aroused in the observer by the sight of the lovers. This method supplies a certain inevitability, and builds up at the same time the character of the spectator. He uses the method also in other than love scenes, with a lively, dramatic, or humorous effect. In the second Trilogy for example, Soames with his peculiar philosophy is often the mediumistic spectator. "Awakening" again is all seen

from the standpoint of a child of eight. Galsworthy even goes so far as to use animals, and nature itself as mediums through which to record human action.

Let us then summarise : we find in Galsworthy's novels and stories almost always a subtle intermingling of characterisation and plot ; characterisation merging in the plot, becomes plot. And sometimes, after comprehensive characterisation, event will follow on event to the bitter end of catastrophe. In this author's works Fate plays an important part. " Character is Fate " is the motto at the head of " The Patrician." These words of the Greek poet might well be chosen as leading motto to Galsworthy's collective works. With him, there is little that is arbitrary, few far-fetched external motives. All is evolved from within his characters. Consciously or unconsciously, he seems to pave the way to his events, by thoughts, feelings, by pictures and the music of words. Thus he succeeds in creating a certain fatalistic atmosphere. We live within the circle he has drawn around us. Whole chapters in his works literally encase us. The real will suddenly become symbolic ; an apparent trifle take on a strange significance, the earth-bound rise, winged, into the air.

For however arch-realistic Galsworthy may be, he is also very much of a symbolist, and his characters are almost always types. To take a few examples from " The Man of Property " : Soames's house at Robin Hill, on its desirable eminence, stands as a symbol of property ; the wild animals at the Zoo, yearning for freedom, are a symbol of nature caged by the world of Forsytes. The duel between Soames and Irene becomes entirely symbolical—it is not just a quarrel between man and wife, but the eternal struggle between the sexes, ending in the emancipation of woman, who has ceased to be a mere chattel of the male.

This duel, specifically Galsworthian, leads us to another important element in his work—Contrast ! He is always

working in contrasts—conscious and unconscious. Wealth —poverty; possessive instinct—idealism; the philistine—the artist; egoism—renunciation; love—hate, and so on *ad infinitum*. If the essential of all creation be indeed contrast, we certainly get it in Galsworthy's art. His use of contrasts is so exhaustively discussed in connection with the dramas, that we need only remark here, that there is scarcely a work of his, in which he does not make use of the clash of contrasts.

There are many veins in the temperament of this writer. A strong, sometimes too strong intellectualism dry and disillusioning. Passionless reflection on all the pros and cons of a case; the thoroughness and objectivity of the lawyer, sometimes carried to excess; the impulse to justice in the best sense of the word, and curiously mixed with it a great compassion for all who are weaker, or scurvily treated by man or by nature. There is a strong equipoise and spiritual balance, a harmony of body and spirit, so that where he becomes aware of crookedness and crankiness, of the preposterous, and the unjust, he naturally takes refuge in ridicule, irony, and satire that is never malicious. He seems to have a certain deep faith in mankind, but to despise all cheap optimism, or glossing over, and to be inflexibly truthful according to his lights. Deeply religious as an artist, in his faith in Nature and Beauty, he is irreligious in so far as the definite dogmas of any orthodox Church are concerned. He sometimes touches the borders of romanticism, but seldom without a lightly ironic or humorous touch. A thorough, painfully exact, often grey realist, he is also a mystic, a symbolist, a lyrist with a lofty conception of Art. He detests to the bottom of his soul all that is forced, glaring, superficial, as desecration of the Temple. And finally—his most marked characteristic—he is always ready to help, always springing into the breach, impelled by compassion and spurred on by understanding, inspired by life, positively and negatively, towards action.

(*b*) First Interlude : Indian Summer of a Forsyte

Written 1917. *Published London, July,* 1918

I would term this lyrical intermezzo, which connects " The Man of Property " with " In Chancery ", the second book of " The Forsyte Saga ", the Andante of " The Forsyte Saga ", following the Allegro, " The Man of Property." Here Galsworthy, the lyrist, reaches one of his supreme—if not his supreme height. This " long-short " story is at all events one of the most beautiful and intense he has given us. Its concise form, with few characters, and a plot which the author can easily control, permits of perfection. In the novel on a large scale, with its various plots, its profusion and multicolour, in the drama with its elaborate construction, a writer can rarely approach the ideal. It may be that true perfection is only attainable in this shorter form, or in the quite short tale, or the brief lyrical poem or song.

Galsworthy was already conscious, when he finished " The Man of Property ", that he would some day write the " Indian Summer." The reader, of course, could not guess this, and closed the volume with a feeling that this was an ending and yet no ending. Is it possible that Irene can really have returned to Soames for good, after all that has passed ? Involuntarily the reader compares her fate with that of Clare Dedmond in the play, " The Fugitive ", to which it bears a remote resemblance ; but in Clare's case the author, through suicide, has made fate final. The need for some kind of continuation was felt, and so, we rejoiced to find in the volume " Five Tales " (published 1918), this beautiful development. The actual story can be told in a few sentences : Old Jolyon Forsyte is eighty-five when Irene, now thirty, in the summer of 1892, unexpectedly re-enters his life. Four years and more ago she had left Soames, the

same night as Bosinney's death, had intended to commit suicide, been saved from that by a " fallen woman " ; and with difficulty has made two ends meet by giving music lessons. Old Jolyon, still young at heart, falls more truly in love with the lonely woman, who lives only in the sorrowful memories of her dead lover, than ever before in the course of his long, full life. He is living at Robin Hill, that beautiful " ill-starred " house built by Bosinney, where Soames and Irene should have lived, and which he had bought from his nephew Soames. Irene, for whom he had already felt deep sympathy when her lover died, now becomes the pivot of his last few months of life ; she rejuvenates him, charms the usually matter-of-fact old man to such a pitch, that he—generally so sparing of his health—rapidly squanders his last remaining strength. With inimitable delicacy the writer lays bare the Indian Summer thoughts and feelings of the old man. All is seen from his standpoint ; Irene just moves, as an emblem of Beauty, the " lady in grey ", through his last days, and makes them golden. She remains consistently opaque, intangible, enigmatic ; and yet we enter into her life, wander with her, participate with her, as it were, her emotions, physical and psychical. Once more has Beauty entered decisively into the life of a Forsyte, the finest and sanest of the older generation. He looks on it as a blessing and liberation, and with his passing that " Golden Age ", on which he muses before his end, passes too. While Irene " whose life was suspended, as it were, by memory of a tragic love ", is aroused through him from apathetic sorrow, and restored to life ; it is her reward for bringing him his Indian Summer.

That is all. But what a profusion of exquisite fancies, feelings, and descriptions ! What an atmosphere of its own ! What a store of moods ! Galsworthy told me himself that he wrote the tale after his return from Red Cross work in France, at a moment as it were of relief and refuge. Many

new and charming sidelights are cast on the characters of Irene and old Jolyon, that truly "grand old man. . . ."

How deeply pathetic is his yearning for an extension of his life, for new youth! If only he could buy one single year yet, one single month of youth! For one single day of youth how gladly would he give the rest of his life! "Faust, in the opera, had bartered his soul for some fresh years of youth. Morbid notion! No such bargain was possible, that was the *real* tragedy. No making oneself new again for love or life or anything. Nothing left to do but to enjoy beauty from afar while you could. . . . Looking out into the mild freedom of the country night, he turned back and went up to the chimney-piece. There were his pet bronzes—a Cleopatra with the asp at her breast; a Socrates; a greyhound playing with her puppy; a strong man reining some horses. 'They last', he thought, and a pang went through his heart. 'They had a thousand years of life before them!'"

On him is bestowed the exquisite happiness of dying suddenly, without pain, in the midst of beauty, sitting under an old oak tree waiting for Irene. "What a revel of bright minutes! What a hum of insects and cooing of pigeons! It was the quintessence of a summer day. . . . And he was happy—happy as a student, whatever that might be. She was coming; she had not given him up! He had everything in life he wanted—except a little more breath, and less weight just here! He would see her, when she emerged from the tennery, come, swaying just a little, a violet grey figure passing over the daisies and dandelions and 'soldiers' on the lawn. . . . He would not move, but she would come up to him . . . and sit in the swing and let him look at her and tell her, that he had not been very well but was all right now; and that dog would lick her hand. That dog knew his master and was fond of her; that dog was a good dog. . . . It was quite shady under

the tree ; the sun could not get at him, only make the rest of the world so bright. . . . He smelled the smell of limes and lavender. Ah ! that was why there was such a racket of bees. They were excited, busy, as his heart was busy and excited. Drowsy too, drowsy and drugged on honey and happiness ; as his heart was drowsy and drugged. Summer—Summer, they seemed saying ; great bees and little bees, and the flies too ! . . . The stable clock struck four ; in half an hour she would be here. He would have just one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late ; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty coming towards him across the sunlit lawn. Lady in grey ! And settling back in his chair he closed his eyes. Some thistledown came on what little air there was, and pitched on his moustache, more white than itself. He did not know ; but his breathing stirred it, caught there. A ray of sunlight struck through and lodged on his boot. A bumble bee alighted and strolled on the crown of his panama hat. And the delicious surge of slumber reached the brain beneath that hat, and the head swayed forward and rested on his breast. Summer—summer ! So went the hum. . . . The stable clock struck the quarter past. . . . The dog, Balthasar, stretched and looked up at his master. The thistledown no longer moved. The dog placed his chin over the sunlit foot. It did not stir. The dog withdrew his chin quickly, rose, and leaped on old Jolyon's lap, looked in his face, whined, then leaping down, sat on his haunches gazing up. And suddenly he uttered a long, long howl. . . . But the thistledown was still as death, and the face of his old master . . . Summer—summer—summer ! The soundless footsteps on the grass ! "

(*c*) Volume Two: In Chancery

Published London, October, 1920

In the "Indian Summer of a Forsyte", we heard very little of Soames, and "Young Jolyon" retired into the background in favour of his father. These two are the leading characters in the continuation, "In Chancery." In his son, whom he has appointed his executor, the "grand old man" Jolyon continues his friendship with Irene and, since he has left her a life interest in £15,000—income which "young Jolyon" as trustee has to remit to her—she comes into personal contact with the painter. He has inherited Robin Hill, and, "with the tenacity of a Forsyte" has "arrived" as a water-colour painter. When this book opens he is over fifty, and a widower. Sensitive and generous like his father, still less of a Forsyte, with an ever decreasing "possessive instinct", and gifted with an ironic humour, he evolves into one of Galsworthy's most attractive characters. The writer has endowed "old Jolyon" with traits of his own father, and "young Jolyon" bears unmistakable traces of the writer's own characteristics.

"In Chancery" starts at the turn of the century, in the year 1899. Soames is leading a lonely life, with an unquenchable yearning for tenderness, and "somebody to talk things over with." He has devoted himself with still greater zeal to the collection of valuable pictures, and this man without peace possesses in his peaceful riverside house near Mapledurham, a gallery of first-class pictures. But a mistress to the house is wanting, and—an idea by which Soames of late has been obsessed—a son and heir! Like his father James, he clings to property, and in his son Soames would live on; his offspring would manage and increase his possessions. Besides, although he is forty-five,

and has not yet really overcome his passion for Irene, he feels a new " interest " awakening in him ; interest in the young and fascinating Annette with the charming figure, the daughter of a Madame Lamotte, who keeps a restaurant in the unfashionable quarter of Soho. Soames has no illusions ! He is aware that Annette has probably not a spark of real affection for him, a man more than double her age ; and that being a " correct and proper young Frenchwoman ", she would not enter into illicit relations with him ; nor indeed does Soames, the correct lawyer with decorous instincts, desire that she should. Remains only a marriage of convenience, which would bring Soames the advantages of a young and untouched companion, satisfaction of his unexpended energy, a new joy in life—something resembling rejuvenation—above all, an heir ! The shrewd Annette, in exchange, would have a life of assured ease, if somewhat sober and commonplace, and no material wish would be denied to her. An affair in fact of mutual advantage. Again Soames pursues a woman for his own selfish ends, again he sins against her soul. And again nature punishes him later, for this union, too, quite lacks that selfless love, for which he yearns so hungrily, and is indeed completely destitute of any spiritual link, or ethical basis.

Soames would be ready to descend even to the depths of Soho ! But he cannot marry the French girl until he is divorced from Irene. For, so far, he has not divorced her ; partly because he grudges her to another husband ; partly, perhaps, hoping that they might again begin a new life together ; chiefly, however, because a divorce after so long a time would be extremely difficult to obtain, and would, moreover, be bound up with the publication of unsavoury details in the papers. Soames is a man who has rigorously kept his life private from the world, and his position as a lawyer would be smirched by the publicity of divorce, however much he might be on the right side of the law.

But he is so anxious to end his life of enforced celibacy, only "interrupted by occasional disappointing visits elsewhere", that, in a curiously mixed state of jealousy and hope that Irene has a lover, he goes to her to propose the divorce, through which he can end his married, and yet unmarried state.

Then the unexpected happens. His passion for Irene, who has hardly changed after "seventeen years of living death," flames up anew at sight of her, at her perfume, and her mysteriousness. Again he succumbs to the charm of beauty; and by degrees, persuades himself into the mad idea that a happy life with Irene, to whom he says he would concede all freedom, might yet be possible. After twelve years of complete separation he inspires her with more aversion than ever. He, for his part, cannot understand that sexual antipathy—perhaps the strongest antipathy in the world—is a matter of nerves, and that, from the outset, it excludes the possibility of resuming his disastrous marriage. Irene would certainly rather die than repeat her former disastrous mistake! And Soames' attempts at intimidation only result in her turning for help to her cousin Jolyon. The more importunate Soames becomes the more does he drive these two together, the closer do the ties between them become; so that more than ever he is racked with jealousy. And the reader is driven to waver constantly between deep pity for him and equally deep repugnance.

Thus is Soames flung to and fro between the most contradictory sentiments for Irene and Annette. He wants the divorce and does not want it—apart from the horrible publicity it would facilitate matters for Jolyon and Irene. He resolves on extreme measures; and has Irene, who has fled from him to Paris, watched by a female detective to find out whether Jolyon is not already her lover. But he gets entangled in his own net, for he follows Irene to Paris to make a last attempt at reconciliation and, when he tries

to force his way into her locked room at the hotel, and comes downstairs, the detective takes him for the supposed lover, and reports to her London employer that she has seen Irene's lover coming out of her bedroom! Soames has now the necessary material for divorce. Soames as lover of his own wife! A royal jest. After this there is no more retreat. Irene places herself under Jolyon's protection at Robin Hill. This gives Soames real grounds for divorce, and he presses on with it. He will swallow the bitter pill of court proceedings, and post himself to public ridicule. In the absence of Jolyon and Irene, who have gone to Italy, Soames gets his decree. At last he is freed from his fetters, his head is " out of Chancery "! After the legal term has expired, he marries Annette quietly in Paris, avoiding the Forsyte family. So far they have no idea of her existence, and would certainly look down their noses at her, if they knew she hailed from Soho. So only after the accomplished fact does he introduce his second wife to his parents and the rest of the family. Old James, almost a nonogenarian, welcomes his only son's fresh and comely young wife, for he does not want to die before a son has been born to Soames, a son to control and increase property. Very lively is the dissimilarity between Soames and Annette—the contrasting of the stiff English and the vivid French temperaments. A happy idea, to make a young Frenchwoman the interloper this time. Altogether a very suggestive mésalliance!

In the meantime that very different couple Jolyon and Irene have married, and some months later, Irene gives birth to a son, who again receives the name of Jolyon—Jon for short. Six months later again Annette also has a child. Soames would now stand at the goal of his desires, but fate has scurvily presented him with a daughter, while his enemy has the son for whom he has yearned. Vermouth in the cup of joy! And another bitter drop also falls into it: shortly after Annette, fighting for her life, has brought the child

into the world, his old father dies and Soames is forced to comfort the dying man with a lie by telling him that Annette has borne a son. With a sigh of relief the old man passes.

In this book, wherein reverberate echoes of the Boer war, and with the death of the Queen the Victorian Age comes to an end, there are two important parallel plots to chronicle. The matrimonial affairs of Winifred, Soames' sister, whose good-for-nothing husband, Montague Dartie—that diverting "man of the world"—runs away to Buenos Aires with a Spanish dancer, and there comes utterly to grief. At Soames' instigation, Winifred brings an action for divorce, and the whole complicated reel of legal proceedings is unrolled before us, with all the absurd and ugly features of such cases. But Dartie plays them all a trick by turning up again suddenly from South America, "burnt out", and penniless. With a masterly lack of sentiment the author describes this return which puts an end to the divorce proceedings. Winifred has still some feeling for her husband and—like a true Forsyte—would like to continue in possession of him. She feeds the prodigal and before long Montague Dartie takes the floor again as sportsman and man of the world.

The second subsidiary plot is of great importance to the history of the House of Forsyte—the love affair of Val Dartie, Winifred and Montague's son, and Holly, "young Jolyon's" daughter by his second wife. Val is young and careless, a student at Oxford, an engaging rascal, a little too inclined to take after his father. One day, his uncle Soames takes him to Robin Hill and he falls in love with his gentle, shy cousin Holly. She returns his love, and they get secretly engaged. Jolly, her twenty-year old brother, however, who is also at Oxford, dislikes his young cousin, whom he considers bad form. It is the old inherited antipathy, the instinctive antagonism between the Jolyon and the James line of Forsyte, between the more refined branch and the 100 per cent Forsytes, to whom, indeed, the

younger generation no longer belong. Jolly, a proud and bold hotspur of a youth, is a strong foil to his cousin Val. An involuntary witness of his sister's love affair he reproaches his cousin with taking a secret advantage, and dares him to join up with him and go out to fight the Boers. The war is going badly just then. The pleasure-loving Val does not want the girl he loves to be ashamed of him, and agrees. Holly and her elder half sister June follow as nurses. In South Africa Val and Holly get married. Youth and love triumph over the old antipathy. Val is wounded and Holly nurses him back to health. But the courageous Jolly has to pay for his patriotism ; alone, out there, he dies of enteric. The author has well described the younger generation of those days in Holly, Val and Jolly.

This love story of Holly and Val not only carries on the development of the Forsyte Family, but is a sort of preparation for the incomparably more important love affair between Fleur and Jon, and the family feud over it.

The Boer war is more touched on than treated. Much more impressively does the writer portray the end of the Victorian Age in his grandiose description of the funeral of the old Queen, which James Forsyte, that typical offshoot of his generation, last, as it were, of the Victorian bourgeoisie, just lives to see before he follows to the grave. Into the preserves of the well-to-do middle class, democracy is breaking. The writer raises this historical event to the level of the symbolic. Indeed, this chapter, " Passing of an Age ", is one of the best in the " Saga ", and psychologically much more graphic and valuable than any passage of history.

" The Queen was dead, and the air of the greatest city upon the earth grey with unshed tears. . . . "

" In Chancery," a second Allegro of " The Forsyte Saga ", with in places Allegretto-like touches, may lack the profound intensity, the dramatic force and concentration of " The

Man of Property", but it has at least as much interest as a story, and a powerful, at times ironic humour. The frame is considerably narrower, the plot which is concentrated on far fewer characters, much easier to digest. Lighter construction, and a far more fluent style appear already to make a bridge to Galsworthy's full maturity. Compared with the often disconsolate note of the first book of the "Saga" there is—if one may use the simile—a champagne-like sparkle in the second volume. Even Soames' wild chase of Irene, intrinsically not amusing, achieves humour in the presentment. Malice is decidedly more subdued in this volume that in its precursor. There is some resemblance perhaps, between the persecution of Irene and that of Clare in Galsworthy's drama "The Fugitive"; both are variations of the hunting theme to which this writer is so partial. But the character of Irene becomes more positive, less passive in this volume, she begins to put up a fight. "She had changed spiritually"—this is Soames' impression on his first visit—"there was more of her, as it were, something of activity and daring where there had been sheer passive resistance." To the tenacious and pushing Soames she remains inflexible. "I once told Uncle Jolyon that love was for ever", she asserts to his son Jolyon; "Well, it isn't—Only aversion lasts."

Among the most moving chapters of the book is certainly "Death of the dog Balthasar", only the writer's deep love for animals could create such a masterpiece. Jolly's death, too, which is described in two brief pages "Over the River" is one of the best passages in the book. Indeed, in almost all Galsworthy's novels, there is one short chapter, wherein the deeply incisive, mysterious, and sometimes beautiful (as "Pear Blossom" in "Fraternity") is narrated with a strange plastic brevity. From these two chapters, too, one may get a glimpse of Galsworthy's own views on death and eternity. . . .

In this novel we get the evolution of " young Jolyon ", glimpses of his philosophy, and deeper emotional life. He, too, has gone through a divorce, and has been separated from his second wife by death. Unlike his cousin Soames, he never stops anyone from doing anything, maintains that " free will is the strength of any tie and not its weakness " ; and comes to the conclusion that " the very hub of possession is to possess one's self." As man and artist Jolyon reveres beauty but, " Beauty," he muses, " is the very devil . . . The greater the beauty the greater the loneliness, for at the back of beauty is harmony, and at the back of harmony is union." Union with Irene ! The thought of Irene who is his dream, at first appears to him a chimera, something outside the bounds of possibility. In Paris he spends some weeks with her in a purely platonic manner.

And when it has at last become certain to him that she returns his feelings : " He looked round at her ; and it seemed to his adoring eyes that more than a woman was sitting there. The spirit of universal beauty, deep, mysterious, which the old painters—Titian, Giorgone, Botticelli—had known how to capture and transfer to the faces of their women—this flying beauty seemed to him imprinted on her brow, her hair, her lips, and in her eyes . . . " And this is to be mine," he thought : " It frightens me ! "

Beautiful, too, are the relations of the son to his dead father. " Here only—in this little unchanged room where his father had spent most of his waking hours—could be retrieved the feeling that he was not quite gone, that the steady counsel of that old spirit and the warmth of his masterful lovability endured."

And Jolyon's relations to his son Jolly ! He treats him in the most delicate, considerate manner, is incapable of preaching to him, and comprises the whole of his ethics in these words : " I don't know much about morality and that, but there is this : it's always worth while before you do

anything to consider whether it's going to hurt another person more than is absolutely necessary."

The story is spread over the years 1899 to 1901 ; the old century, that " plant of individualism " has declined. Instead of coaches or carriages, motor cars are already being used. The Forsytes, too, have altered greatly.

The disintegration of the family, which had already started in " The Man of Property " makes powerful strides in the novel " In Chancery." Soames himself, the pillar of the Forsytes, hastens the process through the introduction of a Frenchwoman. Soames' child has no longer pure British blood in her veins. Into the new generation the new spirit is penetrating. England is no longer so exclusive. In the third novel " To Let ", the seed of the new spirit comes up. Before this, however, there is a breathing space—the exquisitely bracing interlude " Awakening."

(*d*) Second Interlude : Awakening

Published London, November, 1920

As a bridge to the concluding volume of the " Saga ", a new intermezzo follows " In Chancery ", the delicious " Awakening," which describes certain tender happenings and the mental evolution of the eight-year-old Jon Forsyte, Jolyon's and Irene's son. In this charmingly whimsical tale, I hear the Scherzo of the Forsyte Symphony ; almost its Capriccio. When Galsworthy wrote " Awakening " he was a man of fifty-three, yet he has transferred himself into the soul of a child of eight. Admirable is the contrast between the two intermezzi ; in the " Indian Summer ", the last glowing days glorified by beauty, of a very old man, who dies in the midst of beauty. In the second interlude : the awakening of a

little boy's soul to the first understanding of beauty; the one viewed from the standpoint of a man of eighty-five, the other from the standpoint of a child of eight. At the same time, the story is a preparation for the important rôle which Jon plays in "To Let", the last novel of "The Forsyte Saga."

"Awakening" passes on a June afternoon and evening in the year 1909, at Robin Hill. Little Jon is impatiently awaiting the return of his parents from a visit to Ireland. He does not know what to do to make the time pass. He "had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth . . . In choosing, moreover, for his father an amiable man of fifty-two, who had already lost an only son, and for his mother a woman of thirty-eight, whose first and only child he was, little Jon had done well and wisely." But he is by no means a spoilt child. With a sort of scintillating humour, his previous adventures and experiences are retailed, his games, the measles, the books he reads, his fights, his relations to the female portion of the house, the difference he feels between his mother's beauty and that of the buxom Bella, who attends to him. His character at this period is summed up in a conversation between his father and mother, which he overhears from a hiding place: "Loving, lovable, imaginative, sanguinary."

Just as his excitement and impatience have reached their height, his parents arrive. He shows off all the new tricks he has learnt; but in his father's presence, he feels a certain constraint and strangeness, so he hurries to his mother, who is just engaged in the—to him—thrilling occupation of unpacking. "What did you see in Glensofantrim?" he asks her. "Nothing but beauty, darling." . . . "What exactly is beauty?" . . . "What exactly is—Oh! Jon, that's a poser! . . ." "Can I see it, for instance?" . . . His mother got up and sat beside him . . . "You do, every day. The sky is beautiful, the stars, and moonlit nights;

and then the birds, the flowers, the trees—they're all beautiful. Look out of the window—there's beauty for you, Jon." "Oh! yes, that's the view. Is that all?" . . . "All? No! The sea is wonderfully beautiful, and the waves, with their foam flying back." Jon's father had sometimes told him the story of Anadyomene, who rose from the foam, so he says: "Did you rise from it every day, Mum?" . . . His mother smiled. "Well, we bathed." . . . Little Jon suddenly reached out and caught her neck in his hands . . . "I know," he said mysteriously, "you're it, really, and all the rest is make-believe."

On this "extra special" night his mother has to allow him to sleep in her bed. "Half himself again, little Jon drew back . . . "You look different, Mum, ever so much younger!" . . . "It's my hair, darling." Little Jon laid hold of it, thick, dark gold with some silver threads . . . "I like it", he said, "I like you best of all like this" . . . "Which side of the bed do you like, Mum?" "The left side" . . . "All right" . . . Wasting no time, giving her no chance to change her mind, little Jon got into bed, which seemed so much softer than his own . . . "Oh! Mum, do hurry up!" "Darling I have to plait my hair" . . . "Oh, not to-night. You'll only have to unplait it again to-morrow. I'm sleepy now; if you don't come I shan't be sleepy soon" . . . His Mother stood up, white and flowery before the winged mirror; he could see three of her, with her neck turned, and her hair bright under the light, and her dark eyes smiling . . . and he said: "Do come, Mum; I'm waiting!" . . . "Very well, Love, I'll come" . . . Little Jon closed his eyes . . . He felt the bed shake; she was getting in. And, still with eyes closed, he said sleepily: "It's nice, isn't it?" . . . And, snuggling up beside her who lay awake and loved him with her thoughts, he fell into the dreamless sleep which rounded off his past."

The world's literature contains but few stories of a child

more delicate, more humorous and exquisite than " Awakening." In the English single volume edition it is enhanced by the original illustrations of the author's gifted nephew, R. H. Sauter.

(*e*) Volume Three: To Let

Published London, September 1921

This is the comprehensive Finale of the " Saga " ; dramatic and yet with a strong lyric note. It sums up in a way all that has preceded ; and is the end of the process of disintegration !

The book starts on May 12th, 1920 ; some time therefore after the Great War, which is only touched on once or twice, although its results are still felt by all in their innermost beings. How had things gone with the Forsytes during the War ? One wounded, one fallen, a third the " O.B.E. or whatever they gave them," Service with the Red Cross and Special Constabulary ! " Soames himself had given a motor ambulance, read the papers till he was sick of them, passed through much anxiety, bought no clothes, lost seven pounds in weight ; he didn't know what more he could have done at his age " (when this book opens he is sixty-five) . . . " it seemed to show the growth of something or other—or perhaps the decline of something else " . . . The spirit of these first post-war years so insecure financially, the threatening spectre of a capital levy, and other unpleasant possibilities disquiet Soames, who, despite the nineteen years that have gone by since we last met him is, *au fond*, the same old Soames.

This last book of " The Forsyte Saga " starts very skilfully,

by introducing nearly all the chief personages, new and old from Soames' point of view. In a futuristic picture gallery Irene and her nineteen-year-old son Jon meet by chance—Oh, no! surely it is destiny!—Soames and his eighteen-year-old daughter Fleur. Love at first sight between Jon and Fleur. Although all these years Jolyon and Irene have sedulously avoided meeting Soames, this momentous encounter takes place after all. And at the same time, Michael Mont, the youth who in the end marries Fleur, appears on the scene.

Fleur had, thinks her father, like most young girls since the war, no other thought in her head than to wander restively through life . . . she is restless and wilful. But Fleur fills his heart completely; for many years he had ceased to regret that no son has been born unto him. Like James his father in old days, Soames is exceedingly worried. What has come to the country, formerly so secure! "A democratic England—dishevelled, hurried, noisy, and seemingly without an apex . . . Nothing ever again firm and coherent to look up to. And into this new hurly-burly of bad manners and loose morals his daughter—flower of his life—was flung! And when those Labour chaps got power . . . the worst was yet to come!" Our man of property's fear of ruin is all the more characteristic, seeing that "the price of pictures"—and he has considerably increased his collection—"had, if anything, gone up!" His fortune, his art treasures, would all be Fleur's later. His marriage with Annette, has "turned out a cool affair. He had known but one real passion in his life—for that first wife of his—Irene." He imagines that to be at an end for ever. But this unexpected meeting with her stirs up again the emotion he fancied dead. Except for her hair that looked as though powdered, Irene—still wandering through the long tale as the spirit of Beauty incarnate—has hardly changed.

Fleur "this treasured possession of his life" is of medium

height and colour, has short dark chestnut hair, wide-apart brown eyes, shining and yet almost dreamy under very white black-lashed lids. " She had a charming profile, and nothing of her father in her face, save a decided chin." It is the blend of English with French blood, of reserve with grace which lends her particular charm. She is called " Fine Fleur," full of artfulness. She can twist her father—otherwise so hard-headed—round her little finger, and thinks that she can so treat everyone else.

Not only Soames, but Irene is greatly disturbed at this first fateful meeting between the two young second cousins. Fleur and Jon have never been told anything of the family feud. Soames, on the one hand, Jolyon and Irene on the other, have kept it secret. These quite comprehensible tactics become disastrous. For with the awakening of love, the curiosity of Jon and Fleur is aroused ; dark allusions only puzzle and make them more curious still. Fleur cannot understand her father's fears, his forbidding attitude. His parents' standpoint is an enigma to Jon also. And just as Fleur, only child of an ageing father, is the hub of his happiness, so is Jon of Irene's. His spiritual development is the chief of her life's tasks. This kind-hearted, poetically inclined, dreamy youth " with eyes deep grey, deep in ; but with something sunny, like a glass of old sherry spilled over him " ; is her special treasure. And his father, also, who is now seventy-two, loves him deeply. For some time Jolyon has been suffering from heart trouble ; but he has kept this knowledge from his family so as not to frighten and be a burden to them. Modest and unselfish, " he had become control incarnate." But the mere thought of the possibility of a union between Jon and Fleur agitates him, and aggravates his malady. He asks Irene if it would not be better to tell the boy all, to open his eyes completely. But Irene, fearing that Jon in his ignorance of the world might misjudge her past, cannot decide on this. And so

Jolyon acquiesces, and the boy is left in ignorance. The secret on both sides has an effect on the two young people all the more provocative, because they are so utterly unconscious of it. From this secrecy the tragedy begins to grow.

After twenty years' absence in South Africa, Holly, Jolyon's daughter, has come home with her husband, Val Dartie, who has developed into a capable fellow and a breeder of horses. They buy a place in the south of England, and Jon, who, so far, has shown no inclination to any definite profession, is to stay with them and learn farming. Fleur has previously manœuvred an invitation for herself and so, after the first meeting the two young folk spend a few idyllic days together and get to know each other well. Very soon, the deeply rooted difference becomes apparent between her youthful egoism and Jon's considerate tenderness—he adores his mother, and would never take advantage of her love. Fleur, alluring, seductive, shrewd, artful, taking refuge in all manner of subterfuges in her attitude towards Jon before Val and Holly so as to give nothing away—is matter-of-fact and practical. Jon, the reverse—quite incapable of pretence, and something of an idealist. He was " sensitive as a girl, more sensitive than nine out of ten girls of the day."

In the meantime, Fleur has made discoveries, nothing definite, about the mysterious family feud. When she sees Jon again, he shows her the grounds of his parents' house and they come on Irene, who asks her to tea. A pointed discussion arises on the Moderns, whose futuristic revolutionaries want to smash all art and beauty. With this, a sort of conflict between father and son begins, although in reality, they are devoted to one another—young Jolyon and Jon.

Soames, too, learns to know the new generation in his daughter, who is determined to have Jon at all costs. He encounters, too, the nihilistic, post-war, blasé type in the Belgian, Prosper Profond, a wealthy drone about town with

whom Annette has at least the beginnings of a love affair. At first Soames prefers to keep his eyes shut, for Annette is " a fine possession, and excellent housekeeper, a sensible and affectionate enough mother." He knows perfectly well, that he is helpless, if she decides to lead her own life while it is still in its prime. He resigns himself to the inevitable consoling himself with the thought that " unless one believed there was something in a thing, there wasn't . . . That night he went into her room. She received him in the most matter-of-fact way, as if there had been no scene between them. And he returned to his own room with a curious sense of peace . . . Passion—Memory ! Dust ! "

Prosper Profond, sleepy owner of a yacht and a typical Galsworthian emblematic figure, seems to embody the whole of this post-war age, bereft of gods. This new intruder into the Forsyte family makes an excellent foil. By him, too, is Fleur more than half enlightened as to the family feud and the reasons for her father's and Jon's parents opposition to a marriage. She resolves to keep it from Jon and tries to persuade him into a secret marriage. Jon cannot bring himself to this. There is a poignant explanation between Fleur and her father, who has at last to confess the truth.

But the boy cannot tear himself loose from Fleur. The excitement at this has greatly aggravated Jolyon's heart trouble. On the eve of his death, he listens to Irene playing —Irene with whom he had enjoyed twenty years of a perfect union, " like that passage of the Cæsar Frank sonata—so had been his life with her, a divine third movement." Next day, after a severe struggle, he writes a long, very kind and simple letter to Jon, explaining all to him, and with Irene's consent, gives it to his son. His last words to him are : " We don't care for anything but your happiness . . . at least with me it's just yours and Mother's, and with her just yours. It's all the future for you both that's at stake." Tortured by suffering, Jolyon reflects : " Life—it wore you down, yet

did not make you want to die—that was the cunning evil! Mistake to have a heart." After the boy has gone away from him to read the letter, he gets up and goes restlessly down to the coppice and comes up the hill again to the oak tree under which old Jolyon passed away. " It's top alone was glistening for the sudden sun was away over the house ; the lower shade was thick, blessedly cool—he was greatly over-heated. He paused a minute with his hand on the rope of the swing—Jolly, Holly—Jon! The old swing! And suddenly, he felt horribly—deadly ill. ' I've over-done it! ' he thought, ' by Jove! I've over-done it—after all! ' He staggered up towards the terrace, dragged himself up the steps, and fell against the wall of the house. He leaned there gasping, his face buried in the honeysuckle that he and she had taken such trouble with that it might sweeten the air which drifted in. Its fragrance mingled with awful pain. ' My Love! ' he thought: ' The boy! ' And with a great effort he tottered in through the long window, and sank into old Jolyon's chair. The book was there, a pencil in it ; he caught it up, scribbled a word " Irene " on the open page . . . His hand dropped . . . So it was like this—was it ? . . . There was a great wrench ; and darkness " . . .

But the letter, and Irene's complete desolation, if she loses Jon also, finally make the boy resolve to break with Fleur, although his mother again says to him : " Don't think of me—think of yourself." Fleur, possessed with the fixed idea that she *must* have Jon, makes an unexpected appearance at Robin Hill, and uses all her wiles to induce him to make his mother give her consent. Finally she forces her unhappy father into making a last attempt with Irene. He cannot deny Fleur her heart's desire, although its fulfilment would be a bitter blow to him. Driven by necessity, he gives his consent to her marriage with Jon, the child of his deadliest enemies. His interview with Irene—the first for twelve years—and with her son, ends with a decided refusal

on the part of Jon. Fleur rebels desperately. She tries to deaden her cruel grief by at last yielding to Michael Mont. This delightfully honest, humorous youth is always hanging round her. "Come again when I haven't got my wish", she had said to him the last time. He is a thoroughly good fellow, the only son of a baronet, who had originally intended to be a painter, but had been forced to give up the idea, and go through all the horrors of the war. He will succeed to his father's estates and title, and now becomes a partner in a London publishing firm. Fleur cares very little for him, but, as she cannot have Jon, she must—like her father—*possess* someone! She is ambitious, and will find some compensation in a good social position. She will—yes, *what* will she do? For, after all, she marries Michael as a most unhappy, bitterly disappointed creature. But he is quite unsuspecting. Immediately after the wedding, the young couple leave for Spain. With Michael instead of Jon, she is to spend her honeymoon. "Will she stay the course?" asks old George Forsyte meaningly. And Soames? What could he do but say "yes" to this make-shift marriage, if he did not want to lose Fleur utterly. Perhaps when she comes back, she will be a calmer, more loving daughter again. One can't help pitying Soames . . . In Michael Mont, a quite new and modern character has come on the scene, full of possibilities. In "To Let", it could not be foreseen that this seemingly somewhat superficial youth would be one of the chief figures of the subsequent novels.

Through Fleur's marriage to the heir to a title, the Forsytes are, for the first time, linked with the aristocracy; their blood will be mixed with blood of a genuine blue, a new elevation will wipe out Soames' condescension in marrying Annette. But Soames is really too independent to care.

The house at Robin Hill is "to let"—that ill-starred house so prominent in Forsyte history. So—as it were—the circle is closed. Jon goes to British Columbia to become a

farmer, he can no longer stand England. Later, Irene is to join him. She will not leave England before the posthumous exhibition of Jolyon's works, which she has arranged, as a sort of crowning monument to such talent as he had. In the gallery she meets Soames. " Suddenly she lifted her gloved hand, her lips smiled faintly, her dark eyes seemed to speak. Soames knew what she had meant to say : ' Now that I am going for ever out of the reach of you and yours, forgive me ; I wish you well.' It was the turn of Soames to make no answer to that smile and that little farewell wave ; he went out into the fashionable street quivering from head to foot . . . he had come nearer than he had ever been to realisation of that truth—passing the understanding of a Forsyte pure—that the body of Beauty has a spiritual essence, uncapturable save by a devotion which thinks not of itself. After all, he was near that truth in his devotion to his daughter ; perhaps that made him understand a little how he had missed the prize."

Previously, however, he has buried Timothy, last of the old Forsytes, at the patriarchial age of one hundred and one. There is a truly melancholy funeral at the family vault of the Forsytes in Highgate Cemetery.

" Soames sat there (at Highgate) a long time dreaming of his career, faithful to the scut of his possessive instinct, warming himself even with its failures . . . ' To Let '—the Forsyte age and way of life, when a man owned his soul, his investments, and his woman, without check or question. And now the State had, or would have, his investments, his woman had herself, and God knew who had his soul. . .

" And only one thing really troubled him—the melancholy craving in his heart— . . . He might wish and wish and never get it—the beauty and the loving in the world ! " So ends the Saga !

Despite its dramatic force, " To Let " is far mellower, gentler, more dreamy than its two predecessors. It may

contain certain prolixities, and weaknesses; but it crowns the "Saga," and the soft glow of evening is over it all. If we compare the gathering of the Forsytes at old Jolyon's in 1886 for June's engagement, with the gathering of the Forsytes in 1920 for Fleur's wedding, we find that the strongly ironic note in "The Man of Property" has lost its malice in "To Let." The final chord of the collective work is more peaceful, more reconciliatory than its opening chord. It is significant that Galsworthy brought his book up to 1920. When published "To Let" was almost up to date. Equally up to date were several of the characters, particularly Fleur, who, avid and restlessly dissatisfied, was, even then, a symbolised spirit of her times. The style of "To Let" is lighter and more fluent than that of "The Man of Property," and is to a certain degree in transition towards the recent style of "A Modern Comedy."

"The Forsyte Saga", which appeared in its complete form in 1922 in London and New York, created a sensation. The Anglo-Saxon world came comparatively rapidly to the conclusion that they had in it a powerful epic of English life, of international importance. Those who object to the title "Saga" should read the author's preface—which ought to have been printed at the end, for only then is its full meaning clear.

Galsworthy told me that the idea of the continuation of the "Saga" occurred to him after a decisive turning point in the Great War, not long before its end. The debate on Soames and Irene is even yet not closed. Some critics reproach the writer with the fact that, in their relations to their son, Jolyon and Irene, in trying to dissuade him from a marriage with Fleur, are true Forsytes. Irene herself—they say—apparently through living with Jolyon—has become a real, genuine Forsyte, who would rather break her son's heart than consent to a marriage against her wishes and feelings. They also contend that Soames, in contrast to Irene, is a

model parent, since, although it goes bitterly against his grain, he lays no obstacles in the way of his daughter's marriage with Jon, and even tries to help her to it. In this contention however they forget that he acts thus from egoistical motives, for if he acted differently, he would lose Fleur, his last " property." Galsworthy indeed refutes such criticism in the preface : " In criticism of the last phase of the Saga one might complain that Irene and Jolyon—those rebels against property—claim spiritual property in their son Jon. But, in truth, it would be hypercriticism of the story as told. For no father and mother could have let the boy marry Fleur without knowledge of the facts ; and the facts determine Jon, not the persuasion of his parents. Moreover, Jolyon's persuasion is not on his own account, but on Irene's and Irene's persuasion becomes a reiterated: " Don't think of me, think of yourself." That Jon, knowing the facts, realises his mother's feelings, can hardly with justice be held a proof that she is, after all, a Forsyte." In her behaviour to Soames, Irene has been considered cruel. The writer also protests against this view, and points out that Irene cannot give in, owing to sexual antipathy.

On the whole, I think it is fair to identify Irene, particularly in her later life, living as happy wife and mother with Jolyon, with harmony ; and poor Soames, practically throughout with disharmony.

In all the novels of the " Saga ", Galsworthy makes use of the three divisions—generally preferred by him among his novels, indeed, only " Beyond " and " Saint's Progress " are in four parts.

All comparisons of the " Forsyte Saga " with Thackeray and Dickens, with Balzac, with Zola's " Rougon-Macquart ", finally, with Thomas Mann's " Buddenbrooks," (this latter presumably because of the numerous deaths, births and marriages in it), seem to miss the mark, for here, a writer unique of his kind has set up an imperishable monument to

a tribe, also unique of its kind. The writer maintains that the Saga " cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper middle-class. As the old Egyptians placed round their mummies the necessaries of a future existence, so I have endeavoured to lay beside the figures . . . " (of a number of Forsytes) " that which shall guarantee them a little life hereafter." And in conclusion he says : " If the upper middle-class, with other classes, is destined to ' move on' into amorphism, here, pickled in these pages, it lies under glass for strollers in the wide and ill-arranged museum of Letters to gaze at. Here it rests, preserved in its own juice : The Sense of Property."

Nevertheless the Forsytes will not pass away, they will —even if in other forms—constantly renew themselves, for human nature remains despite all surface change.

(4) A MODERN COMEDY

(*a*) First Volume: The White Monkey

Published London, October 1924.

After reading the " Forsyte Saga " we were left speculating as to the fate of Jon, Irene, Soames, and of Fleur in her married life with Michael Mont, till Galsworthy had the happy idea of developing these characters, in a new series of novels reflecting our times. In the first volume of " A Modern Comedy ", " The White Monkey ", which covers the period between 1922 and 1923, Fleur plays the chief woman's part, but in " The Silver Spoon ", which treats of the years 1924 and 1925, she has somewhat lost the leading rôle, and her hold on the interest of the reader is usurped by her rival, Marjorie Ferrar, an aristocratic young lady in society. Jon and Irene have quite retired into the background in these two volumes, and we hear comparatively little of them, until in the Interludes, " A Silent Wooing " and " Passers-By," we come on them again.

In the third and last volume, " Swan Song ", which reaches almost to date (1926), Soames, Fleur and Jon play the chief parts.

Only very few readers could have foreseen that Fleur's husband, young Michael Mont, was predestined to play, next to Soames, the leading male part in the first two books, and to come out in a really remarkable way.

One can hardly say that the author has developed a completely new style in " A Modern Comedy " ; but there is certainly a much greater brilliancy in its texture. " A Modern Comedy " is very colourful. Life has lost the

depressing aspect it wore in the " Forsyte Saga," we are served with a mellower wine, and now and then with champagne. Forty years stretch between " The Man of Property " (1886) and " Swan Song " (1926) ; we have passed through the furnace of War, and we still feel its after vibrations throughout the last three volumes. In many chapters of these three last novels, the keen-eyed critic of society predominates. Galsworthy continues his Forsyte chronicles unswervingly, hardly ever returning to the past, except in reminiscences, but dealing with the almost immediate present. In these books he seems to rise higher than ever above his material, and to be smiling with a sort of comprehensive irony at our drifting puppet-show. But this irony, of mature age, has no longer the bitterness it had in " The Man of Property." Soames, too, develops in quite an unexpected way. " As one gets older ", Galsworthy said to me one day as we were taking a walk on Hampstead Heath, " one no longer takes such a serious and tragic view of things ; rather one is struck by the irony, the humour in them." There are other merits, but humour is the chief attraction of these later books, a lucid, saving humour, which rises superior to difficulties, and is pervaded throughout by a profound humanity.

" The White Monkey " begins (toward the middle of October, 1922) in a political vein, afterwards more emphasized in " The Silver Spoon." Disintegration, superficiality, satiety, insincerity, the aftermath of the war, are rife in England. All illusions have been shattered, scarcely a hope has been realised. A dangerous mood, with an atmosphere similar to that created by the author in his comedy " Windows ", which appeared a short time before " The White Monkey." The conservative baronet, Sir Lawrence Mont, Michael Mont's father, tersely describes it in the following sentences : " The fine, the large, the florid—all off ! No far-sighted views, no big schemes, no great principles, no

great religion, or great art, æstheticism in cliques and backwaters, small men in small hats." The young poet, Wilfrid Desert, who has experienced all the horrors of the war, calls it "An age of paradox." "We're frightfully self-conscious about art, and the only art development is the cinema. We're nuts on peace—and all we're doing about it is to perfect poison gas." . . . "We're ruled by inventors, and human nature; we live in Queer Street", declares the Baronet. Socialism holds sway in the almost chaotic confusion of post-war opinions and feelings of universal disappointment and discontent, and many even of the middle and upper classes are prepared to toy with it.

A passion to crowd as much enjoyment into life to make up for the years lost through the war, has taken hold of people; they want to live to-day, and forget the morrow. What wonder that Fleur, who had always longed to "live," should be infected by this eager rushing frenzy? For two years she has lived with Michael Mont in their "emancipated, original home," in South Square, Westminster, with "only three styles in their house: Chinese, Spanish, and her own." To the disappointment of her father-in-law, Sir Lawrence Mont, she has, as yet, no child; but she has a delightful little Pekinese, Ting-a-Ling, "with eyes like boot-buttons," who is one of the philosophers of this volume. She has inherited the passion for collecting from her father; but while he collects pictures, she collects celebrities. "Whom was she not getting to know?" "Lions, tigers, monkeys, cats—her house was becoming a menagerie of more or less celebrities. Michael must look out," mused the Baronet. "In a collector's house there is always a lumber room for old junk, and husbands are liable to get into it."

Young Wilfrid Desert belongs to Fleur's "collection." He impresses her by his originality, and his coming fame. It was his friend Michael who helped him to fame, by prevailing on his firm to publish Wilfrid's poems. The war

and its consequences have turned Wilfrid into something like a disillusioned anarchist. After her great disappointment over Jon Forsyte, Fleur is incapable of really loving her happy, adoring Michael, who is a sterling character, although she gets on very well with him. In her disharmonic eagerness for everything and anything new, she hankers after an affair with Wilfrid, whose head she has turned, though she has no more love for him than for Michael. Without scruple, although Michael is his best friend, he steers straight for the possession of Fleur. But Fleur turns first this way, and then that ; she does not want to lose him because she wants adventure ; but at heart she is a Forsyte, not cut out for an adventuress ; so she keeps him at a distance, holding out vague prospects which, when she goes to his rooms on a visit, she find herself unable to fulfil.

She had before her eyes the example of others, especially that of her friend Marjorie Ferrar, with the red-gold hair. This attractive aristocrat and society woman, " Pet of the Panjoys ", expounds to her " the ideal of modern womanhood " as follows : " My ambition is . . . to be the perfect wife of one man, the perfect mistress of another, and the perfect mother of a third, all at once. It's perfectly possible—they do it in France." With aggressive and cynical frankness, learnt in the war, Wilfrid has openly informed Michael that he is in love with Fleur, and means to have her. Michael, who is gradually developing a social conscience, very much in contrast to Desert and Fleur, is at first stunned, but is gradually convinced that he can only keep Fleur by unselfish love and wisdom. A terrible struggle between his passion for her and pity for his friend is awakened within him. Though racked with jealousy, he will not spy on her. He carries self-abnegation so far as to say to her : " You must do what you like, you know ; that's only fair." And Fleur continues to play with fire.

While she is harassed by these doubts Soames brings her a

remarkable old Chinese picture, which had formerly belonged to his cousin George. (The chapter devoted to the passing of George the Sportsman, is one of Galsworthy's masterstrokes.) The picture represents " a large white monkey, holding the rind of a squeezed fruit in its outstretched paw . . . It's whiskered face looked back at him with brown, almost human eyes . . . The empty rinds all round . . . a perfect allegory : eat the fruits of life, scatter the rinds, and get copped doing it." As Aubrey Greene, the painter, observes, the picture might well bear the title " Civilisation caught out." The monkey evidently thinks there's something beyond, and he's sad, or angry, because he can't get at it. . . . And Fleur ? " Since she couldn't have Jon, what did it matter—Wilfrid or Michael, or both, or neither ? " . . . " Eat the orange in her hand and throw away the rind ! " She labels the picture " The White Monkey ", and it becomes one of her most cherished possessions. The book derives its title from this symbol of the times.

To return to the main plot and Fleur and Michael. Michael learns for the first time, through a chance meeting with June, that Fleur only married him as a substitute for Jon ; that he was chosen to play the rôle of stop-gap. His misery has reached its highest pitch. He recalls her words at the time : " Come again when I know I haven't got my wish." Michael, who has had the strength, the grace, and, above all, that irrepressible cheerfulness which rose superior to the most difficult situations, at last runs the danger of losing it. Michael not cheerful ! An unheard-of thing to Fleur ; " like the fire going out on a cold day ! " Michael sets his teeth ; he finds salvation in the words of an old English refrain : " No retreat, no retreat ; they must conquer or die who have no retreat ! " And then, the scene changes. Wilfrid Desert, convinced at last that "love's labour's lost ", decides to leave England at once for the East. Fleur confides to Michael that she is with child, a deciding point

for them both. The irony of things has spoilt the game for Fleur! "He stood, as if congealed, overcome by an uncontrollable sense of solidity. A child coming! It was as though the barque of his being, tossed and drifted, suddenly rode at tether—anchor down. He turned and tore at the curtains. Night of Stars! Wonderful world! Jolly—jolly! And—Wilfrid . . . Dog lost . . . man lost! S.O.S. He went into the Hall, and from the mothless marble coffer rived his thickest coat. He took the first taxi that came by . . ." Michael manages to reach Wilfrid, a few minutes before his train is due to leave. In his description of the leave-taking of the two friends Galsworthy reaches the zenith of a new note in his style, so curt and yet so vivid. It is this curt vividness which makes the artistic impression of the novel so strong, and the drama of it so breathless. The nervous haste, the race against time, the way we are hurled into the centre of things, is such that we can almost feel the feverishness. The abrupt change of feelings, the contrast between Michael, brimming over with happiness, and Wilfrid in the depths of misery, makes this chapter one of the most arresting of the book.

Michael had probably never felt so happy in his life as during the months of Fleur's pregnancy; the time passes so tranquilly that one feels as if even Fleur is sure of herself at last, and that the child will be her anchor. (We find out our mistake in "The Silver Spoon" and "Swan Song".) No man could be more considerate than Michael, in this time when all sorts of plans were made for the "eleventh baronet," for they have made up their mind that it is to be a son. An early summer storm gives Fleur a very bad shock. The result is a slightly premature birth, an agony not only for Fleur, but also for Soames and Michael. She gives birth to a boy. "The 'eleventh baronet!' He did not seem to amount to much . . . Fleur raised her head, and revealed the baby sucking vigorously at her little finger. "Isn't he a monkey?"

said her faint voice . . . Michael nodded. A monkey clearly—but whether white—that was the question . . . On the ground floor once more, he had the most intense desire to sing. It would not do ; and, entering the Chinese room, he stood staring out into the sunlit square. Gosh ! It was good to be alive ! Say what you liked, you couldn't beat it ! They might turn their noses up at life, and look down them at it ; they might bolster up the future and the past, but—give him the present ! "

Our old friend Soames has, however, been sadly neglected in this summary of the contents of the book. Fleur was and is his all, he only lives for her. Annette, save for some slight domestic tiffs, retires almost entirely into the background. The author puts an overwhelming sense of humour into his drawing of Soames now, who, in the ripeness of advancing age becomes more philosophical and resigned, as well as a little milder. Whole chapters are dealt with from his point of view ; there is a certain delightful immortality about Soames, his egoism, his anxiety, his precautions, all perennially futile. Time, events, man, all pass over his head. The discussion of the occurrences in connection with the P.P.R.S. (Providential Premium Re-Assurance Society) perhaps occupy too great a space, and introduce in parts, too dry a tone into the novel. If Soames leaves one grinning, so far as business is concerned, he is really touching in his relations with his daughter. The novel is perhaps as notable for the development of Soames' character as for anything else. He forms a most effective foil to the enthusiastic Michael, to the subtleties and sophistries of the hypermoderns, and, still more, to the dazzling Fleur.

A secondary plot revolves round the figures of two new characters, Tony Bicket, the " shady " packer employed at Michael's publishing firm, and his girl-wife, Victorine. This plebeian couple wander in and out of a novel otherwise concerned entirely with the upper classes.

" The White Monkey " abounds in a wealth of characters, very few of whom are Forsytes. Culture (or rather, deculture), the fashionable follies of the day, jazz, contortions and distortions, take up considerable space. There is hardly a modern problem movement, or tendency which is not discussed, be it psychoanalysis, or Couéism, or the " Restoration " (i.e. the modernising of English Art), and the antics of dilletantes, hangers-on, expressionists, cubists dadaists, futurists ; the worship of monstrosity, or any insane thing, provided only it be new, unheard of before. The author has a real command over his material. Take, for instance, his portrayal of the talented caricaturist and painter, Aubrey Greene, with his tendency to " slide." " Illusive, rather moonlit, with his silky fair hair brushed straight back, and his greenish eyes—his smile always made her (Fleur) feel that he was ' getting at ' her."

Fleur is the symbol of the chaotic, cynical superficiality, of the restless yet satiated thirst for sensation, of the eternal discontent, the fascination, the selfish and pathetic aimlessness of this period of transition. Fleur, the daughter of Soames, incarnates the disharmony of the present day ; Fleur—whom we may meet in every large city. We realise how necessary it was that Soames should have a daughter. It would never have been possible to characterise the age effectively in the figure of a man.

A FIRST INTERLUDE

(*b*) A Silent Wooing

Published London, November, 1927

As with " The Forsyte Saga ", the three novels of " A Modern Comedy " are linked up by two Interludes. The first, " A Silent Wooing ", forms the connecting link between

" The White Monkey " and " The Silver Spoon "; it was not, however, called into life until after the second interlude, " Passers-By." Not only is it important as a story, but it throws a strong light on the two new characters of the trilogy : Francis Wilmot and his sister Anne.

Again Galsworthy begins the short interlude, which is about the same length as " Awakening ", with date and scene : " On the first of February, 1924, Jon Forsyte, convalescing from the 'flu, was sitting in the lounge of an hotel at Camden, South Carolina." It will be remembered that Jon went to America with his mother, Irene, after the break with Fleur. He did not prosper too well the first year in British Columbia, but for a further two-and-a-half years he had lived in North Carolina, raised peaches, and now, at the age of twenty-three, he appears, so far, to have regained his peace of mind. Of his memory of Fleur we read : " The image of his first love did not often haunt him now—had not for a year or more . . . Besides, Holly had written that Fleur had a boy." With this Jon comes into the new cycle for the first time. Until this mention has only been made of him in Fleur's thoughts.

He had met Francis Wilmot of South Carolina lately, a young American with a lissome figure, French on his mother's side, a " face as of ivory, with dark hair and eyes, and narrow nose and lips." Jon is invited by Francis to join a picnic, a ride to an old Indian mound, and here he makes the acquaintance of Anne, the nineteen-year-old sister of Francis. This quiet, reserved young person makes an immediate impression on him.

In the love story that follows which, on the surface, seems lacking in incident, the real charm lies in its chaste reserve, its austere flavour, its gentle humour, its characteristic mood. It is very mature Galsworthy. In " The White Monkey ", that fusion of scherzo and allegro, the landscapist and lyrist are entirely in the background ; in this andante, soft as a

breath, both come into full play again. The little story has a demure grace, a simple, realistic artlessness, a strange charm. We gratefully welcome the first appearance of the purely poetic in " A Modern Comedy." The two lovers do not exchange a single word about their feelings ; yet those unspoken words pervade the whole and, in spite of an almost exaggerated reserve, we understand.

A MODERN COMEDY

SECOND VOLUME

(*c*) The Silver Spoon

Published London, August, 1926

" Who touches pitch shall be defiled." This motto which Galsworthy gave to his drama, " The Skin Game ", is equally suitable to his novel " The Silver Spoon ", a continuation of " The White Monkey." When once a quarrel is embarked on it is difficult to stop it, and when the complicated machinery of the law is once set in motion, most difficult to arrest its progress. In the case in question—an action for libel—Fleur Mont and Marjorie Ferrar fight the matter out to a bitter end, although the whole affair is repugnant to both of them. Fleur, the defendant, comes off victorious, but derives no pleasure from her victory, for Society condemns her. Marjorie loses the case, " not having a moral about her," but triumphs all the same. A very topsy-turvy affair. Soames' daughter, ambitious, obstinate, spoilt, " born with a silver spoon in her mouth ", suffered her first defeat over Jon four years before, and now has to suffer her second. It is Marjorie Ferrar who captures the sympathy of the reader ; one hardly pities Fleur. There is

nothing really attractive or elevating in either Fleur or Marjorie who are the embodiment of a pleasure-mad, soulless age. It is with Michael Mont, who began to charm in " The White Monkey " that we are really in love. Through Michael, too, the novel becomes considerably more than a mere society affair, it is a study of national problems, covering the wide field of England's economic condition. In " The White Monkey " Marjorie Ferrar is only mentioned as " the pet of the pan-joys," whose aims are to be the wife of one man, the mistress of a second, and the mother of a third " all at once." In " The Silver Spoon " we see that such modern ambition is, in reality, not so simple to achieve. Marjorie is the spendthrift daughter of a spendthrift aristocrat. Her grandfather is called upon again and again to meet very considerable debts for his son and grand-daughter. She can be hard to the point of cruelty, and not always straightforward to the men of her choice, but she is courageous, and lives in accordance with her motto : To get all the enjoyment possible out of life, and not to let her friends down. She is " frightfully in the limelight ", " she paints a bit ; she's got some standing with the press ; she dances ; she hunts ; she's something of an actress ; she goes everywhere week-ending." We see poor Fleur, on the other hand, with her craze for collecting, and for shining in the eyes of others coming to grief badly. If we compare her with Michael, who seems to grow in kindness and humour, and whose social conscience and character are steadily awakening, she cuts but a poor figure.

The duel between Marjorie Ferrar and Fleur begins with their social rivalry. Fleur considers : " she had been one of the first twelve to shingle and was just feeling that without care, she would miss being one of the first twelve to grow some hair again. Marjorie Ferrar already had more than an inch. Somehow, one hated being distanced by Marjorie Ferrar. In semi-spiteful superiority Marjorie publishes a

thinly veiled allusion to Fleur's " Salon ", and Michael's new policy of " Foggartism " in a newspaper. (The novel commences, by the way, at the end of September, 1924.) Michael has " chucked publishing ", and allowed himself to be nominated to a Conservative seat in Parliament, to the great satisfaction of Fleur, who hopes, thereby, to enrich her " collection ", and shine still more in Society. Notwithstanding the paragraph she has written, Marjorie attends Fleur's next " At Home." Soames overhears her discussing her hostess in anything but a flattering manner, and shows her the door with the words : " You are a traitress ! "

Francis Wilmot, the young Southerner, was present at this scene. Jon Forsyte, who has married his sister on the other side of the " pond ", has sent greetings by Francis to Fleur ; and Fleur has invited Francis to stay with them. The artless, young American falls in love with Marjorie at first sight, just at the time of the scandal. And Marjorie's ejection is not without its consequences. Francis leaves Fleur's house and takes a room at an hotel. He attempts to reconcile the two enemies, but fails. Fleur is indignant with her father for his interference, which has put " the fat in the fire." She writes indignant letters to three of her friends, in the last of which she calls Marjorie a " snake of the first water ", and finishes up with the words : " She hasn't a moral about her, or a decent impulse." So is the conflict sharpened. In the meantime, although unofficially engaged to Sir Alexander MacGown, a wealthy Scottish M.P., Marjorie succeeds in turning the young American's head. He proposes marriage to her, and she for a moment accepts him. The Scotsman, madly in love with Marjorie and naturally jealous, has already taken up cudgels on her behalf. He is a Liberal, and, purely on political grounds, an opponent of Michael, the Conservative, and his " Foggartism." This Foggartism is a plan for important social reforms, aiming among other things at the emigration,

settlement and agricultural training of English children in the colonies. Michael delivers his " Maiden Speech " in the House on Foggartism, after which MacGown accuses him of mercenary motives, although Michael is an enthusiast and practical idealist. Michael confronts his adversary in the House lavatories, and there follows an amusing scene.

In the meantime it annoys Soames intensely that he, a solicitor, and his daughter should be mixed up with a lawsuit. With a heavy heart he offers £1,500 to settle the affair, but Marjorie insists on a written apology from Fleur, which is refused. The duel must proceed ! MacGown, who is absolutely convinced of Marjorie's virtue, also refuses to come to any terms whatsoever with the enemy. Thus Marjorie is forced to bring the action against her will and, throwing over Francis Wilmot, becomes officially engaged to Sir Alexander MacGown, who has promised to pay her debts. Francis, beside himself, becomes ill, hovers between life and death, and longs for the end. But he recovers from both his illness and his love for Marjorie, and returns to America.

In the meantime the day fixed for the case comes round. All the ugly attempts which precede such cases have been made on both sides, intimidation, spying, shadowing by detectives. Soames has instinctively brought off a coup. He has had Marjorie's rather shady past and present thoroughly investigated, and made a whole list of valuable discoveries—she has been on intimate terms with the leader of a hyper-modern theatrical society ; has appeared on his stage in a questionable rôle of the questionable "Restoration" period, and, besides that, she has read a notoriously immoral book, the circulation of which, in English, has been forbidden by the police. Soames has collected all this knowledge in a roundabout manner, usually considered disgusting, but, in cases of law deemed justifiable for the saving of one's skin. It is a fight in fact with poisoned weapons. The opponent must be beaten at all costs. Both sides secure the

services of able counsel. The case causes a sensation and attracts all the drones of Society. Sir James Foskisson, Fleur's counsel, cross-examines Marjorie so well that little by little she stands before the judge and jury divested of all reputation. She who has sued Fleur because the latter asserted that " she hadn't a moral about her " is proved by degrees to have less than none. Foskisson leads her on till she has expressed her opinion that the morals of her countrymen are " stuffy," declared that the immoral book ought not to have been censored, and that she has played a notorious part in a notorious play. At last he actually asks her whether she herself has ever had a liaison. Marjorie, too proud to lie, refuses to answer the question. The case collapses; Fleur has won. The two very characteristic chapters describing these proceedings are the climax of the novel. Legal finesse could not be more drastically pilloried, or the results of a " great quarrel " more dramatically summed up.

After such a result Marjorie is " fed up " with everything. MacGown in a desperate scene, tries in vain to get her to confess the past. She breaks the engagement off, and decides to resume her former relations with the theatre manager. Her grandfather, that splendid octogenarian, the Marquis of Shropshire, will pay her debts once more.

And Fleur and Soames? Alas! Victory brings no joy to Fleur, for Society is entirely on Marjorie's side. At a big " Rout " " the tapering nose of Society " turns itself up at Fleur, and she is crushingly snubbed. " Sir James Foskisson had done his work *too* well." Galsworthy disdains any theatrical claptrap at the end of this clash, he ends the conflict in his own almost inaudible and ironic style. Fleur suffers intensely under the " deadly disgrace." She has been robbed of her element. What, at this moment of bitter defeat, is Kit the " eleventh baronet ", her thriving baby, to her, of what consequence her husband, or her father? Just

as she was denied Jon a few years ago, so she is denied Society now. And just as she had to deaden her sorrow with Michael then, so she must deaden her present sorrow with a trip round the world. Ignoring Michael's political work and mission, without consideration for her child, she begs to be taken on this tour. Michael is torn by indecision. Faithful and lonely follower of Foggartism he cannot desert while Parliament is sitting. So, Soames in his blind devotion has again to bear the brunt, and he, instead of Michael, takes Fleur for her tour round the world. Quite suddenly, to his own astonishment, he leaves everything, he, the careful man, the insular Englishman, makes up his mind without more ado, and for Fleur's sake, departs to despised and foreign parts. Once more Fleur has her own way.

Nearly six months—towards the end of the book we are already in the late Springtide of 1925—will Michael be obliged to wait before he will be free to meet his wife in Vancouver. Poor Michael! We shall see. Perhaps he will begin to be attracted by one Norah Curfew, matron of a child welfare centre, "Sunshine House," Bethnal Green, who has already excited Fleur's jealousy a little. Norah Curfew is the very reverse of Fleur and Marjorie; the earnest modern woman who throws herself, heart and soul into welfare work.

In this novel for the first time Galsworthy offers practical proposals for the solution of a burning question, although he pokes plenty of fun at old Sir James Foggart and his Foggartism. Facts and figures are awkward things in novels, but the author understands the art of seasoning even the driest of chapters with ironical humour. And, after all, facts and figures are necessary to his theme. Apart from this the book is full of colour. The "dashed off" style is similar, yet more finished than that of "The White Monkey." The terseness of expression has, if possible, reached a still higher level. The number of characters is not so large,

which favours a closer handling. In technique, too, this novel surpasses its forerunner ; " The White Monkey " sags a little towards the end, but " The Silver Spoon " has an ever culminating interest. Jon and Irene are still entirely in the background. Wilfrid Desert is only mentioned once. But we watch with great pleasure the development of Soames. Soames, as his age increases—he is nearly seventy —becomes more and more mellow. His real love for Fleur has something deeply touching in it. This is no longer the sour Soames of the first two books of the " Forsyte Saga." His creator still treats him ironically, but sprays him with a more and more antiseptic humour. The description of his evening drive home in the third chapter of the last part is very telling. The running over of a pig is scarcely an æsthetic incident, but is fascinating in the hands of this author.

And behold how Soames passes from this pig episode to pure contemplation ! " The car swerved and he was jerked against the side cushions. The village church ! Pretty little old affair, with its squat spire and its lichen—couldn't see that out of England—graves, old names, yew trees. And that reminded him : one would have to be buried, some day. Here, perhaps. Nothing flowery ! Just his name, ' Soames Forsyte,' standing out on rough stone, like that grave he had sat on at Highgate ; no need to put ' Here lies '—of course he'd lie ! As to a cross, he didn't know. Probably they'd put one, whatever he wished. He'd like to be in a corner, though, away from the people—with an apple-tree or something over him. The less they remembered him, the better. Except Fleur—and she would have other things to think of ! The car turned down the last low hill to the level of the river. He caught a glimpse of it flowing dark between the poplars, like the soul of England, running hidden."

Galsworthy has certainly not painted the Society of to-day in seducing colours—a Society without ideals ; indolent,

pleasure-mad, and astonishingly blasé. Not much salvation about the conduct and new morals of the upper ten? Fortunately there are groups left, who rally round the flags of practical activity. Foggart and Michael and Mr. Blythe conspire to repopulate the Land. Norah Curfew and "her gang" work among the children of Bethnal Green. And though the book ends with a sigh from Michael on his thorny path, we do not put it aside without a feeling of hope. After all, the Marquis of Shropshire at eighty, is still working to electrify the world.

SECOND INTERLUDE

(*d*) Passers By

Published London, November, 1927

This short story forms the connecting link between the centre-piece of "A Modern Comedy"—"The Silver Spoon"—and its expansive Finale, "Swan Song." It is told almost entirely from Soames' stand-point. Nothing remarkable happened on the tour round the world which he undertook with Fleur. Everything went according to programme, apart from China, and only served to strengthen Soames' specifically English outlook. Nothing unusual occurs until just before the end of the trip, when Soames is, for a short time thrown into the highest pitch of suspense by a chance meeting, which threatens to imperil his daughter's fate. But just this once Soames is in luck's way and succeeds in averting fate for the present by his cunning and prudence. Fleur "passes" Jon, Jon, Fleur, without seeing each other.

More ! Soames has seen Irene again, but she has not seen him. These two have also " passed " each other by. But this chance meeting has stirred him to the depths and roused up all the past. Soames will never get away from his first wife. At the end we feel again with him the whole tragedy of his life, and his nature. There is something strangely relieving in the gentle humour, the fine irony in this lyrical intermezzo which, with its grave, in places almost solemn tone, has sometimes the effect of a poem. There is a distant similarity to " Indian Summer " in " The Forsyte Saga", both interludes are written, so to speak, in a mood of setting sun. Once again, as in " A Silent Wooing ", we have mature perfection.

We meet Soames in Washington in front of the St. Gaudens " Statue of Nirvana." " That great greenish bronze figure of a seated woman within the hooding folds of her ample cloak seemed to carry him down to the bottom of his own soul . . . From his present position the woman had passed beyond grief. She sat in a frozen acceptance deeper than death itself."

Jon and Anne pass the statue and Soames recognizes his young kinsman. The appearance of the young man considerably upsets him. Fleur has completely outlived the painful Ferrar affair, appears to be quite at one with Michael, whom they have met as arranged, and is looking forward to returning to her home and child. " He had travelled for six months to restore Fleur's peace of mind, and he would not for the world have her suddenly upset again by a sight of her first love. Yes—and as likely as not Irene was here too ! " He hurries back to the hotel and finds that in truth the three names are entered in the visitors' book ! Then the comedy begins. Soames, like a detective, schemes to avoid a meeting. But all is within a hair's breadth of going wrong. At George Washington's old home, Mount Vernon, near Washington,Michael and Jon meet and speak to each other without

any previous introduction, but fortunately, Fleur is not present. Soames must get Fleur and Michael away at once ; he feigns illness ! Soames, who like George Washington, never lies, goes very near it now. " . . . the car was started. Soames sat back with his hand in Fleur's and his mouth and eyes tight closed, feeling perhaps better than he'd ever felt in his life." Arrived at the hotel he takes care that Fleur does not leave him. In their sitting-room he lay down on the sofa, touched and gratified . . . " He did not remember when he had felt so definitely that she really did care about him."

Quite near someone is playing the piano. Irene ? He sends Fleur and Michael to the opera. And there he is alone and under the same roof with that woman ! Amazing ! He cannot help it, he *must* go and take a look at her.

" All her body from the waist was moving lightly to the rhythm of her playing. Her frock was of a greyish heliotrope. And once more he had the feeling : ' There sits a woman I have never known ' . . . Ah ! She had had many faults, but the worst of her faults had always been, was still, her infernal mystery ! "

He steals back to his room and goes, dead tired, to bed. Suddenly he feels that his seventy years have made an old man of him, in spite of his hope to live another fifteen and see his grandson Kit play cricket. He would be glad to be back in England again with his pictures. To-morrow they embark for home. Here, again, the death of Soames is foreshadowed.

" He was drowsy now. But, in this house—shapes—shapes ! Past—present—at the piano—at his bedside—passing—passing by—and there, behind them, the great bronze-hooded woman, with the closed eyes, deep sunk in everlasting—profound—pro—! And from Soames a gentle snore escaped."

And so Irene once again wanders through the story as a symbol of Beauty. This is her last personal appearance in

the two Forsyte trilogies, though she is still often mentioned in "Swan Song", the last novel of "A Modern Comedy", where she haunts the thoughts of Soames and of old Gradman, and hovers in the background of events, exercising something like an invisible influence on Jon, but taking no active part in the story. Again we must say: How certain writers would have exploited this last meeting of Soames and Irene! How very much Galsworthy's strength lies in the unexpressed, in silence! "Passers-By" might include the word "Silent" in its title quite as well as the first Interlude. A silent experience with a lyrical ending.

One is not as yet able to judge how far the author has created a new form in his Forsyte Intermezzi. Certainly all four interludes belong to his best and most characteristic work. They fulfil themselves.

A MODERN COMEDY. THE THIRD VOLUME

(*e*) Swan Song

Published in London, New York, Berlin and Vienna, July, 1928

This extensive dramatic finale of "A Modern Comedy", the longest of the three novels which compose it, has its lyric elements, and reminds one of "To Let", the finale of the "Forsyte Saga" cycle. Its dark tune, if one may so express it, is, perhaps, more poignantly emotional than in "To Let." This second finale is also more powerful in conception, more buoyant, and, apart from its serious ending, of a more relieving humour.

Once more the seed of Forsyte love and Forsyte sorrow spring from Robin Hill, and that ill-fated house still influences the lives of the Forsytes. Just as all the trend of "To Let" is towards the death of old "young Jolyon,"

so in " Swan Song " we move towards the death of old Soames. Through the death of his father, Jolyon, Jon, in the " Saga ", is definitely turned from the marriage planned with Fleur, and saved a disastrous future ; through the death of her father, Soames, Fleur in the " Comedy ", is finally turned from her unbridled desire for intimacy with Jon, saved from the impossible, and will eventually find her way back to the right path. As in " The Forsyte Saga ", so in " A Modern Comedy ", Soames is the outstanding character. In both he has, practically speaking, the last word to say. While in " The Forsyte Saga " his heart is all concerned with Irene, his wife ; in " A Modern Comedy " it is all concerned with his daughter Fleur. In " The Forsyte Saga " we have the triangles ; Soames—Irene—Bosinney, Soames—Irene—Jolyon ; in " A Modern Comedy " the triangles ; Fleur—Michael—Wilfred Desert ; and the quadrangle : Michael—Fleur—Jon—Anne. In the first trilogy Soames is the man of action, in the second, old and mature, he pursues the policy of " Wait and See." The finale of " A Modern Comedy " shows him watching silently over Fleur, and her impending disaster, and only interposing finally to sacrifice his life for that of his daughter. Then again, " A Modern Comedy " as a whole has a decidedly less tragic effect than " The Forsyte Saga "—as indeed one might expect from the titles. Jon, Michael and Fleur all give vent to the feeling that England, these post-war years, is no suitable ground for tragedy ; Comedy is the thing. Things are not to be taken too seriously if life is to go on at all in such uprooted times. Soames, who has always taken them too seriously, must go down. Yet before he " takes the ferry " he passes through scenes which belong to the most valuable literature of to-day, and ensure him immortality.

The plot, thrilling throughout, begins with the general strike (which broke out in England in the spring of 1926),

and continues until the summer of the same year. Again an epoch novel; critical of Society. For those who live outside England there is a fascination in watching how such an important upheaval is dealt with in the Island Realm—with what comparative calm, with what little display of force; with what sense of humour and geniality, and, on the part of the non-strikers, with what patriotism and understanding for the needs of the country! Nothing is destroyed, no military called out, there is no shooting, no murderous attacks take place; the Government organization works almost noiselessly, like a well-oiled machine; everything ends in a muffled, and model manner. Michael and Fleur again open the novel. At Michael's instigation Fleur starts a canteen for voluntary railway workers, who have come forward to prevent the disorganization of their country. Here Fleur is in her element, here she can shine, and display her real capacity.

In the meantime Jon Forsyte has returned to the old world after an absence of five and a half years. He has first taken his mother and wife to Paris. Irene has been home-sick for Europe, Jon for England. Already, excited at the prospect of return to his beloved homeland, he patriotically decides to volunteer and do his "bit" in the great strike as a stoker. He goes to Newhaven on the last steamer, and betakes himself first to his step-sister, Holly, and her husband Val—Anne is to come over from Paris after the strike has ended. He has sold his estate in North Carolina, and means to buy a farm in the south of England, grow fruit, and break up fallow land. In Wansdon Jon gets the same room in which Fleur visited him six years before to show him her "Goya" dress. "In through his open bedroom window came the sweet-scented air—England's self—from the loom of the Downs in the moon-scattered dusk. . . . An owl hooted. . . . He got into bed. . . . And soon he was asleep; and a form—was it

Anne's, was it Fleur's ?—wandered in the corridors of his dreams."

A few days later in her canteen Fleur catches sight of Jon, apparently dropped from the skies, and " it was within her heart as if, in winter, she had met with honeysuckle." The sight of him stirs up all the old emotions within her. He has not noticed her, and she will not speak to him yet. But a sort of turmoil has begun within her ; although her reason protests. She returns home, enters her bedroom and turns on the lights. " Quickly she undressed. Was that wife of his her equal undressed ? To which would he award the golden apple if she stood side by side with Anne ? . . . Ah ! Here was Michael coming in, coming up to her ! Well ! No use to be unkind to him—poor old Michael ! And in his arms she saw—Jon's smile." The old game !

It is not long before the strike collapses, depriving Fleur of the possibility of seeing Jon again, while her longing for him is coupled with jealousy of his wife. " By the uncomplicated glance of Jon's wife she guessed that Jon had not told her. . . . But how long would that girl be left in ignorance ? " Here again we have the secretiveness, which plays so fatal a part in the lives of the Forsytes. In their youth Jon and Fleur were ignorant of the family feud ; Fleur married Michael without telling him of her love for Jon, Jon married the young American Anne without telling her of his love for Fleur.

In the meantime, a subtle change in Fleur's demeanour has not escaped Soames, who, since Jon's return, is pursued by ever-growing suspicion. He would like to question her, but instinct tells him to be silent. " When I want things, I want things. And when I don't get them, I'm not safe ", says Fleur. She is wishing for the " moon ", and has begun again to play with fire, deliberately planning an early morning visit to her aunt Winifred's, where Jon and Anne, who has now joined him, are staying in London. Arriving

there Fleur finds Jon alone at breakfast. He receives her with unembarrassed cordiality—he does not dream of catching "measles" (as Holly suggestively calls the possible renewal of his relations with Fleur) a second time. Just as six years earlier, Fleur is much more a woman of the world than Jon is a man of the world. "Michael's the best male I know," declares Fleur; and "Anne's the best female," declares Jon. She invites Jon and Anne to lunch the next day. Michael and Jon recognise each other, and Fleur learns of their first meeting at Mount Vernon. After lunch Michael pleads a committee, while the party go for a drive to Richmond. Fleur manages that they shall pass Robin Hill, now owned by a peer absent abroad, and descend from the house through the coppice. Fleur waits for Jon by the fallen log.

The cuckoo's song, and the sight of bluebells under the larch trees! Beside her Jon stood still! Yes, and the spring stood still. There went the song—over and over! "It was *here* we came on your mother, Jon, and our stars were crossed. Oh, Jon!" Could so short a sound mean so much, say so much, be so startling? His face! She jumped on the log at once. "No ghosts, my dear!" And, with a start, Jon looked up at her. She put her hands on his shoulders and jumped down. And among the bluebells they went on. And the birds sang after them.

Meanwhile, full of restless thoughts Soames has driven back to his place at Mapledurham, to await a visit from Fleur and Kit next day. Nowhere does he feel so well as down there by the Thames; he is even something of a philosopher in that river air.

The landscapist, who retired into the background in "The White Monkey" and "The Silver Spoon" has more abundant scope in "Swan Song", and such descriptions as the following remind one, here and there, of "The Dark Flower."

"It was really warm for May, and still light enough for

him to see his cows in the meadow beyond the river. . . . And here came the swans, with their grey brood in tow; handsome birds, going to bed on the island! The river was whitening; the dusk seemed held in the trees, waiting to spread and fly up into a sky just drained of sunset. Very peaceful, and a little eerie—the hour between! Those starlings made a racket—disagreeable beggars; there could be no real self-respect with such short tails! The swallows went by, taking 'night-caps' of gnats and early moths; and the poplars stood so still—just as if listening—that Soames put up his hand to feel for breeze. Not a breath! And then, all at once—no swallows flying, no starlings; a chalky hue over river, over sky! The lights sprang up in the house. A night-flying beetle passed him, booming. The dew was falling—he felt it; must go in. And, as he turned, quickly, dusk softened the trees, the sky, the river. . . ."

When, with Fleur Soames, for the first time in his life attends a race meeting, of which we are given a vivid picture, he realizes again how serious things may become. Fleur must have known Jon would attend the races, and has clearly taken this opportunity of meeting him again. The joy at seeing him is tempered for her by the revelation, even stronger than before, that "if Jon had anything, he had a conscience!" Since his visit to Robin Hill he has been feeling, at moments, for Fleur what he felt for her in the past; and is very much on guard over himself.

Fleur will need all her persistence and patience. Little Kit, for instance, suddenly catches measles, so that she is tied to the sick room. This involuntary waiting only increases her restless longing.

On the day her seclusion comes to an end she receives an unexpected visit from June, who has picked up a new "lame duck" in a painter, the "Raphaelite", Harold Blade, a somewhat conceited and boorish young man. June urges

Fleur to let herself be painted by this young genius. She will try to persuade Jon to consent to Anne being painted also, and she mentions the day Jon has arranged for his sittings. Fleur intends to take Kit down to Loring, at the seaside ; she will only be a few miles from Wansdon there, where Jon and Anne are still staying with Val and Holly. To inspect her cottage she manages to travel down on the same train that Jon must take on his return from June's. The run in the train reminds us of that in " To Let," and again we see the unbridgeable chasm between these two young folk. They can hardly agree on anything. Anne, however, is disquieted by the news of their journey together ; she has become afraid of Fleur, instinctively feeling that Jon once loved her.

Fleur passes her time restlessly at Loring, and when her stay is drawing to a close Soames decides to fetch her and Kit with the car. He will spend the night at Nettlefold, at an hotel. He arrives there to find a fancy-dress ball going on, got up on the occasion of Goodwood Races. His heart sinks when, unseen himself, he recognises Fleur in her Goya dress dancing with Jon, dressed as a sheik. " As Irene with Bosinney, so she with that young Jon. . . . " Always ! "—would they never stop that cursed tune, stop those two, who with every bar seemed to cling closer ! And, fearful lest he should be seen, Soames turned away and mounted slowly to his room. . . . Incalculable consequences welled in on his consciousness, like the murmuring tide of the sea. Daughter exiled, grandson lost to him ; memories deflowered ; hopes in the dust ! . . . And all that grim power of self-containment which but twice or three times in his life had failed him, and always with disastrous consequence, again for the moment failed him, so that to any living thing present . . . he would have seemed like one demented. The paroxysm passed. No use to rave ! Worse than no use—far ; would only make him ill, and he

would want all his strength. . . . Venus! Touch not the goddess—the hot, the jealous one with the lost dark eyes! He had touched her in the past, and she had answered with a blow. Possess his sore and anxious heart! Nothing to do but wait and see!"

Contrary to his previous resolution, Soames decides to talk to Michael, who, by the way, has been told by June Forsyte of the Forsyte feud which, before his marriage with Fleur, had broken her love affair with Jon. It is necessary to comment here on Michael's new activities. He has recognised the uselessness of his career up to the present, and the complete fiasco achieved by Foggartism. He meets his uncle Hilary, who, as vicar of St. Augustine in "The Mead's", one of the most disreputable of London's slums, is, with his wife May, working on slum reclamation. Hilary is a priest in the true sense of the word, one of *this* world, thoroughly modern, trying to ensure a possible life for poor devils here below. Hilary and May want to provide their parishioners with houses free from vermin. They hope to enlist the co-operation of the general public, and raise the necessary capital for a scheme on a large scale. The way in which Michael, with the aid of his father, Sir Lawrence Mont, induces a number of well-known men to form a committee, is highly amusing. Our old friend, the Marquis of Shropshire, more obsessed than ever with his plans of electrification, joins the committee, and is followed among others even by Soames. The chapters dealing with these committee meetings and men are witty and diverting. In such activities has Michael sought distraction, for Fleur becomes daily more puzzling; and he is affected more than he dares show. But in his devoted love for her he tries to avoid everything that might hurt, or make things difficult for her. After his talk with Soames he persuades Fleur to try slumming. Such work, however, is not really to her taste, for: "The jobs were not her own, there was no

career in them." She conceives the plan, however, of founding a " Rest House " for poor working-class girls, at Dorking, to be financed by Soames, because it will give her more chance of seeing Jon. She chooses a house within an hour's drive from Wansdon, and within a short time learns to drive a car. Then she gets round her father to take a look at the Raphaelite's pictures at June's, and Soames gives an order for her portrait to this arrogant artist. June has induced Jon as well to sit to her adored genius. And twice during the coming week Fleur finds excuses to give Jon a lift in her car, begging him, however, not to tell Anne. But Anne again sees that he is keeping something from her. And Jon is tortured, he knows well that his young wife is worried.

The determination to conquer Jon and to lead, with him, a secret life grows firmer within Fleur. The more decidedly Jon rejects her advances, the more alluring is the desire to possess him. During a committee meeting, at which she assists as Michael's secretary, she forms a definite plan of action. Jon's picture is to be finished late the next afternoon. Fleur again takes Jon in her car. At Robin Hill she suddenly stops near the coppice. Their third visit to that fateful spot.

The scene that follows is a strange one, with certain ironic implications. Fleur conquers Jon, while Jon behaves rather as a girl behaved in byegone days. The woman is the seducer. But Fleur's triumph over Jon, and the momentary possession of him turns at once to loss. Her energy, her insistence have led to her defeat. We are again reminded of " To Let ", and see how the most positive traits of a character may lead to the most negative results. Fleur tries to force the hand of fate, fate takes revenge—Jon is seized by his conscience. The secret liaison demanded by Fleur is repellent to him. He will never see Fleur again unless he can make a clean breast of everything to Anne. " Then

Jon wrenched himself free and, like one demented, rushed back into the coppice." In vain Fleur calls after him. Was this—fulfilment ? The fulfilment she had dreamed of ? A few moments of hasty and delirious passion—and this ! " . . . Life seemed suddenly to have gone out." And Fleur goes off to the Rest House in her car, desperate and humiliated.

As for Jon—disillusion and the return to Wansdon follow quickly after the storm. He realises his responsibility towards Anne more and more clearly. He must choose between the two. He writes to Fleur that he cannot continue in secret. Next day he receives a telegram that she must see him on the following day at noon. The responsibility, and the tradition of the Forsytes weigh him down. He will have to confess to Anne in the evening. But she surprises him with the news that she is going to have a child, and that her instinct has told her all that has taken place between himself and Fleur. Jon begs her to forgive him, and swears never to see Fleur again.

Fleur, too, is haunted by the inherent impossibility of the situation. " Always in the background, was the old barrier of the family feud, her father and his mother, and their abhorrence of the union between her and Jon. For the first time she recognises the truth that ' the condition of conquest is sacrifice.' " But she refuses to give up. Then she receives Jon's curt note with his definite refusal, and drives for hours, at breakneck speed, in a state of utter misery. She returns at last to Dorking, where she finds her father awaiting her.

On the fateful day when Fleur conquered Jon at Robin Hill Soames has motored to a little old-world place in the West to inspect his " roots." He finds the gravestone of his great-great-grandfather, dated 1777, and discovers a field called " Great Forsyte ", where the old house of his forbears stood. This chapter, one of the most original in

Galsworthy's work, has an astonishing simplicity. It is not just life-like, it is life. We feel ourselves transported, *smell* the sea air, take a personal part in the drive. Indeed, Soames' tours have developed an exquisite and special quality of their own. How Galsworthy attains this effect remains the secret of his art. The chapter is by no means a mere episode—without it the two trilogies would be incomplete. We can only now comprehend to the full the Forsytes and Soames' character.

On his way home Soames visits Winchester Cathedral. Again he philosophises and meditates on death, which has haunted him previously in his reflections at Nettlefold.

On his return to seek Fleur at Dorking, he sees with " hideous clearness how complete disaster must be " if she should leave Michael. " There'd be nothing left to him he really cared about, for the Monts would take Kit. He'd be stranded amongst his pictures and his cows, without heart for either." When Fleur arrives at Dorking the expression in her face, tragically unhappy, arid, wrenched, appals him. He proposes to take her to the " Shelter." During the drive there he is torn between pity and relief. " Not his fault that she had loved this boy," he reflects, " that she couldn't get him out of her head—no more her fault than it had been his own for loving that boy's mother. . . . It was as if that passion, born of an ill-starred meeting . . . forty-six years before, and transmitted with his blood into her being, were singing its ' Swan Song ' of death through the silent crimsoned lips of that white-faced girl behind him in the cushioned car."

And when Fleur comes down, unexpectedly, to dinner, there begins for Soames the most " confused evening he had ever spent. For in his heart were gladness and great pity, and he must not show a sign of either." He is deeply alarmed, for she looks as if she might do herself some harm, and yet he is relieved, for he feels that the affair with Jon

is over. She is dressed in red—" the colour increased his feeling that she was on fire beneath that mask of powder on her face and neck." To try to divert her attention he turns the conversation to his pictures; he will leave them all to the nation, except four or five, which Fleur may choose for herself, and the Goya copy which belongs to her.

After retiring to bed something awakens him, and on reconnoitering he makes the alarming discovery that fire has broken out in his picture gallery. It does not take him long to find out that Fleur, when she was up there in her desperate mood, has cast a lighted cigarette end away. He rushes down to Fleur, and makes her take Kit out of the house, calls up the servants, and hastens back to his gallery. At any cost he must save his pictures—apart from Fleur his most cherished possessions, his greatest interest in life. He wrenches one picture after the other from the wall to save them from the flames; this man, usually so careful of his person, works with the fever and energy of one possessed. He rescues his favourite Gauguin—a South Sea Island Girl. Almost choking and half blinded by the smoke, he continues to work steadfastly, throwing his treasures through the open window down into a blanket held by the servants below. His chauffeur, Riggs, comes to his assistance, and at last the fire brigade appears. But Soames still insists on saving a copy of Goya's Vendimia, that Spanish effigy of Fleur. Before he can push it off the window ledge into safety he is carried away by force, down into the open air. Dislodged by a stream of water, the picture tilts forward. Fleur stands right below it, looking up. It flashes through Soames that she wants to be killed. " It's falling," he cries, " look out ! " . . . " And, just as if he had seen her about to throw herself under a car," he darts forward, pushes her with his outstretched arm, and is struck down by the picture.

In view of his age, and the exertions he has gone through

during the fire, the doctors despair of his recovery. For two nights and two days he hovers between life and death. He is watched by Fleur, his sister Winifred, who is dearly attached to him, and Annette, who has just returned from France. "The thought of life without Soames was for her strange and—possible; precisely like the thought of life with him." If he does not recover she will live in France. They all think it a pure accident. Fleur only knows that her desperate mood has destroyed her father. Pangs of conscience, remorse, recollection of his love, fill her; for her sake her father must die! On the third day Soames at last opens his eyes. His lips move, but he is unable to articulate. Then Fleur asks him: "You know me, darling?" . . . His eyes said: "Yes" . . . "You remember?" . . . Again his eyes said: "Yes." . . . And suddenly, like a little girl, she said: "Yes, Dad; I will be good!"

Calmed by this assurance Soames "takes the ferry." They bury him in the corner of Mapledurham cemetery which he himself had selected, under a crab-apple tree. Sir Lawrence Mont pronounces, as it were, his epitaph: "He dated, and he couldn't express himself; but there was no humbug about him—an honest man." He could not "express" himself. With that the tragedy of his life began. And, though he is English to the backbone, Soames represents the international type of a man who means well to those he loves, who, in spite of all his egoism, feels the need of love and tenderness, yet, only on the rarest occasions is able to express tender thoughts to others. Galsworthy has developed this almost unloved man, through age and change, with an ever-increasing tenderness. Soames, so unsympathetic at the beginning, grows dear to his heart, and to ours as well. He succeeds in making Soames a hero, in the true sense of the word, at the end, and he instils into us a love for him, so that his death stirs us deeply. It

remains an open question whether it would not touch us more, and have a more tragic effect, if the event leading up to it were to appear less accidental, or if his end had been brought about in another, less crudely physical way.

Fleur is left crushed, Michael is more full of loving care for her than ever. He learns from Holly that whatever had happened between Fleur and Jon is now over for ever. And, though deeply wounded by confirmation of his doubts, he feels a profound pity for Fleur. She is " down and out ", and he must stand by her and keep his mouth shut. His wise and instinctive kindness is right. Cured by her father's death and her own failure we feel that Fleur may yet make him a good wife and real comrade.

With great dexterity Galsworthy has avoided too much sadness and sentiment in the final chapters by presenting Soames' death to us mainly from Gradman's, the old clerk's, point of view, so that we smile behind our tears. The epilogue, in fact, is thought and spoken by Gradman. This old city clerk—one would not miss his portrait in Galsworthy's gallery of old men for anything !

In this novel, technically speaking, the author too frequently explains details which lead up to events already known ; sometimes one and the same affair is seen through the medium of too many different persons ; some chapters—especially at the beginning and in the middle of the book—are too reflective ; all the same, the interest in the story never flags.

This essay, written but a very short time after the translation of the book, may lack final perspective. But one can say, for certain, that Galsworthy has centred his whole heart on this final novel, the crown of the Forsyte Chronicles. The themes in it are symphonically interwoven. " Swan Song " is one of the finest and most versatile of the author's books ; gripping both as a tale, and as a reflection of our times. The whole is lighted up with humour, and

saturated with irony. There is inevitability in its development, harmony in its final chords, and it is flooded with that warm humanity which draws us so irresistibly, and so near to the author.

It would seem that Galsworthy has not finally finished with the Forsytes and their fates, for he is now adding some footnote stories to the Forsyte Chronicle.

(5) The Country House

Published in London, March, 1907

This novel, much shorter than " The Man of Property ", is peopled by considerably fewer characters. But, on the other hand, the inner proportions are much wider. " The Man of Property " is more dramatic, " The Country House " in its main features more lyrical and also, if profoundly ironic, yet less satirical than " The Man of Property." In it Galsworthy, as pen painter of scenery, makes marked progress. The new book does not go back so far into the past, nor does it contain so many " old fossils." In common with the opening novel of " The Forsyte Saga ", it attacks complacency. As the writer himself states, it was designed to be " the study of a vital woman unburdened with a moral sense ; she finally shrunk to the proportions of Helen Bellew, while Mr. Pendyce's head . . . and his dog John usurped the foreground, and Mrs. Pendyce became the heroine."

The scene of " The Country House " is Worsted Skeynes and its beautiful surroundings, and Worsted Skeynes is typical of every country house in Great Britain. The colour of the book is, as it were, green ; its keynote the lovely English landscape. We visit in it the shooting coverts, the village near the estate, the church and its Rector, Newmarket and Epsom races ; and finally London, where an important part of the action takes place. Very convincing is the characterisation ; we live the country life of the " Upper Ten ", the dominant class, in the far from unsympathetic atmosphere of the landed gentry, accompany the Pendyce family through field and meadow, bore ourselves with them at church on a drowsy Sunday, pass unforgettable hours

with Mrs. Pendyce in her Scotch garden. This work has been born not, like " The Island Pharisees ", of indignation at a topsy-turvy world, nor like " The Man of Property ", from revolt at the acquisitive lust of the philistine, but, out of sheer " joie de vivre " and love of beauty. All the same it is satiric in tone.

At Worsted Skeynes, faithful to tradition, there reigns Horace Pendyce, " the Squire ", competent according to his lights and always busy. Like his trusty spaniel John, he has a long and narrow head, is an arch conservative, a pig-headed being into whom progress has to be hammered; and even then, he hardly knows that it is there. Horace Pendyce is convinced of his importance to his country as the guardian of a fine old estate, inherited from his fathers; and an advocate of the sacred rights of caste; hospitably refined but an absolute autocrat. He suffers from an acute and chronic disease described in the book as " Pendycitis ", with which the majority of his class are infected; its symptoms are a blind obstinacy, inflexibility, a bigoted adherence to things as they are and a total incapacity to go through life in a kindly, simple and graceful manner. Those afflicted with " Pendycitis " do everything the " wrong way " and worry themselves unnecessarily. Fortunately, among the personages of the novel, there are some not so infected. The two female characters already referred to, for instance, are in vital contrast to the " Pendycitis " males; Mrs. Bellew, the childless, impoverished wife of a hard-drinking, hard-riding army man, living near, with whom, however, she does not live—for this light, somewhat enigmatic, and emotional woman cannot endure the country and needs the atmosphere of London; and the motherly Mrs. Margery Pendyce, a lady in the best and truest sense of the word, the highly sensitive and understanding wife of the narrow-minded Squire. Despite the retired rural life she leads, she is wise and intelligent, and when at last

roused, from the intimidated passivity which has lasted so many years, acts in a far more practical way than her complacent and self-conscious husband, who is really nothing but a grown-up child. She is the sort of woman who could be quite happy in a cottage with her dog Roy and her flowers. And the writer says of her that she possesses " the most refined qualities of her country : kindness and mental balance." She is in fact the very opposite of the Pendyce men, those slaves of habit. She has imagination ; and they have none.

George, her first-born, is the apple of her eye. Heir to the estate he shows no inclination for a regular occupation ; his interest is centred in racing ; he has been brought up with an allowance of £600 a year, to waste his time at the " Stoics Club ", deliciously described as a club in which only such as have no occupation whatever are accepted as members. He, like his father, suffers acutely from " Pendycitis." This exponent of " good form " falls in love with Helen Bellew, who, though she sees his limitations well enough, is not averse to the adventure. Avid of life, she brings an exotic note into the novel rather as Irene does in " The Man of Property " (with whom, however, she has naught in common unless it be discontent in her marriage). She lures this prosaic son of a prosaic and severely moral father to an illicit liaison.

In Worsted Skeynes and its surroundings, " Pendycitis " is raging ! When George's relations to Helen become known, her husband Jasper Bellew, wants to start divorce proceedings against her, and the bachelor, Gregory Vigil, Helen's friend and former guardian, an " extravagant fanatic ", idealist and would-be world reformer, who is deeply in love with her, puts his finger into the pie. Ignorant of the unhappy English divorce law which brings torture to the sensitive, he desires that she should be set free to marry the new man of her choice. " Unlovely men, un-

lovely laws", observes Mr. Paramor, that engaging lawyer whom we already know from "The Island Pharisees." But Mr. Paramor, though humanitarian, is strictly practical, and does not, like Gregory, wander with his head in the clouds. Not he alone is opposed to divorce for Helen Bellew, whose conduct has put her out of court; we find another, and very different opponent in the local Rector, the Reverend Hussel Barter, who in his delightful intolerance is one of the novelist's most vivid personalities. In his way, this clergyman is at least as obstinate as the Squire. In less than eighteen years, he has begotten ten children and his wife is expecting the eleventh. His best points are the "old English virtues of obstinacy, courage, intolerance and humour; his bad points, owing to the circumstances of his life, had never been brought to his notice." Most embittered at George, however, is Mr. Pendyce himself, who dreads nothing more than scandal. The thought of a marriage between his son and the divorced wife of another man fills him with horror; the name Pendyce is at stake—the fate as it were of the landed gentry to which he belongs, provincial to the core. Horace Pendyce is averse from all that is unusual, and unknown. Letters, visits, bitter reproaches pass; the father urges the son to break off his relations—in vain, for George is pig-headed like a true Pendyce and, although he dreads the coming proceedings, will not give in to his father. A council is held between Horace Pendyce, the Rev. Hussel Barter, Paramor and Gregory Vigil, as to the best way of dealing with the situation. In scenes like this, which Galsworthy generally depicts with conviction and a saving humour, the individuals always stand for varying ideas, and are, as it were, symbolical. The Squire incorporates the State, Barter the Church, Paramor the Law, and Gregory Vigil Philanthropy. Vigil and the Rector wrangle, no conclusion is arrived at; old Pendyce becomes more obstinate than

ever, his disease enters the danger zone. Then something knocks the ground from under all their feet. A few apparently careless words, a chance remark from the exasperated Rector sets the stone rolling. And, since troubles never come singly, the Squire of Worsted Skeynes now learns that his son has dropped a large sum on the turf, and to cover it, has been forced to sell " The Ambler ", his favourite racehorse, to an outsider! Horace Pendyce loses all his dignity, threatens to disinherit his son, and finally clashes violently with his wife who—till then always gentle and submissive—takes up the cudgels for her son. He is too blind to see that the system is responsible for the going astray of his son ; the hereditary system, which has brought him up to be an idler.

Then, for the first time in her life, Margery Pendyce decides to go to London alone and without her husband's knowledge. This lady, so sensitive and timid, enters upon her " Odyssey ", and the chapters describing her stay in London and her efforts on her son's behalf, are among the most moving and tender in any of Galsworthy's works. " By courage and faith alone we live " is—as it were—the motto of this pilgrimage of a mother, in which the novel culminates. There is another gentle mother in the book, the wife of the Rev. Hussel Barter, that scion of the " Church Militant ", and, in this book, full of a lucid wisdom that makes it one of the author's best works, are the immortal words : " It is decreed of mothers that their birth pangs shall not cease until they die."

Margery arrives just in time to preserve her son from the worst. Helen Bellew has tired of him and thrown him over and he is more than half inclined to suicide. Finally Margery Pendyce makes up her mind to the hardest task of all ; to go to Jasper Bellew, with whom her husband is also on bad terms, and intercede with him to stop the divorce. When she arrives, this unfortunate drunkard,

who still loves Helen, and is characterised by the words: "There's always one like that in a hunting country," is lying asleep in his study, and his face is described as that "of a man who has ridden far to get away from himself, and to-morrow will have to ride far again." The Captain promises her to stop the proceedings for her sake. Once more she can breathe, freed from her nightmare. On her way to Jasper Bellew, a thunderstorm had been brewing; before she leaves, it has spent itself. So has a storm of scandal been brewing over the Country House, and now (thanks to her) has passed away. Not Gregory Vigil, the super-philanthropist, nor Hussel Barter, the super-zealot, still less the uncomprehending, headlong Squire, have saved the situation, but just the love and conciliatory spirit of the gentle, kindly mother and wife. No trace of sentimentality or emotionalism mars this concluding chapter, which is penned with a delicate restraint and a distinguished economy.

Life at Worsted Skeynes will once more resume its normal course, as always happens in like cases. Sooner or later, father and son will be reconciled. George (like Bill in "The Eldest Son") will marry a rich girl, presumably one of the landed gentry, beget small Georges, and live with her in the same way as does Horace Pendyce with Margery his wife. Still these characters have gone through something like a cleansing fire. Courage and love, sorrow and experience, will not be quite forgotten after all. The contention of many of Galsworthy's critics that at the end of most of his works, the same state of things prevails as at or before the beginning, is not quite correct. In some cases, a purifying process has taken place; in most, his characters have, through their experience, arrived at a discovery if not always a new one; they undergo a certain development, and are not quite the same at the end as they were at the beginning.

Compared with " The Man of Property ", or even " The Island Pharisees ", the writer's lucid and detached attitude, the refreshingly calm tone in which he relates the story, and the transparency of the delineation, are striking. The critic of Society has become a mature, practical philosopher, weighing matters from all sides. As he observes : " In the affairs of men there is an irony constant and deep mingled with the very springs of life."

" The Country House " is again a romance of the wealthy, not of the urban bourgeoisie, but of the landed gentry. It has more sparkle, more humour than the more satiric " Man of Property " ; the Pendyces are perhaps more human than the Forsytes. There is a certain resemblance between the two works, in so far as in both there is a marital conflict, a discontented wife and the possibility of a family and Society scandal. With the Pendyces, as with the Forsytes, heredity plays an important rôle. This tragi-comedy of narrow obstinacy and contumacy, of the unimaginative inherited tenacity of the gentry, and their fast hold on property and tradition, is counter-balanced by the way in which nature is treated, the poetical descriptions of scenery —a certain lyricism in counterpoise to the human bigotry. The landscape is given a soul as it were, becomes alive, participates in the action.

No less important and characteristic of the writer and his development is the soul he gives his animals ; they, too, take part in the action. Galsworthy is a great lover of dogs and horses ; he is also passionately fond of riding. In the sketches " Riding through Mist " and " Buttercup Night ", horses are the central figures, also in the characteristic short story, " Had a Horse." In younger years, he used to shoot, but gave it up later from humanitarian reasons. And in some of the opening chapters of this novel, he is giving us the reaction of his own nerves to this sport. He includes not only horses and dogs, but numerous other

animals in his affections; in their dumb impotence, they are nearer his heart, perhaps, than many human beings. There is hardly one of his more important works in which animals do not in some way play a part; horses, and dogs in particular, appear in multiform variation. In "The Country House", he contrasts human beings with animals and, as in many sketches ("Apotheosis", "Reverie of a Sportsman") the comparison hardly turns to the advantage of the two-legged creature, for all its cleverness.

"In one of the long line of boxes the Ambler was awaiting his toilette, a dark-brown horse, about sixteen hands, with well-placed shoulders, straight hocks, a small head, and what is known as a rat-tail. But of all his features, the most remarkable was his eye. In the depths of that full, soft eye was an almost uncanny gleam, and when he turned it, half-circled by a moon of white, and gave bystanders that look of strange comprehension, they felt that he saw to the bottom of all this that was going on around him. He was still but three years old, and had not yet attained the age when people apply to action the fruits of understanding; yet there was little doubt that as he advanced in years he would manifest his disapproval of a system whereby men made money at his expense. And with that eye half-circled by the moon he looked at George, and in silence George looked back at him, strangely baffled by the horse's long, soft, wild gaze. On this heart beating deep within its warm satin sheath, on the spirit gazing through that soft, wild eye, too much was hanging, and he turned away."

Galsworthy symbolises the spaniel John and uses him as a sidelight on his owner. Throughout the generations, submission has been whipped into dogs as into men, and from John's glance speaks dumb adoration, and pathos when it seems to say: "Master, I am feeling old. I know there are things beyond me in this life, but you, who know all things, will arrange that we shall be together even when

we die." And at the end of the book: "Symbol of a subservient world, the spaniel John was seated on his tail."

Father and son have much resemblance to Sir William Cheshire and Bill in "The Eldest Son"; Horace Pendyce and the senior Cheshire are both "John Bulls", Lady Cheshire and Margery Pendyce both have gentleness and refinement. Apart from Horace, Margery and George Pendyce, the Reverend Hussel Barter is a somewhat immortal figure. Perhaps Galsworthy has never penned anything more ironical or more graphic than Chapter Eleven in Part II—"Mr. Barter takes a Walk" (while his wife is lying in travail and he is devoured by anxiety). Though a totally different type from any of them, the Reverend Hussel Barter brings to mind the "Fisher of Men", far more humane to animals than to his own kind, Latter, the intolerant young clergyman in "The Eldest Son", and the unbending "Christian" in "The Inn of Tranquillity." In very effective contrast are Gregory Vigil and Edmund Paramor—Vigil who scents injustice in everything and everybody, would fain help all, and yet, despite his humanitarian activity, is far aloof from practical realities; while Edmund Paramor, a practical lawyer, with an excellent head, has a heart as good as Vigil's, and is a true philosopher who adopts as his motto Adam Lindsay Gordon's lines:

> "Life is mostly froth and bubble;
> Two things stand like stone—
> KINDNESS in another's trouble,
> COURAGE in your own."

Vigil, in his sensibility, finds real life unendurable; Paramor tries his best to tackle the existing order of things. Vigil is, in fact, little behind Mr. Stone, Courtier, Tod Freeland, and John Lavender. In his tolerance, indeed, Gregory Vigil is no less extreme than Hussel Barter in his

intolerance. Paramor, who tries to see things as they really are, can be quite exonerated from Vigil's charge of pessimism. Galsworthy himself has often been charged with pessimism. The charge is due to misunderstanding. He certainly shows no signs of glossing over, idealising or glorifying what he sees; he wants the truth; but the absence of positive answers and conclusions in his works is no ground for reproaching him with pessimism. Practical, active humanitarianism is to him the chief thing. He wishes to take men as they are (" Windows ") and not see them as they should be, which the incorrigible Vigil repeatedly does. The adventurous Bellew couple are well portrayed, though in Helen much is left unexpressed, and blurred. Dancy in " Loyalties " has some traits of Captain Bellew. Husband and wife have a certain resemblance; he hunts animals, she hunts men, on the whole they don't get on so badly and, ultimately, no doubt will come together again.

Galsworthy deals with English country life also in the later novels: " The Freelands " and " The Silver Spoon." The many analogies with the play " The Eldest Son " have already been pointed out. There is a technical similarity between the first scene of the play, in which the author introduces nearly all the characters—and the first chapter of the novel.

" The Country House " is due as much to head as to heart, to heart as to head, it is one of its creator's subtlest works, and one of his own favourites.

(6) A Commentary

Published in London, March, 1908

"A Commentary", a sort of preliminary to the novel "Fraternity", was the outcome of much deep thinking about social questions, and some experiences of the author himself in the poorest slums of London. In some sort this series of sketches are a continuation or expansion of "The Island Pharisees", although they show Galsworthy as greatly matured. He grips and thrills us by his descriptions of social misery; gives us ineffaceable pictures of poverty and subjection, of contented satiety and indifference. The technique of contrast, so highly developed in earlier books, is even more sharply used in this.

A more scathing accusation of the soullessness of our industrial age is hardly imaginable. Although the types Galsworthy presents to us are English, they are also essentially international. The levelling steam roller of our social institutions, of our highly prized civilization, passes remorselessly over us all. The war has changed very little of all this, in many cases only added thereto, so that the book is as true as when it was written. The social complex is dealt with in nineteen pictures, each vivid and impressive, often uncannily ironic, and preceded by a summarized prologue. As in "The Island Pharisees", the echo of the slogan "all is wrong" resounds again. Galsworthy's force and sarcasm are still more inexorable in "A Commentary"; and yet, through all this bitterness, we perceive his deep sympathy for his tormented fellow-creatures, his deep perception that unchanging human nature is responsible for it all. We are not only, one and all, the slaves of our social systems, but, one and all, the slaves of our own natures. It would be a mistake to consider the "Commentary" as a work with

any definite tendency. No superficial political equality will ever help mankind, only the desire for mutual understanding, sympathy, and active assistance can avail. Though the author feels so keenly the " miserable inequality of things " he is no believer in cheap or short political remedies. " A cancer in human society is like a cancer in the body," he says, " we can mitigate, but we cannot heal it."

An old man, whose duty it was to warn the public against the dangers of a steam roller in the street, discusses the chief evils of our commercialized society, and conveys to us in his homely discourse a sort of programme of the " Commentary ", which begins with " The Lost Dog." In this first sketch we are shown a hopeless waster, product of the System. Like a lost dog he haunts us and gets on our nerves. " Demos " is a sketch of an odd-jobber, who has nothing to call his own, except his wife and children, who have left him because of his brutality ; and whose instinct of ownership must find an outlet. He is a sort of summing-up of the ravening instinct of the proletariat, now chained, but some day perhaps to be let loose. " Old Age " is the tragic sketch of an old working-class couple who refuse to go into the workhouse at any price. " In England no one starves " is the scornful remark with which the narrative is opened. In the " Careful Man " we find one of the most ironical studies in this series, a delicious satire of the careful citizen, a politician who would like to make his omelet without breaking the eggs, and who, even in private life, is a true pattern of carefulness. It is he and his like who take care that the work of Parliament does not progress too quickly. In " Facts " we meet with the purely matter-of-fact type, of which Galsworthy has given us so many stories. One of the most touching sketches is " Fear ", with all the horrors and results of unemployment ; the fear of a consumptive workman, whose end is near, and who can no longer support his wife and child. To use the author's

own expression, "It was as though life had planed him." This sketch ends with the words: "For the moment he seemed comforted by this thought, that there were thousands of other working creatures, on whose shoulders sat the grinning cat of mortal illness, all staring at him in utter emptiness—thousands of other working creatures, who were dying because fear had made them work too long. His face brightened ever so little as though the sun had found a way to him. But suddenly that wooden look, the only safe and perfect look, came back to his features. One could have sworn that fear had never touched him, so expressionless, so still was he!"

"Fashion" is a study of the dollish folly of the fashionable rich. Its blindness could hardly be more terribly pilloried than in this apostrophe of a woman of fashion seated in her carriage: "For, sitting there in your seven hundred carriages, you are blind—in heart, and soul, and voice, and walk; the blindest creature in the world. Never for one minute of your little life have you thought, or done, or spoken for yourself. You have been prevented; and so wonderful is this plot to keep you blind that you have not a notion that it exists. To yourself your sight seems good, such is your pleasant thought. Since you cannot see the hedge around you, how can there be anything on the other side? . . . The doll of nature! So, since you were born; so, till you die! No fault of yours that the ears and eyes and heart and voice are atrophied, so that you have no longer a spirit of your own! . . . Fashion brought you forth, and she has seen to it that you are the image of your mother, knowing that if she made you by a hair's breadth different, you would see what she is like and judge her. You are Fashion, Fashion herself, blind, fear-full Fashion! You do what you do because others do it; think what you think because others think it; feel what you feel because others feel it. You are the figure without eyes."

" Sport " shows very ironically the cruel hounding down of the fallen woman, and how she is " worried " in the courts. In " Money " we see one result of the Social system in all its nakedness, the idolatrous worship of money. " Progress " would convince us that modern inventions, such as, for instance, the motor car, hardly serve to hasten the progress of man. " Holidays," one of the most poetical of the Sketches, describes the foolish, empty way in which the soulless products of the social system enjoy their holidays.

In " Power," " The House of Silence ", " Order ", and " Justice ", we are shown realistic pictures of the barriers the System raises to protect herself against those who would try to break through. Justice, prisons, barbaric instruments of punishment, the higher and subordinate functionaries ; one law for the rich, and another for the poor. The Author deals here with the meting out of justice, and its results ; one of his ruling ideas. In almost cynical contrast to these we have " Comfort ", a married couple of well-fed turtle doves, in their cosy nest. Yet, doves have wings and can soar, which these well-to-do people never can.

One of the most moving of these sketches is that of a proletarian mother in " The Mother." " She walked as though pressed for time, slipping like a shadow along the railings of the houses. Her skimpy figure, in its shabby, wispy black, she hardly looked as if she had borne six sons. She had beneath her arm a little bundle which she always carried to and from the houses where she worked. Her face, with tired brown eyes, and hair as black and fine as silk under a black sailor hat, was skimpy too ; creased and angled like her figure, it seemed to deny that life had ever left her strength for bearing children." This intimidated woman rather reminds one of Mrs. Jones in " The Silver Box." Not less pathetic is " A Child " which shows us a poor sickly child, in all its listlessness.

" Hope," that beautiful sketch at the end, buoys up our

hearts once more. It depicts one of the most helpless victims of the System, an old cripple, who refuses to bow to fate. An irrepressible optimist, a hero in his way, in spite of all the evil powers, he keeps himself afloat : " And yet, so far as could be seen, the thought : ' Why do I continue living ? ' never came to him . . . In the crowded highway, beside his basket, he stood, leaning on his twisted stick, with his tired, steadfast face—a ragged statue to the great, unconscious human virtue, the most hopeful and inspiring of all things on earth : Courage without Hope ! "

Down the generations we have all had a hand in the development of this System to its present high state of perfection, erecting around and above us, this great social edifice, the machinery of which levels and crushes everything beneath it like a steam roller, for fear that Society might relapse to its primitive barbarism. Yes ! The System has made slaves of us. And the question arises : Are the results, attainments, safety, comfort, and culture that we enjoy really worth the price paid ? Only—with human nature what it is—what can we hope for that will be much better ?

(7) Fraternity

Published in London, February, 1909

The title of this book, which marks a climax in Galsworthy's creative work, was "Shadows." The writer had studied *au fond* the contrasts between the lives of the cultured—often over-cultured—wealthy, and of their "shadows," the under-cultured poor, and observed with feeling the intermingling of these two worlds, and, besides "A Commentary", the result was this novel "Fraternity." The book has a certain heavy, seductive fragrance, the melancholy of Spring, a suppressed passion of social contrasts and social philosophy—a book unique of its kind. From the world of over-culture no bridge leads to the world of under-culture though the two live side by side. Resentment is felt because Galsworthy points no way out of the struggle, finds no solution to the problem. This, he contends, is not one of his duties. The novelist's duty, according to him, is to portray the conflict, raise the problem, present a piece of life with all the power and impressiveness at his command, to visualise it from two sides, be as multi-sided as possible—and to leave it at that. He holds impartiality to be one of his highest tasks. Obviously the biased will cry out against such detachment. The social drama, "Strife", produced the same year, and which spiritually has much in common with "Fraternity," is also a masterpiece of detached objectivity though, naturally enough, the author's heart beats more warmly for the starving and disinherited of the earth than for those who enjoy social advantage and political privilege. To rank him among the socialists, as was the case after the appearance of "A Commentary" and "Fraternity", is as much an error as to call Galsworthy a bourgeois. As already

mentioned, he has no belief that any political party, following always their partisan ends, can alter fundamentally any social evil. The millennium lies outside the range of human possibilities. In the unceasing ebb and flow of social life, Galsworthy holds that, at best, one can but hope for an alleviation of the inequalities. Human happiness alone is the real and actual end; and this can scarcely be attained by the mere clarion call for "equality", or a superficial and careless juggling with the word fraternity. Universal brotherhood of the classes—"World Fraternity" in the best sense of the word—assuredly a thing sublime, and worth striving for—is, according to this writer, unattainable, owing to the inherent nature of mankind.

In this chronicle of class contrasts in a large city—such as London—the author portrays something hitherto not met with in his novels of society; a certain hyper-intellectual, hyper-sensitive, upper-class of artistic bent, economically independent and therefore not tied down to any regular work. These people, permeated as they are with self-consciousness, introspective and analytical, dissect themselves and attempt to stand, as it were outside their own Egos; through century-old tradition, hyper-culture, and civilisation, they are bred to such a degree of taste and refinement that their sex-instincts have become morbid and abnormal. Of such are the Dallisons. Hilary Dallison, an author at the "dangerous age" has brought the delicacy and reticence of a hyper-refined Hamlet-like nature to such a pitch of perfection that, when confronted with the problems of practical life, he is, in his vacillation, quite helpless. Like his creator, he would fain be just to both sides, and thus gets still further entangled, where another, without much ado, would act naturally, perhaps brutally. Despite his apparently broad philosophy of life, a certain traditional English puritanism and reserve is deeply ingrained in him. Bianca, his wife, daughter of Sylvanus Stone, naturalist and

philosopher, is a painter ; and her refined hyper-culture, if possible, out-reserves Hilary's. She is the embodiment of disharmony ; a beautiful woman in the prime of her days, whose morbid reserve, reticence and mockery, have spoilt her wedded life, for her considerate husband has been unable to grip her with a rude hand and drag her down to reality. This unhappy marriage is utterly different from that between Soames and Irene in " The Man of Property." " There was the whole history of their married life in those two smiles. They meant so much, so many thousand hours of suppressed irritation, so many baffled longings and earnest efforts to bring their natures together. They were the supreme, quiet evidence of the divergence of two lives—that slow divergence which had been far from wilful, and was the more hopeless in that it had been so gradual and gentle. They had never really had a quarrel, having enlightened views of marriage ; but they had smiled. They had smiled so often through so many years that no two people in the world could very well be further from each other. Their smiles had banned the revelation even to themselves of the tragedy of their wedded state."

Stephen Hilary's younger brother, an intellectual barrister, engrossed in his profession and family, has an excellent wife in Cecilia, Bianca's sister, who though extremely domestic is otherwise just as much a pattern of reserve as her sister and her refined, but quite ordinary husband, who writes cheques for charities, and does not care to come into personal contact with the lower classes. The Stephen Dallisons have an only daughter, Thyme, a young, fresh and warm-hearted girl. Martin Stone, her young cousin, a " sucking " doctor, sarcastically dubbed " The Sanitist " who tries to solve the problem of the poor purely through " sanitary measures," tries to interest the girl, accustomed to a life of ease, in slum work, an attempt which ends in complete fiasco.

But the most striking figure in the book, a fantastic

incorporation of the " social conscience ", is the pathetic and half-crazy octogenarian Sylvanus Stone, father of Bianca and Cecilia, who lives with the Hilary Dallisons, and labours daily on his great Opus, the book of " Universal Brotherhood." Mr. Stone from the perspective of some indefinite future, refers to the present as " in those days." Although he writes from the point of view of the natural scientist, his first and highest law is that " brotherly love " is quite lost in " those days " of estrangement from Nature. This " pelican in the wilderness " discourses on the fundamentally erroneous conception of life and death, which prevailed " in those days " on social questions, on war, on all that was " in those days " unhealthy and perverted. One can almost hear again Ferrand's destructive " Whatever is, is wrong " in " The Island Pharisees." But Mr. Stone, that anglicised Tolstoi speaking in parables, in his crazy and pathetic struggle for perfect harmony is a visionary who foreshadows a future, in which a chastened mankind will lead a *natural* life of mutual love. Observe the ironical apposition ! One glimpses the writer's sceptical and compassionate smile. " So was being written a book such as the world had never seen ", explains Galsworthy. There is no one probably who desires from the bottom of his heart more than he himself, the fulfilment of such prophecies, but no one who knows better than he does, that the words of his prophet are spoken to the wind . . . Mr. Stone lives consistently as frugally as possible ; he gives the greater part of his pension to the poor, does his room himself, lives on milk, cocoa and vegetables, bathes every day in the Serpentine, is at work every morning by 10 o'clock punctually, and despite his great age, protects helpless animals, and, as well as he can, helpless human beings. He is no mean figure.

During the intellectual " at Home " with which the novel opens we hear this sort of remark : " the most interesting days. There are such a lot of movements going on . . .

We all feel that we can't shut our eyes any longer to social questions . . . The condition of the people alone is enough to give one nightmare . . . Politicians and officials are so hopeless, one can't look for anything from them . . . Art and Literature must be put on a new basis altogether " . . . And then by accident these would-be helpless and comfortable dilettantes suddenly come into personal contact with their " shadows." The comfortable home of the Dallisons is but a few steps away from the slums, where Hilary has found for his wife the " little model," a young girl from the country, with an unknown past (and present), who poses to Bianca for her symbolical picture " The Shadow." On this living " shadow," " the little model," all that is left of Hilary's and Bianca's wedded happiness is wrecked. So that she should not fall into bad ways, through lack of employment, " the little model " comes every day for two hours for Mr. Stone, who dictates to her his book on " Universal Brotherhood." She lodges with the Hughs, a married couple in the neighbouring slum. This man who has been a soldier, is, through a wound in the head, sometimes quite out of control ; he is employed on the Vestry as a dustman. His wife, a poor seamstress, who gets occasional work from Cecilia Dallison, has—probably owing to the miserable life led by all " shadows "—lost four children, and is now nursing a fifth baby. The little model, despite of—or perhaps owing to—her reserve, is sexually attractive ; unconsciously she seems always to be inviting an embrace. She is, indeed, used by the author as a symbol of sex instinct. Even the octogenarian, aloof from the world, who dictates the world's reformation from his writing-table in his own room, begins to feel a new longing. Spring has come, and is in even Mr. Stone's blood. What wonder then if Hilary, only beginning to age, suddenly feels within him yearnings that he has begun to foreswear, for he and Bianca are on hyper-refined terms. The little model is not exactly pretty,

but her primitive simplicity, her poverty, loneliness, and loveless surroundings have aroused Hilary's deep pity, and nowhere is the gentleman in him easier to assail than where his pity is concerned. And the girl has fallen in love with him ; she is desperately resolved to fetter him to her by his senses. especially after the day, when in capricious compassion, he has, to his own surprise, clothed her anew from head to foot.

But Spring and the girl have the same stimulating effect on poor proletarian Hughs in the land of " shadows " as on rich and hyper-cultivated Hilary, sceptically dreaming aloof from life. A force he cannot withstand drives Hughs away from his faded wife towards the girl. (This " shadow " couple might almost be a continuation of Mr. and Mrs. Jones in " The Silver Box.") Bianca, though intensely wounded by what she perceives slowly ripening between Hilary and the little model, is incapable of mentioning it to him. Hughs' wife on the other hand, makes her husband perpetual scenes of jealousy. The general parallelism of the story is effectively enhanced by a counterfoil of Mr. Stone in the " shadow " home of the Hughs. There old Joshua Creed, once a butler, and now a newsvendor, lodges, (he has already appeared in the last chapter of " The Island Pharisees ") ; this quaint philosopher who has fallen from the high estate of butler to the ' Honourable Bateson ' enriches the book with one of those subtle contrasts of which Galsworthy is past master. In fact all through the book there is continual interplay of two worlds, Hilary's world and Hughs' world.

Now Stephen Dallison, who loves and reveres his elder brother, follows the threatening attitude of the jealous Hughs towards Hilary and the whole Dallison family, with an increasing malaise. He induces his brother to persuade the little model to move into other lodgings. This " action " of Hilary's, (one of his very few " actions ") proves unwise,

and disaster ensues. Not only does the girl feel unhappy in her new surroundings; but a definite clash is provoked between the two worlds. Hughs, wild with rage at the girl's sudden disappearance, attacks and hurts his wife whom he blames for it, and gets a month's imprisonment. The woman loses her milk; the baby, frail and tiny "shadow," dies. The burial of this child is one of the most pathetic, moving and saddest chapters in a book rich in sad chapters; it is, indeed, one of the most poignant that Galsworthy ever wrote. So, too, is the chapter relating Hughs' return from prison, broken-down.

Stephen, and—indirectly—Bianca through her attitude, have also brought Hilary to forbid the girl to continue her copying work with Mr. Stone. But her absence causes the aged philosopher to fall into profound melancholia; and, in an impulse of generosity, Bianca resolves to summon the girl to her house again, and risk the consequences to Hilary. The old prophet revives at once. More alluringly than ever, the girl casts her net for Hilary. It has become a definite pursuit.

In her loneliness and tribulation, Bianca takes constant refuge with her beloved old father. But the author of "Universal Brotherhood" is helpless as a child in the face of his daughter's sorrow, for her sorrow is the sorrow of life, and with that he is not in touch. After long vacillation, Hilary at last decides to pull himself together and go abroad alone. But the girl won't let him. She appeals with her mute power, to his senses, to his chivalry, he *must* take her with him! At last she threatens that unless he does she will go to the bad, and Hilary yields . . . The little model has already packed her trunk for her journey when Bianca unexpectedly visits her, unaware that her husband intends to take the girl with him after all, and impelled by a compassionate impulse. When she learns of their impending departure together, she breaks out into scornful laughter. The girl will be round

Hilary's neck like a millstone, and, despite her dog-like fidelity, will yet leave him one day! And when Hilary later on comes to fetch the girl "she sprang at him, wreathed her arms round his neck, and fastened her mouth to his. The touch of her lips was moist and hot. The scent of stale violet powder came from her, warmed by her humanity. It penetrated to Hilary's heart. He started back in sheer physical revolt . . . Snatching from his pocket a roll of notes, Hilary flung them on the bed. "I can't take you!" he almost groaned. "It's madness! It's impossible!" He rushes off. The little model is left. After a fit of sobbing she "undid her dress, and forced the notes down till they rested, with nothing but her vest between them and the quivering warm flesh which hid her heart." Her way will be the same as that of Faith in "Windows." So, after all, Hilary goes abroad alone, leaving a letter for Stephen, telling him that he will not return to his married life with Bianca. The novel closes with the figure of old Stone talking to the night. "Then ensued a moment, when, by magic, every little dissonance in all the town seemed blended into a harmony of silence, as it might be the very death of self upon the earth."

As depicted by the writer, the girl is indeed impossible to a hyper-æsthetic being like Hilary Dallison. And yet one says to oneself: Refined, gentle and kind-hearted as you are, you yet create no positive value. Your splendid ten commandments for the gentleman are the commands of the writer who created you; but you are incapable of saving either yourself or others. Fortunately your creator is more of this world. Although you are of his flesh, yet he is more akin to Wellwyn, the humanitarian, the true "Friend of Man", and Paramor, the man of action in "The Country House." Hilary, lovable and pitiable, whom none can help, your obsession by social conscience does not, as it might, make you creative; quite the reverse, it makes you sterile.

You are after all, perhaps, in your very desire to be just to all sides, the opposite of what you would be, and although of quite another grain to the reactionary Miltoun in "The Patrician," yet, like him, you deprive yourself of pulsating life, and will, like him, remain sterile.

Bianca! you too are, and will remain, sterile. From you there emanates even less redemption than from your husband, who at last found the strength to free himself from an impossible helpmate. You are the incarnation of pride, a completely sterile, self-destructive pride (the unhappy result of being hyper-cultured). Feline and alluring though she be we pity the little model in her poverty and desolation at least as much as we pity you. Your economic independence of work has given you too much opportunity for introspection; æsthetic leisure is your misfortune. Your domestic sister has, after all, more worth than you; is, at all events, more fit to live, and if her benevolence be theoretical rather than practical, and not actually rooted in her heart and temperament, she is less of a dilettante than one whose real power lies in destruction, not in reconstruction. Through hyper-culture, you have spoilt your own life and that of Hilary, whom you love. You deemed yourself so modern as to be above jealousy—but you are not even that. You deemed yourself so modern that you could let your husband go his own way—but you could not even do that. You violate the governing law, outside which nobody, however "free" and modern, can afford to stray; you have become disharmonic, and life has revenged itself on you. You are left still poorer than Hilary.

Martin Stone! Youthful "Sanitist", who believe that you can save the soul of humanity by saving its body, at least you *attempt* to do something *practical*, however much your skill as a doctor is frustrated by reality. But neither are you the messenger of salvation. From you there emanates no "healing." If, in "Fraternity", there be one

figure who has in him something of the Redeemer, it is that of your octogenarian uncle Sylvanus Stone, that wondrous philosopher ; for though, in his remoteness from the world, he speaks but into the night, we must at least bow to his wholehearted idealism. Old Stone ! Your idea of universal salvation is at least touching in its splendour. And, in the magnificent contradiction between theory and reality which you are, your maker has perhaps created his greatest and most original character.

We must not forget two minor figures of this book, Mrs. Tallents Smallpiece, the well-meaning woman, at the head of several societies, by whose agency she hopes to cure all social ills ; while she is scarcely touched by actual misery and so active that she can see no shadows on her path. And the matter-of-fact Mr. Purcey, exuberant with health ; to whose blind innocence " social conscience " is non-existent. Frank, free and joyous in his " A.I. Damyer," he steers it though the trough of social traffic without a tremor of the nerves. Dear Purcey ; happy and blind, perhaps the poorest of all the poor devils in this book.

Perhaps Galsworthy has done better work since, but so austere a melancholy he has not again achieved. Many of the chapters, perfectly rounded off, are complete works of art in themselves. There are passages which make one literally cry out. For an equal sense of human desolation I must fall back on music—only Brahms gives it to me in such measure. " Fraternity " will offend the incorrigible optimist ; its subdued wealth of colour against the dark and lowering background of " shadow-land " will disturb and disquiet weak nerves ; the replete and satisfied will be annoyed at such a challenge to their comfortable ease. But for the man who confronts life with open eyes and a bold heart, it will bring a curious and unique enjoyment.

(8) The Patrician

Published in London, March, 1911

Although this book continues the series of society novels, yet in it the ironical criticisms of society recede into the background. "The Patrician" marks the beginning of an important period in the author's work; he was then forty-three years of age. He becomes gentler, mellower, more contemplative; (*vide* the collection of studies and essays entitled "The Inn of Tranquillity") catches more and more at beauty, develops in the novel "The Dark Flower" that fanaticism of beauty for which "The Patrician" already bears such strong traces. The emotional wave, which starts in this book, bears him on to the novels, "The Freelands", "Beyond", "Saint's Progress", and to the "Five Tales." There is developed too a conflict between two theories of Life ("Lebens und Weltanschaung").

"The Patrician" treats of politics and love, or of the choice between dominance and passion, between being a ruler and a mere man.

"The Country House", was concerned with the rich landed gentry; in "The Patrician" Galsworthy puts the highest class of Society, the bluest-blooded aristocracy, the ruling class of the island realm, under his microscope. Deeply and exhaustively he examines the patrician Caradocs—Lord and Lady Valleys, Eustace Lord Miltoun, and Bertie, their sons, Agatha and Barbara, their daughters; Lady Casterley (Lady Valleys' mother) and Lord Dennis, her brother; and, with a slight variation, in the young Lord Harbinger. In contrast we have the two involuntary intruders, Charles Courtier, idealist and Liberal democrat, Audrey Noel, the wife of an Anglican clergyman from whom she is separated.

Young Miltoun, Lord Valleys' eldest son, feels within him a

vocation for political leadership. Before his eyes hovers a London, an England "quite different from this flatulent hurly-burly, this omnium gatherum, this great discordant symphony of sharps and flats . . . an England kempt and self-respecting; swept and garnished of slums, and plutocrats, advertisement and jerry-building, of sensationalism, vulgarity, vice and unemployment . . . where each man should know his place, and never change it, but serve it loyally in his own caste . . . An England so steel-bright and efficient that the very sight should suffice to impose peace. An England whose soul should be stoical and fine . . . " With iron strength and tenacity he has mastered both his studies and pastimes (it is said that in a boat race he had "pulled the last mile . . . entirely with his spirit"), he leads an ascetic life. To him, power to lead his fellow-men is the highest good; this Zealot, this arch conservative idealist is portrayed in a setting of soft and beautiful scenery —Monkland Court, the seat of this patrician race, in the lovely county of Devonshire, dates back to William the Conqueror. Then nature revenges herself: Miltoun falls desperately in love with the gentle Audrey Noel, sensitive, spiritual, beautiful, who is leading a solitary and joyless life in a cottage on the Caradoc's estate. Power would fain mate with beauty! Without ascertaining the truth of it Miltoun believes the rumour of Audrey's divorce; though her marriage with a bigoted clergyman who won't divorce her is still valid. She, who ardently returns Miltoun's love, offers him all. He, however, refuses; it would be against Law and Morality, against his own higher morality. And a terrible spiritual conflict then begins in Miltoun. Is he, who as a political leader, should give the nation an immaculate example, he, who can only do so wholeheartedly if he remains immaculate himself, is he to follow the dictates of his heart, and enter into illicit relations by which he may not only lose his reputation and leadership, but ultimately his

greatest treasure, self-respect ? The problem is indeed very English, yet a similar conflict in any other " cultured State " is conceivable, and the intensity, in this case very great, would depend entirely on the person concerned.

In the heart of Barbara, Miltoun's younger sister, a struggle is also taking place. This exquisitely fresh young creature, one of the author's finest girl figures, who, were she not of the " dried up " aristocracy, would have a very human future, becomes interested in Charles Courtier, an altruistic friend of Mrs. Noel. He has come to these parts to agitate for a Liberal candidate and work against Miltoun, the Conservative candidate. Miltoun and he are as far apart as the poles, but they conceive a mutual esteem for each other. To the high-born girl, Courtier, something of a modern " knight-errant ", doughty champion of every lost cause, opens up a new world, the world of adventure. At Monkland Court, there is much excitement over Miltoun's love affair, which might injure him greatly in the impending election. Only Barbara thinks of its human side, and feels a deep pity for her brother.

At the election fight (this very amusing chapter is one of the few in the book where Galsworthy the satirist again lets himself go), Miltoun defeats the Liberal candidate by the narrow majority of ninety-six votes ! But now, more than ever, his mental conflict becomes a torture to him. The irritation of an unsatisfied love is increased by constant brooding and indecision, and by the hectic work of his first parliamentary session. He falls dangerously ill in London. Barbara, carried away by her impetuous nature and her love for her brother, takes a momentous step ; she quickly fetches Audrey Noel, through whose devoted nursing and care he recovers. Now, for the first time, Audrey can stay with the man she adores, and nurse him back to health. The chapter describing Miltoun on his bed of sickness and Audrey as his saviour, is very moving.

Hardly has he recovered, than the devoted woman has once more to relinquish Miltoun, he is fetched away by Lady Valleys, his anxious mother, and goes with Barbara to the sea, to stay with their old uncle Lord Dennis. After he has gone " she (Audrey) was standing by the bed, drawing her hand over and over the white surface of the pillow." Lord Dennis is a really good specimen of his class ; all who are in spiritual trouble come to him, unburden their hearts to this true gentleman and respect his opinions. The " dried up " fossilised patrician caste, complacently riding rough-shod over all obstacles in its path, is the exact antithesis to the artist's type of mind which believes in the tidal nature of human happenings, and the unlimited possibility of human action. Of all the Patricians, Lord Dennis is nearest to the artist type of mind. As the author describes him : " His voice, and look, and manner were like his velvet coat, which had here and there a whitish sheen, as if it had been touched by moonlight." His complement and opposite is his octogenarian sister, Lady Casterley, admirable in her energy and her faith in Miltoun, but who, in her brusque indecision, strides over Audrey Noel and all that is in the way of her ruling class.

Miltoun recovers at the seaside, but is no nearer a solution. On his return to London, he calls on Audrey Noel to thank her. He goes away again, and then a mad longing drives him back into her arms. But now he really has to decide. He must either renounce love or politics. He feels it impossible to enforce laws upon others, if he breaks the law himself. One, who would wield authority over others, must first be able to govern himself. During this indecision, he chances to meet Courtier. The apostle of freedom will not hear of the aristocrat's belief in authority. He begs Miltoun not to destroy Audrey Noel's happiness wantonly. Courtier is a firm believer in the essential goodness in men ; Miltoun is filled with profound distrust of them. A compromise

between his democratic principles and Lord Miltoun's ineradicable belief in authority is impossible. Then Audrey Noel cuts the knot for the tortured Miltoun by sacrificing her feelings and going away ; and he accepts the sacrifice, for it has become clear to him that he cannot live without leadership. He sacrifices her to his political ambition, and one almost has the feeling that " this aristocrat by birth and nature, with the dried, fervent soul, whose every fibre has been bred and trained in and to the service of Authority " has committed a sin. Again are verified the words of the Greek Classic " Character is Fate " which stand as motto at the head of the book, and with which it concludes. The unhappy woman, made to love and to be loved, leaves England.

Courtier, too, embarks on another Odyssey. For a brief space, he has cherished hopes of a marriage with Barbara. But his pride stands in the way : no marrying into a family that doesn't want him ! She is more than half ready ; but at the crucial moment he departs for Persia, where there is another " lost cause " to be striven for. Both invaders, the only two non-aristocratic chief persons in the book, Audrey Noel and Courtier, retire before the aristocracy, who remain on the field apparently victorious. Lord and Lady Valleys, both of whom trembled for their children, and Lady Casterley, who sees in Miltoun a future Prime Minister of England, triumph. Miltoun is left to lead, and Barbara gives her hand to Lord Harbinger. Will she be happy with him ? . . . About as happy as Mabel Lanfarne with Bill Cheshire in " The Eldest Son."

We are sincerely sorry, not only for Audrey Noel, one of the most delicate and alluring of the author's creations, but also for Barbara, the splendid. The picture of this girl, who has something of the aromatic freshness of the moor, remains indelibly impressed on one's mind ; unforgettable is the episode where, while staying with her uncle Dennis, tor-

mented by restlessness through her love for Courtier, she bathes in the sea between night and daybreak.

Although Galsworthy believes that Miltoun is one of his most convincing characters (preface to the Manaton Edition), he finds him a little repellent and inhuman, with a theory of life that must lead to cruelty both to himself and others, and that no end can justify the means of cruelty. The cut and dried decisiveness of the Caradocs is a no less reprehensible weakness than the constant indecision of the intellectually superior Dallisons in " Fraternity." Just as the Forsytes with their sense of property, the Pendyces with their crass obstinacy, the Dallisons with their self-consciousness, get on our nerves ; so in this book do the Patricians with their love of power ; all these classes of society (according to the author) have their special dooms ! But the Caradocs, on the whole, are drawn as superior to the narrow Pendyces, and to the often petty Forsytes ; the undeniable breeding has a certain value, but they have wielded authority too long, take leadership too much for granted, and it is their doom to be incapable of seeing their defects and their " dried-upness."

But if the author is not on the side of Miltoun, neither is he on the side of Courtier whom he treats with delicate humour as a semi-Don Quixote, with a theory of life as far from the golden mean as that of Gregory Vigil in " The Country House." If Miltoun represents the thorough-bred " hyper-patrician " from a bygone age, Courtier confronts him as a " hyper-democrat ", who, in the manner of Ferrand, and Mr. March (in " Windows ") is always " agin the government ", sees in every man a victim to superior social force, and in spite of his magnanimity and chivalry accomplishes little of practical value. Only compromise can bring about improvement ; the extreme is, according to Galsworthy, nearly always an evil. Fanatics and zealots like Miltoun, Anthony, Roberts in " Strife ", and others destroy their own

life's happiness and, if they themselves are not ruined, they ruin others. A certain spiritual affinity, too, exists between Miltoun and the clergyman, Edward Pierson, in the novel, " Saint's Progress ", written many years later, although this zealot of faith is less hard and far more kind than Miltoun.

There are some fine descriptions of scenery in this novel, a certain revelling in beauty.

Here again animals play an important rôle ; as in the delicious passage of Lady Casterley's encounter with the bull ; and particularly in the uncommon description of Hal, Barbara's favourite horse, of which Harbinger is almost jealous.

Perhaps, in the spacious " Patrician ", Galsworthy is less earthbound, perhaps he draws freer breath than in the somewhat narrower " Country House." Like many of his other novels, " The Patrician " develops slowly out of an impressive calm, and rises at a gradually increasing pitch, till suddenly we stand on an open height, before quite unexpected vistas. From that point on, we wander in the book with nothing but joy. The reader must not be intimidated by the diffuse explanations, which repeated perusal shows to be necessary—indeed, only after repeated perusal does a book of Galsworthy become pure delight.

(9) The Dark Flower

Published in London, October, 1913

The forerunner of this novel of passion is the very early "Jocelyn" from the Sinjohn period. Probably in no other book has the writer been so expansive as in this work of full maturity which, as a love story, stands so far unsurpassed by any of his works. This novel contains no social elements whatever. Galsworthy, the ironical, recedes into the background. Galsworthy, the lover of beauty, is at the helm, with the firm help of Galsworthy the dramatist. The result is a most delicate and arresting book, with a motto from Carmen Sylva's "The Bard of the Dionboritza":

> "Take the flower from my breast, I pray thee,
> Take the flower too, from out my tresses;
> And then go hence, for see, the night is fair,
> The stars rejoice to watch thee on thy way."

The novel originally bore the sub-title "The Love-life of a Man" and is divided into three parts or love episodes, the "hero" of which is one Mark Lennan. In "Spring", we meet him when nineteen years old; in "Summer," as a man of twenty-six, and, in "Autumn", at the age of forty-six. The plot in itself is simple and straightforward. Part I: Mark Lennan, a sensitive youth, is studying in Oxford during the 'eighties. Anna Stormer, an Austrian woman of thirty-seven, the childless wife of his tutor, falls desperately in love with him. With her tedious iceberg of a husband, she has never learnt what true passion means, and with every fibre of her being, she yearns to enjoy life before she gets too old. On a summer holiday spent together in the Tyrol mountains,

Mark also falls in love with Anna, boyishly and timidly, innocently and reverently. It would certainly be an easy matter to inflame and, for a time, bind him to her, but Anna cannot quite bring herself to do so for fear of " brushing the dew off him." Owing to his sister's wedding he is obliged to leave unexpectedly for his home in the west of England. The mountain idyll is at an end ! Mark now spends the rest of his holidays on the estate of his uncle and guardian in Devon ; there a feeling of protection and love develops in him for the fresh and childlike seventeen-year-old Sylvia Doone. The chapters describing the dawning love between these two young creatures are in Galsworthy's most delicate manner. When Anna Stormer, with her husband, comes on a visit, she sees to her anguish how Mark is drifting towards the girl. The mature Anna with her brown hair and ice-green eyes, and the youthful, immature, very fair Sylvia, still almost a child, are magnificently contrasted. Anna's burning desire to wrench Mark away from the girl, wars with the ardent wish—born of her profound love for him—not to corrupt him. When involuntarily she witnesses a kiss which Mark gives Sylvia she rushes away, stricken to the heart. Youth belongs to youth ; she must resign herself to her joyless life ; and so she departs. Mark runs to the station, Anna sees him from her carriage window, and as the train carries her away, flings him a dark red carnation . . . This " Dark Flower " becomes the symbol of passion throughout the book.

" Spring ", in its pantheism, its contrast of the Alps and English scenery, its chaste aroma, its subtle humour is altogether perfect. Anna is as profoundly felt and as well visualised as any of the Author's women. The youthful Mark with his exaggerated delicacy of feeling endears himself to us at once. With a few masterly strokes the ironic Professor Stormer is drawn, following his wife's love affair silently and yet aware of it ! A brief word, a curt gesture,

no more ; the whole man is before us. In such characterisations, indeed, lies the profound and inimitable secret of Galsworthy's creative power. And before leaving Part I let me quote a characteristic passage, showing again the writer's feeling for animals. Mark Lennan is lying on the top of a Tyrol mountain. " A sound of bells, and of sniffing and scuffling, aroused him ; a large grey goat had come up and was smelling at his hair—the leader of a flock, that were soon all round him, solemnly curious, with their queer yellow oblong-pupilled eyes, and their quaint little beards and tails. Awfully decent beasts—and friendly ! He lay still . . . while the leader sampled the flavour of his neck. The passage of that long rough tongue athwart his skin gave him an agreeable sensation, awakened a strange deep sense of comradeship . . . He restrained his desire to stroke the creature's nose. It appeared that they now all wished to taste his neck ; but some were timid, and the touch of their tongues simply tickled, so that he was compelled to laugh, and at that peculiar sound they withdrew and gazed at him."

Part II—" Summer "—takes us first to Monte Carlo, " sort of a garden of Eden gone wrong." Mark, who has been studying sculpture in Rome, has developed into an artist and is now in his prime. Once more the scent of the " Dark Flower " infatuates him. Olive Cramier, the young wife of a bull-necked M.P. (something of the " Irene " type though somewhat more colourless) is at first interested in his work, then in him, till between her and Mark a glowing summer love flames up. This comes about during a short stay on the Riviera, which Olive is making under the chaperonage of her good-natured and prosaic uncle, Colonel Ercott and his wife. At the beginning Olive tries in vain to master her feelings. Only on her return to London it becomes clear to her what it means to be the wife of a jealous brute and to love another man. Too late she per-

ceives the mistake her marriage has been: "What am I going to do? How am I going to live?" she asks herself. Mark suffers too, he can find no rest, consumed by his passionate longing. Only when Cramier, who is suffering unspeakably from Olive's love for Mark, threatens her "What I can't have no one else shall have," and calls her a "bad wife!" does she determine to break away from convention, leave her husband and go abroad with Mark Lennan. She has been passing the summer at her peaceful cottage on the river. Then comes the crisis. Twilight is falling and Mark is waiting for her in a Thames backwater to row her across the river to the fulfilment of their love.

"... Now over wood and river the evening drew in fast. ... And all things waited. The creatures of the night were slow to come forth after that long bright summer's day, watching for the shades of the trees to sink deeper and deeper into the now chalk-white water; watching for the chalk-white face of the sky to be masked with velvet. The very black-plumed trees themselves seemed to wait in suspense for the grape-bloom of night. All things stared, wan in that hour of the passing day—all things had eyes wistful and unblessed. In those moments glamour was so dead that it was as if meaning had abandoned the earth. But not for long. Winged with darkness, it stole back; not the soul of meaning that had gone, but a witch-like, brooding spirit harbouring in the black trees, in the high dark spears of the rushes and on the grim-snouted snags that lurked along the river bank. Then the owls came out, and night-flying things. And in the wood there began a cruel bird-tragedy—some dark pursuit in the twilight above the bracken; the piercing shrieks of a creature into whom talons have again and again gone home; and mingled with them, hoarse, raging cries of triumph ... till at last death appeased that savagery ... and the day's breath was still hot and charged with heavy odour, for no dew was falling ..."

Then as Mark is sculling her back in the darkness of the backwater—" a crashing shock, his head striking something hard ! " When he regains consciousness, there in the moonlight, he sees Olive lying dead. And at her head and feet those two crouch, Mark and Cramier " over that which with their hunting they had slain." As in other works, Galsworthy leads up to the catastrophe by a description of scenery. Nature is animated, made even the personification of destiny. (The last but one chapter in the second part of the " Dark Flower " vividly recalls the preparation for the evil brewing in nature in that characteristic short story " The Neighbours.") At the end of " Summer " too, Galsworthy introduces the theme which recurs in two at least of his plays, the pursuit of the human creature. This is not quite plausible, for one can hardly allude to a " hunt " in connection with Cramier, and, as to Mark, there can be no question of " hunting " at all. This is the only weak point in the book—otherwise perfect, the only somewhat forced note as a rule so carefully avoided by Galsworthy.

The third part, " Autumn ", with its flaming passion and its final melancholy resignation is the most beautiful, and most original in the book. It is written, as it were, in heart's blood, and for poetical quality is perhaps only surpassed by " Indian Summer " in the " Forsyte Saga."

Mark, a sculptor, and now at the " perilous age," has long been married to Sylvia, and for the past year has begun to feel " a queer unhappy restlessness." Then he chances to meet Johnny Dromore, an old school and college friend, who has developed into a racing-man about town, and Nell, his seventeen-year old, illegitimate daughter. At the outset, Mark feels nothing but protective sentiment for this lonely and attractive child with her " mesmeric " eyes and her love of riding. He introduces Nell to Sylvia, who receives the girl with kindness and has her to stay with them, as Mark is making a statuette of Nell on horseback. But, just before

Nell goes with her father for a holiday in Ireland, after an emotional evening at the opera where they have been seeing "Carmen" the girl takes a carnation out of her hair and squeezes it into Mark's hand. He tries to burn the flower, then flings it out of the window into the darkness, but it has made him think, or rather feel. And then one October day "Life" opens his door and walks in. Nell has returned matured in body and spirit; she suddenly flings her arms round his neck, presses him to her. Passionately she gives Mark to understand that he can do what he likes with her.

Against this new feeling this "grasping once more at Youth and Warmth", his love and reverence for gentle passionless Sylvia revolt. Moreover—Nell's cousin Oliver Dromore, young and "dandified", loves her and wants to marry her, and confidingly comes to Mark for advice how to manage the wilful girl. And though "passion never plays the game . . . is free from self-consciousness, and pride; from dignity, nerves, scruples, cant, moralities; from hypocrisies, and wisdom, and fears for pocket, and position in this world and the next . . . for if it had not been . . . swift and darting, Earth must long ago have drifted through space untenanted—to let . . ." in spite of his passion Mark holds himself in. The girl's pursuit of him goes on. But on the very brink of succumbing to her he sees her dancing with her cousin Oliver, and feels what Anna Stormer felt: "Youth belongs to Youth." Not he and Nell, but Nell and Oliver belong to each other. After a cruel struggle Mark renounces, goes home and confesses to the unsuspecting Sylvia. To her it is a bolt from the blue, but she will get over it. Mark will never keep anything from her, will never grieve her again. He goes with her to Italy. . . .

And "Winter", the unwritten Part IV? After such resignation the end of love has come. "But one thing left. To say good-bye—To her and Youth and Passion." Winter perhaps may not know passion, yet "Indian Summer",

written some years later, may be considered as something like the completion of the " Dark Flower ", for if old Jolyon Forsyte, still avid of life, is no longer capable of feeling passion, love visits his heart, makes him ineffably happy and hastens his end.

Is the theme of " The Dark Flower " then, really, resignation—just as it is the theme of life itself ? In " Spring " Anna renounces Mark. And in " Autumn," Mark renounces Nell. Anna in the opening part, Mark at the end ; woman and man, both no longer in first youth, instinctively feel that they dare not transgress against the " immutable laws " of Nature. Where Nature's balance is in question, the doings of man, even his greatest passions avail but little. But it is, clearly, also the aim of the writer to show us in the " Dark Flower " how helpless man is in the grip of passion.

As the book is concerned throughout with love alone, Mark, Anna, Sylvia, Olive and Nell, those who love, are the only figures who really count. Mark, with his hyper-refined sensibility is a little reminiscent of Hilary Dallison in " Fraternity ", particularly in " Autumn." But Mark is the more attractive character, a true gentleman, by no means eccentric, who, in spite of being an artist, behaves like an ordinary open air mortal. Sylvia, the fair-haired, at first touchingly young and fair, turns out somewhat commonplace and without that " something " which a man like Mark might have the right to expect of a woman ; she palls indeed before such vital characters as Anna and Nell, but is exceedingly well-drawn. Nell is the true child of Nature. Olive has a certain kinship with Irene ; both in character and presentation being seen almost entirely from the outside. The writer is perhaps over fond of portraying sensitive women who in their marriage fall into the wrong man's hands, and to whom a rash step in youth becomes permanently disastrous. In " Spring " Professor Stormer prosaic and ironical, in " Summer " Colonel Ercott and his wife humorously

conceived and in " Autumn " the deliciously drawn Johnny Dromore, Nell's father, are good secondary figures.

It seems curious to a Continental, that such eminently chaste work should have excited so much umbrage and misunderstanding in both England and America, simply because the writer has dissected passion, as it were, and held up a mirror to his readers. In a spirited preface to the novel, which appeared in the Manaton edition, an edition de luxe of his works, Galsworthy objects to the Anglo-Saxon habit of limiting the " Dark Flower " to wedding bells. But he says : " If it were not for the physical side of love we would none of us be here," and he considers that any detailed treatment of the physical side of love is an æsthetic error, diverting the naturally fervid imaginations of the readers, and distorting the picture of life. No one, he further contends, is more intensely concerned with morals than the creative artist, but his relations thereto, in his attempt at impartiality, differ fundamentally from those of the " advocates of morality " who want to preserve the *status quo* in a world that is always changing. Finally he considers that an artist must deal with sexual relations and feelings if he is to do justice to human nature.

(10) The Freelands

Published in London, August, 1915

This novel is a sort of rural " Fraternity." In that volume the writer investigated the problem of the poor in the towns, in " The Freelands ", the problem of the poor on the land—the socially disinherited in the gloomy slum quarters of London, the socially disinherited in one of the loveliest country districts in England. In both novels, the well-to-do are contrasted with the proletariat, fortune's favourites with fortune's stepchildren, the powerful with the powerless.

Another very important feature of this book is the exceedingly vital question of land settlement and land cultivation in England. And here Galsworthy has touched the weakest spot in the life of his country. While the greater part of the population are herded together in the industrial centres and there lead cramped and often unhealthy lives, large rural districts, in the hands of landowners, often absentees, lie fallow and, almost deserted. Passing through the country, the absence of peasants is particularly noticeable. There are, indeed, no peasant types as in France or other Continental states, but only " farmers ", who rent the land from its owner, and till it with the aid of farm labourers. Great Britain lacks this vitally important class, the backbone of every country. The matter has still another aspect which Galsworthy treats later in the novels, " The White Monkey " and " The Silver Spoon " ; for during the Great War, there was in England, real danger of starvation since much more than half the nation's food has to be imported. Obeying the law of stern necessity, a frenzied tilling of the land began with the result that three-quarters of home needs were covered ; after the war cultivation was again neglected.

Now, Galsworthy holds that England will not be " sound and safe " until the country is once more what it was before its industrialisation, and regains its life on the land, which the writer considers the " very backbone and blood of our race." In this book Rousseau's call " Back to the land " not only connotes political and economic salvation, but what is of at least equal importance—spiritual salvation. In this sense, the question broached in " The Freelands " is an international one. (We have already come in contact with the contrasting problem town-country, in the dramatic allegory " The Little Dream.") Everywhere, there is a tide of exodus, from the narrow misery of large towns, away into the freedom of nature to settlement and tillage of land lying fallow. It will be for educated and skilfully prepared townsmen, equipped with the machinery of modern tools, to do the pioneer work and endeavour to build up a healthy life in the open. Gradually the conviction is growing that the crippled life of the urban industrial worker, *must*, in the conditions prevalent to-day, lead also to spiritual misery. The land needs new strength. In glowing colours Galsworthy paints the creative and constant variety of work on the land, as contrasted with the slavery of city factories. But the men and women on the land must, as the actual keepers of the state, which they are regenerating, not just have a mere possibility of existence ; nor must they be deprived of their personal freedom. There must not be one law for the squire, who can get everything with money, and another for the labourer, who, landless, is impotent. A new land-owning peasantry is essential if England is to recover.

As in " The Country House " Galsworthy's love for English scenery, for the " green hills of Malvern ", in this book, produces imperishable descriptions ; and permeates the whole book like a warm stream. Both on his father's and mother's side, the writer comes from old English

country stock settled on the land (in West and Central England) ; he has spent a great part of his life outside the purlieus of the city, and into " The Freelands ", he has put all his undivided affection for nature and the English homeland.

This introduction must on no account lead one to suppose that this is a " Tendency novel." While " The Freelands " continues the series of critically-social, psychological, family romances, it is primarily a work of Love and Springtime. We find the melancholy of " Fraternity " tempered somewhat by the happiness of young things, and the colourful splendour of nature ; the gloom of the town gives way to the air and light of open country. And the loves of the two very young Freelands, Derek and Nedda, are, in their springlike purity, very happy inspirations of the writer. " The Freelands " is more idyllic, more romantic and less bitter than " Fraternity." It is a sort of blend of the mood in " The Dark Flower " with the mood of the social novels ; but it is very complete in itself, and exhales the odour of the soil.

The Freelands—how fundamentally do they differ as a family from the Forsytes, Pendyces, Dallisons, Caradocs ! And what entirely divers temperaments and contrasts do we find within the circle of this specifically English family of the upper middle class. There is Frances Freeland, the kind, loving, conservative old mother, always smiling, practical, energetic, shrewd and optimistic, a masterpiece of Galsworthian delineation (many critics consider her as a sort of symbol of England). She is always ready to help, always diving into the recesses of her pocket, to fish out money, pills, medicaments, or beautifying remedies and press them on those whom she considers in want. There are her four sons : John, the eldest, an obstinate pedantic widower, a State official, well-meaning, but blind to the sufferings of the lower classes ; Stanley, the large manufacturer, equally blind ; Felix the sensitive author, philosopher and *raisonneur* of the

book, a kind and gentle father, a somewhat vacillating type kindred to Hilary in " Fraternity " ; lastly there is the blue-eyed giant Tod, dreamy, wrapt-up in nature—an athletic and younger counterpart to Mr. Stone in " Fraternity "—who lives in Tolstoi-like fashion, with his wife, his children and his animals, in the lovely county of Worcestershire—Galsworthy's own county on his mother's side. Kirsteen, his wife, is a rebel to the backbone ; the unjust manner in which the landowners dictate to their labourers, rouses her ire and in this spirit of rebellion she has brought up her daughter Sheila, and her son Derek. Kirsteen is of Highland blood ; she, her daughter and her son are all dark-haired, fiery, proud, quivering at all the injustice in the world, ready at any moment to break out, they are true revolutionaries, in great contrast to their relations who are all sedate, and arch-conservative—with the exception of Felix.

The situation becomes critical, when the high-born, prudish, pragmatical Mallorings, landed proprietors in the neighbourhood, want to evict Bob Tryst, the big melancholy, epileptic labourer from his cottage, because he wants to marry his deceased wife's sister. There is a girl, too, who, having a bad time, has also to leave. Through her figure and those of Bob Tryst and lame old Gaunt, the subservient caste is placed in sharp contrast with the ruling. After a family conclave, Felix Freeland comes as ambassador from his brothers John and Stanley, to induce Tod and his wife not to interfere in the dispute between the Mallorings and the farm labourers. He brings about exactly the opposite result. On his trip to Joyfields (the name of Tod's and Kirsteen's place), he brings with him his seventeen-year old little daughter Nedda. This young girl, fresh as dew (somewhat like Thyme in Fraternity) is yearning for life ! Spring is in her blood, and she falls in love with the young firebrand, her cousin Derek. The charm of this idyll between this rebellious hotspur, so tender as a lover, and the

youthfully ecstatic Nedda, cannot possibly be rendered in a short dry summary. Attention is drawn in particular to the deliciously innocent night scene on the dark stairs, so very English, in a manner peculiar to Galsworthy. The love of Derek and Nedda sometimes recalls that of Mark and Sylvia in " The Dark Flower."

The main stream of the story flows on.

Derek and his sister Sheila call on Lady Malloring and firmly request her to withdraw the measures against Tryst and the girl; they warn her that the farm labourers may retaliate. With the words: " I am sorry for you two; you have been miserably brought up", Lady Malloring shows the two young people the door.

Both the Mallorings and Bob Tryst remain obstinate. Tryst and his children are evicted; Tod takes them in. Derek and Sheila stir up the labourers to a strike against Malloring; Tryst commits arson; is arrested and handed over to Justice. During the arrest, Derek resists, receives a blow on the head, and gets concussion of the brain. Nedda's love now comes to full development; with the help of that wonderful old lady, Frances Freeland, she nurses Derek back to health; as in " The Patrician " Audrey Noel nurses Miltoun. More fortunate, however, than Audrey, Nedda is not called on to renounce Derek. On the contrary, the bond which unites the two young people becomes stronger than ever.

Meanwhile, however, the Mallorings have fetched strike-breakers; the labourers recognise the futility of their resistance, and the strike collapses. Bob Tryst is sentenced to three years' penal servitude. But the farm-labourer, used to the freedom of nature, cannot endure prison, and on the way from the Assize Court to prison, tears himself loose, rushes under the wheels of a motor car, and is dragged out a corpse. So has the disinherited serf fallen victim to the overlording powers—the poor devil to the rich man. Again

the writer makes us shudder at a Justice, which even goes so far as to call Tryst's little daughter Biddy, the pathetic " mother-child " who looks after her brothers and sisters, to bear chief witness against her own father, and convict him. Tryst's end has a disastrous effect on Derek, who feels responsible for it and suffers from hallucinations, during which he constantly sees Bob Tryst before him. Tryst's sentence and suicide, moreover, have caused the labourers, never very courageous and self-confident, to change towards Derek ; they ascribe to him dishonest motives ; and his hopes for a rising in his own land break down completely, there is no more field for him here. Another family conclave is held, Derek and Nedda are to marry and emigrate to New Zealand, to a farm which belonged to a dead and gone Freeland. The revolt of the farm labourers has, nevertheless, shown the spirit in the air. With Kirsteen's assertion ; " The world is changing, changing " the book ends. The power of the blindfold Mallorings has received its first blow. Figures like Bob Tryst and old Gaunt will pass away, will in future be hardly possible, freedom is looming on the horizon. . . . But is this so in truth ? And is not this collapse of rebellion (Derek's spiritual rebellion), this desertion of the colours and all-too rapid recognition of impotence, somewhat too disillusioned ? This ending, in fact, is perhaps not as convincing or truly predetermined as other Galsworthian endings ; the characters too are not quite so sharply defined as in earlier and later books, and there is a certain diffuseness about the book. This fault may be due to the fact that begun in the early summer of 1913, laid on one side, it was only completed after the Great War had broken out, when the writer of a book which began with a splendid swing, was heavy hearted under that terrible cloud. Something of the War trembles in the last pages of the book, though it is never once mentioned.

All the same, on no account would we miss this book,

which not only attacks the blunted complacency and self-satisfaction of the proprietary caste ; but gives us delicate love scenes, and many contrasting and poignant pictures of human life and nature. We get a fleeting reminiscence here and there of " Villa Rubein " ; of the rebel Harz and his Christian yearning for experience and knowledge. Derek and Nedda have much of the freshness of both, but what progress, what perfection, compared with the early work ! There are some wise sayings too, from the mouth of the excellent Mr. Cuthcott, one of Galsworthy's most sympathetic journalists to whom religion is one's conscience. And Nedda notes in her diary, to which in the flowering of her young love, she confides her most secret thoughts : " Only human beings brood and are discontented, and trouble about future life. . . . We ought to live every minute to the utmost, and when we're tired out, tuck in our heads and sleep."

During recent years curious attempts have been made to label Galsworthy—of all people—anti-democratic and even retrogressive ! This misunderstanding—arising from the fact that he sees everything from two sides, and is in no sense a politician—is refuted by most of his works, and first and foremost by " The Freelands." Of Derek, the remark is made : " if it be said that no worse leader than a fiery young fool can be desired for any movement, it may also be said that without youth and fire and folly there is usually no movement at all." While in another part of the book, the philosophic Felix has to admit that the struggle best worth while is that of democracy against autocracy. In any case Galsworthy refused the title offered him during the war. He is, and was, of the conviction that : " a writer must be free and independent "—" the true aristocrat is the ' gentleman ' in spirit, and that a man can be whether shepherd, clerk, or duke."

(11) Beyond

Published in London, August, 1917

Revised Edition: May, 1923

This is a love story written " calamo currente." Contrary to the " Dark Flower " it centres round a woman, but is much less subtle and perfect than that book. In its enthralling plot, which sometimes, particularly towards the end, lacks conviction, there is a tinge of the romantic—after two decades the author experiences a kind of relapse to his first attempts. The novel is lacking in the symbolic, as well as the ironic elements which give flavour to most of Galsworthy's works. But some of the characters are original enough, though without that something fateful which makes his characters stand out so clearly. Galsworthy himself says that the war distracted him too much while he was engaged on this book, and also weakened his power of self-criticism.

Gyp, the daughter of ex-Major Charles Clare Winton, at the age of twenty-three marries Fiorsen, a Swedish violin virtuoso. Her mother, wife of another man, had been Winton's mistress; she had died at Gyp's birth. The highly sensitive child had grown up in isolated surroundings, with her kind, but arch-British father. As she gets older her father tries to introduce her into society. An attack of the gout takes him to Wiesbaden for a cure, and, as he never goes anywhere without her, Gyp accompanies him. There she is, as it were, mesmerised by Fiorsen's playing. Intensely musical herself and inexperienced, she is flattered by the homage of the violinist; although her father soon sees through him. Fiorsen is indeed talented, but unstable, drawn hither and thither, ignorant, vain, hyper-sensitive,

with an air of romance, but without backbone ; a typical, petted virtuoso. He has wild, green, cat's eyes ; apart from Winton he is the best characterised male figure in the novel. This lustful " mountebank " longs for an adventure with the attractive, delicately-strung girl, persuades Gyp that she alone can save him and takes by storm one, who, less from love than out of pity, gives consent. These opening chapters, which form the first of the four parts of the novel, are the best.

Gyp enters into marriage not without grave doubts. At first she surrenders " everything " to Fiorsen, " except her heart." Gradually, however, she discovers her husband's true character—or rather his lack of it. His intimate friend, the Polish count, Rosek, a sneak and intriguer, is one of the few thoroughly bad men we find in Galsworthy's works. Fiorsen drinks, pursues a young woman of the lower middle-classes who dances under the name of Daphne Wing, and gets into debt. Gyp seeks relief from her husband with her beloved father, her adored dogs, her horse and hunting. She realises that her sacrifice for Fiorsen has been futile. How estranged from him she has become after so short a time is shown by the fact that just before the birth of her child she does not even want to think of him. Under her father's roof she gives birth to a daughter. Hardly arrived home she finds her husband and Daphne Wing in a close embrace. In her own house ! After less than one year of married life ! She now feels free once more. Although Fiorsen assures her he will break off his relations with this Daphne Wing she learns, some months later, that the dancer is expecting his child. Gyp goes to see the poor infatuated girl, and assists her most generously. Despite all this Fiorsen makes her a jealous scene at her old music master's. From over-excitement and intemperance he has a nervous breakdown, and she has to soothe and nurse him. He finally abducts the baby, simply to bind her to him once

more. Gyp will not divorce Fiorsen, she hates publishing to everyone her secrets and her suffering. But she falls in love with the young barrister, Bryan Summerhay, who, though much more agreeable, is, in comparison with the artist, somewhat colourless. She withstands all Fiorsen's desperate attempts to win her back, but he only desists when she tells him that Bryan is her accepted lover. Daphne Wing, too, gives him the cold shoulder after her ordeal is over, so that in the end he falls between two stools.

Summerhay wants to make Gyp his wife in the eyes of the world and the law, but she, after her sad experience, and with her dread of the cruel publicity of divorce, thinks it better to live with him in free union. After some time of unclouded happiness Summerhay begins to show an interest in his young cousin Diana who, quite suddenly one day flings her arms round his neck. Gyp, who since her life with Summerhay has learned the meaning of real love, is inflamed with jealousy. He is conscious stricken, and terribly upset by her suffering ; but all the same does not really want to deny himself Diana's love. While out riding he loses control of his horse, which flings him against a stone linhay, covered with ivy concealing a beam, against which he dashes his brains out. Does Gyp lose her happiness because of too great expectations and demands ? Because she loves too much ? Can one not demand the permanence, the eternity of love ? Can one never attain in it perfection ? This novel, too quickly written, is unsatisfactory. Whereas the plot usually gives place to character development, here it seems to take precedence.

In Gyp Galsworthy has portrayed a woman who, although not without pride and self-consciousness, sweeps aside all social barriers in her passion. Olive and Nell break through conventions in " The Dark Flower " ; Audrey Noel in " The Patrician " ; Beatrice in " A Bit o' Love " ; Noel Pierson in " Saint's Progress." Convinced that they are

acting rightly they feel no sense of shame. Winton, the apparently ice-cold Englishman, is a refreshing contrast to the wayward Swede. The author has succeeded in making of Winton one of his individual portraits—" A Soldier, and a Gentleman." Besides there is Mr. Wagge, the common, hypocritical father of Daphne Wing, the dancer; a well characterised figure of the lower middle-class, somewhat reminiscent of Dickens' characters.

(12) Five Tales

Published London, July, 1918

The first of the "Five Tales", "The First and the Last", begun in 1913, was finished late in 1914. The rest of the book was written during 1916 and 1917; "A Stoic", "The Apple Tree" and "The Juryman" in 1916. "Indian Summer of a Forsyte", the last of the five, already commented on in connection with "The Forsyte Saga", was written in the spring of 1917. That these tales should have come into being during the war shows how Galsworthy escaped from its appalling reality to the realms of beauty, of imagination and of joy in life. The happier times of the past were conjured up; from many chapters is voiced something like a longing for them. Only in the shortest tale, "The Juryman", does the war intervene.

"The First and the Last" is dramatically stirring, and the author did, in fact, later make of it an effective one-act play in three scenes. Keith, the elder of the two brothers Darrant, is a successful, ambitious barrister, hard, ruthless, a "pillar of society." Laurence (Larry), five years younger, is, on the contrary, a kindly, compassionate weakling, addicted to drink and women. Keith feels himself responsible for this heedless being, who, despite all his degeneracy, is a resolute protector of ill-used creatures. In the doubtful quarter of Soho, Larry has picked up a Polish girl of twenty, who, seduced by a brute in her early youth, fell into misery, and was finally forced on the streets. For the first time in her sad life, Wanda Livinska finds out what true love really means; she is devoted to Larry with all her heart and soul, and he, too, loves her sincerely. Then fate inter-

feres. The brute, from her past, comes back; he tries to strike her, Larry flings himself on him and without meaning to do so strangles the ruffian, and lays the corpse under the archway of a bridge. Then he goes to his brother for advice and help. Keith is furious! Damn these sentimental men! At all costs it must be hushed up; if the affair came out, it might spoil his whole career. He takes the matter in hand. And Larry has luck. A wretched tramp is arrested on suspicion of the murder. Keith comes to the conclusion that his brother must disappear; he makes all preparations for Larry's departure to the Argentine; whereto Wanda is to follow him later. But Keith has reckoned without his host in Larry, who cannot decide to let another suffer for his sake. The worst happens! The innocent man is sentenced to death! Then Larry resolves to die with Wanda. In wine, he administers poison to the girl, who has decked herself for their mutual sacrifice, and who remains true to him in death. Together they journey to the unknown! Larry leaves a letter behind for the police with a full confession; the poor devil of a tramp will now be released. Haunted by evil forebodings, Keith hurries to Larry. He finds the two in bed—dead, and the letter explaining all. For his own salvation—he burns it! What matter the condemned man so Keith be spared! Tragic irony! Larry has sacrificed himself and Wanda quite uselessly; his brother's hardness and egoism triumph over all love, a grim ending, thoroughly Galsworthian in character.

The author here makes use of an exciting criminal case for the revelation of the most tender feelings. In Wanda he has created a new and touching figure of the helpless and unprotected; out of her first slavish devotion, she rises to the heights of sublime abnegation. She and Larry, degenerate in the eyes of the respectable, both tower above Keith, the real criminal. The last have become first, the first last. The tale, although it took rather longer than

usual to come into being, is written with élan, and is pervaded by a scorching breath of passion.

"A Stoic" is one of Galsworthy's most powerful tales. The action passes in Liverpool in 1905. This story he also worked up later into a play, the three-act character comedy "Old English." The hero is Sylvanus Heythorp, over eighty, another "grand old man", but a viveur and unscrupulous. For many years he has been chairman of "The Island Navigation Co." in Liverpool, that ancient centre of trade. Heythorp is a well-known character in the town, liked and feared for his humour and his often loose, cynical tongue. When the stately old man crosses the street, even the trams have to stop! He does not know what fear is: "*De l'audace, toujours de l'audace*" is his guiding motto. He has always drunk deep of life. In old days by a secret liaison, he has had a natural son; but his mistress died, and some years later he married an unloved woman, who presented him with two "unnatural children", son and daughter. For some years now he has been a widower. His natural son was always nearest his heart, he never really cared for his children born in wedlock, least of all Adela, his sour, canting, domineering daughter, whom he dubs "the holy woman", and almost hates—a perfect contrast to her old Pagan of a father! His favourite son died young and poor, leaving a wife, Rosamund Larne, a heedless Bohemian character and two "wild" children, the girl Phyllis and the boy Jock, the joy and pride of their grandfather. Old Heythorp lives well, indulges in the choicest wines and cigars, has to keep his expensive illegitimate family, is always in want of money, and gets deeper and deeper into debt. Behind the backs of shareholders he carries out an unlicensed transaction, which nets him a very large commission; with this money he secures the future of his "illegitimates." For a long time, the solicitor and shareholder, Charles Ventnor, one of Heythorp's numerous

creditors, has hated him ; he smells a rat and threatens the old man. But Heythorp, the indomitable, is not one to let himself be intimidated. Although at the end, he can hardly move alone or raise himself from his chair, he fights to the last and capitulates as little as old Anthony in " Strife." Finally driven into a corner by Ventnor, who is about to disclose the unlicensed transaction, and to bring shame and disgrace on the old man just before his death, Heythorp snaps his fingers at the lawyer and all his other adversaries, strides over them, as, all his life, he has known how to stride over men and matters, treats himself to a bountiful dinner, where he literally eats, drinks and smokes himself into an apoplectic stroke which makes an end of him. After all, he has " sold " them, they can do nothing to him. As he has lived the " old sinner " dies.

Once more a form of suicide, but how fundamentally different from that in " The First and the Last " ! The description of this farewell dinner is admirable ; it evokes the Golden Age of the early Victorian era—the old man gloating over its pleasures and over the old pleasures and friends he has had. The champagne which, just before his death, foams up in the old man's glass, foams and sparkles through the whole tale. Heythorp preserves his *joie de vivre* to his last breath ; " bon viveur " in his very death. His last days and hours are not burdened by old Jolyon Forsyte's melancholy thoughts and feelings. And yet like " old Jolyon " the " Stoic " does homage to beauty—after his own fashion ; sends for the comely Irish maid in his daughter's house just to rejoice in the sight of her face and her fresh youth. He loves youth above everything, and in his high-spirited grandchildren becomes young once more. His figure which, in its harmony and nonchalance, belongs to a bygone age, and round which, in this tale portrait, all the others, as it were, revolve, gains in plastic power when contrasted with that chicken-hearted shipbuilder Joe

Pillin, and his stockfish of a son Bob, and with the brutal Ventnor. Delicious chapters describe by no means brilliant Bob striving for the favour of the winning, merry Phyllis. The ironic note in this tale is strong, but differs intrinsically from that in " The First and the Last." The " meetings ", with the various types of shareholders, remind one of others in " Strife ", " The Man of Property ", " The White Monkey." Let us add the writer's own statement that the " Stoic's figure began to tease me as far back as 1910 "—six years therefore before he committed it to paper—" it is certainly none the worse for having been so long in getting born."

In " The Apple Tree ", the author's most delicate and poetic tale, Galsworthy revels in beauty. The motto drawn from the Hippolytus of Euripides " The Apple Tree, the Singing and the Gold " strikes the dominant chord, but in this simple story with its pathetic ending, lies something rarely fateful. The spring atmosphere is wonderfully caught. Again we find ourselves in the magic moorland of Devonshire, at apple-blossom time. Why should this tale cause such heartache ; is it because in the yearning mood of spring, the writer has expressed all human restlessness and longing, all human craving for beauty ? The plot is very simple. Frank Ashurst, twenty-three, who has just finished with college, is on a walking tour, and obliged, because of a bad knee, to spend some time on a farm, where he falls in love with seventeen-year-old Megan, a Welsh girl who, too, has fallen in love with him at first sight. Her candid, untouched nature, her natural grace, the romance of the surroundings, Spring working in the blood rapidly induce the careless youth to propose that she should follow him to London. For this purpose, he has to buy her town clothes, and so goes to the nearest watering place, Torquay. Not in vain has Megan previously had misgivings, seen a " Bogle." Hardly has Frank Ashurst returned again from the world

of wild nature to the world of civilisation than reaction sets in. He meets his old friend Halliday, whose three budding young sisters, especially Stella the eldest, soon take Ashurst captive. The rapidly cemented bond becomes still closer when he saves his friend's life while bathing. Ashurst had promised Megan to come back the same day ; he now sends a telegram saying that it is impossible. The following days drag him into such a whirl of distraction that he lets the idea of return drop ; his conscience pricks him less ; he has forgotten how he kissed Megan one night under the blossoming apple-tree on the wild moor. . . . Then one day, when he is making an excursion with the Hallidays, he sees Megan on the sea front, as though lost, in her old clothes and old Tam-o'-shanter, looking for him without whose love she cannot live. She peers into the face of every passer-by to see if it is not he ; her appearance cuts Ashurst to the heart ; he makes as though to follow her, cannot, lets her wander on lost, follows her after all, loses sight of her, solaces himself with the thought that it would be wrong of him to destroy her life for the sake of a few weeks' passion. Poor little Megan ! Galsworthy has painted many pathetic pictures of young girls, but Megan, wandering along the Front and watching for her lover, Megan in her delicate chastity and her despairing search is surely the most pathetic. The Eternal Feminine, the Eternal Masculine are splendidly contrasted here. Wounded to the depths of her soul, Megan returns to the farm, convinced that Ashurst will never come back. She drowns herself, close to the apple-tree. Ashurst —who knows nothing of it—marries Stella later. A quarter of a century has passed—to celebrate their silver-wedding day they drive on the moor. There, at the cross-roads, he finds the grave of a suicide. An old man tells him the story . . . Stella . . . yes, quite a good wife—yet from the outset the marriage has lacked : " The Apple-tree, the Singing and the Gold."

It is difficult to decide in what Galsworthy has been more successful, the atmosphere and spirit of the moor in Spring, little Megan, or Frank Ashurst's abrupt reaction in Torquay. The author tells us that in 1904 (twelve years before he wrote it) he caught a chance glimpse of a little Welsh maiden on the hills near Abergwessin in Wales, and that to that chance glimpse this tale owes its genesis. In a preface he says: "In Spring, in early Autumn too, who does not feel himself haunted, looking at sky and fields, rocks, trees and moorlands—haunted by the *Spirit of Nature*, though he knows there is no such thing, and what he is haunted by is, in truth, some emanation of his own longings? It was this 'haunt' I tried to render in 'The Apple Tree.'"

I have intentionally refrained from quotations, which, torn from their settings, could hardly give the reader a right idea of the poetic beauty of these tales—they must be read from beginning to end. A brief allusion to "The Juryman" drags us back to harsh reality, and the sad atmosphere of a Court of Justice. It is during the War, and a poor devil of a soldier stands before the jury, because, longing for his wife and his home, he has tried to cut his throat and if successful would have deprived King and Country of a combatant. While the other jurymen are true philistines, Mr. Henry Bosengate, an elderly and wealthy stockbroker, who, notwithstanding the war, lives in comfortable circumstances with his young wife and two children, is, for the first time, overcome by deep compassion, and feels a profound understanding for the unfortunate man welling up in him. The whole of his life with his considerably younger, cool, reserved wife suddenly appears preposterous to him. Something urges him to explain to her how necessary it is to come nearer one's fellow men, to help them; but when he stands before her, and sees her so cool and beautiful, his honest resolve shatters against reality; he brings no word of all this out, he only satisfies his desire

for her. Then he comes to the recognition that one cannot change so all at once. " We've got to be kind, and help one another, and not expect too much and not think too much."

Beautiful, how this man, blind till now, suddenly awakens and becomes a seeing creature ; how great pity seizes him, and he is haunted by the image of the wretched soldier ; how for a moment at least he comes to the recognition that—so far—his life has been uselessly wasted ; how he yearns for spiritual brotherhood with his fellow creatures. The Tolstoian spirit in this short tale and Galsworthy's lucid wisdom—produces something of a blend between the Russian and the English soul.

It may be of interest to learn the writer's views on the long-short story, which, he contends " is one of the best of all forms for fiction ; it is the magic vehicle for atmospheric drama. In this form the writer . . . comes nearest to the poet, the painter, the musician. The tale rises, swells and closes, like some movement of a symphony." This form is used much less frequently than the novel form, which has more natural looseness and is less concentrated. Of the quite short story Galsworthy says " it is over almost before form is thought of." In comparing the best long novels and long-short stories of their respective authors, Galsworthy finds the latter more spontaneous, yet more chiselled and exquisite. Of such works from his own pen, he holds " A Stoic ", " The Apple Tree " and " Indian Summer of a Forsyte " to be his best.

(13) Saint's Progress

Published in London, October, 1919

This book, with its somewhat ironically-sounding title, is not merely a continuation of the series of love stories, and a war romance, but a novel on the beliefs and problems of orthodoxy. Edward Pierson, a clergyman of the Anglican High Church, far from being the average clergyman, is indeed a "saint", but so remote from real life, and, despite all his devotion, so lacking in understanding, and intolerant, even towards his own flesh and blood, that he stands for the symbol of an orthodox Church.

The war not only fomented passion and hate, but also religious feelings, and all that they connote. The question of a future life was never so burning as when murder in the most wholesale form was being practised. In birth and death, religion and the church have, from time immemorial, played a leading part, for birth and death are the pivots of every faith. Consolation and elevation, sorrow and hope —here begin the chief functions of the Church.

But in the representation of the Deity by earthly priests, who, in their orthodox belief, accept revelation blindfold, and whom all believers must follow in the same blind spirit, the problem begins for Galsworthy. The priest who tries to follow the precepts of his Deity and confines himself to example, inspires those with whom he comes in contact; but so soon as, in his priestly robes he assumes authority, "he becomes" in Galsworthy's words "a contradiction, if not indeed absurd. The priest who serves is worthy of love and honour; the priest who commands invites the ironical glance." In trying to command, and in the frequent failure of the "herd" to "follow", lies, Galsworthy holds,

the tragedy of the Church of to-day, the tragedy of priesthood, a theme which he had already treated with convincing intensity in the short tale, " A Fisher of Men."

But besides being a priest, Edward Pierson, in the gentleness of his heart, has almost the nature of an artist ; he is, as it were, one of " God's own musicians ", and in his unusual sensitive modesty, by no means the ordinary zealous militant. So soon, then, as he comes in contact with the realities of life—and, since the death of the wife to whom he was devotedly attached this happens but very seldom, and then in every sense platonically—he takes refuge again in his art, music. A very interesting suggestion, perhaps more a sentiment, is here made that the Church remains rooted in Art, which had its chief origin in the Church. " But Pierson's life becomes tragic, because all his goodness, gentleness and sense of beauty are negated by his natural and half-professional imperatives." Furthermore, he is a dreamer, without any understanding of modernity, for the innermost feelings of present-day humanity, or indeed for humanity at all. He is drawn most consistently to the very end, where indeed he is not much further than he was at the beginning ; for, like all the great figures of his creator, such as Miltoun, in the " Patrician ", he cannot shed his skin.

With the finest irony, one might almost say, with the subtlest malice—the author flings this figure, so unworldly, into the full sea of human life, and faces him with the most harassing problems. It is genuinely Galsworthian that the unmarried daughter of a priest of the Anglican High Church should have an illegitimate child, and that the illegitimacy should be, after all, only due to the clergyman's bigotry. From this abnormal conflict, the writer extracts the cream of conclusions and sentiments ; he turns the hearts of his characters round and round, and like most of his heroes, " crucifies " Pierson, who has so to suffer for the sake of

the Cross, that he inflicts on himself every imaginable torture, and in the blindness of his adherence to the letter of his faith, makes the daughter he loves so dearly suffer equally.

The Great War has been raging for two years. Edward Pierson, whom it affects acutely, though he has long wished to be able to offer the soldiers the consolation of religion in the field, is forced to stay in London, where he has been for many years. Since the outbreak of war he has been working without a break in his parish, trying to alleviate where he can. During the third summer of the War, he spends his short holiday with his brother in the West of England. There, Noel, his pretty daughter of eighteen falls in love with a young officer, Cyril Moreland, who has soon to leave for the Front. The two feel that they belong to each other, that they must be united before Cyril goes out. But Pierson is opposed to so sudden a marriage, which he considers indecently precipitate, and refuses consent. Noel, in love and despair, longs to make her union to Cyril indissoluble, to bind him to her for ever, and the night before his departure, she gives herself to him.

In the meantime, George Laird, an army doctor, the husband of Pierson's elder daughter Gratian, falls dangerously ill with fever, and his recovery is doubtful. And the priest of profound faith has to hear his own daughter, in her despair, deny the existence of God. George, however, recovers. To his father-in-law's grief, he is, in the clerical sense, an atheist—in reality, a pantheist. He owns that birth and death are great mysteries, of which we shall never learn anything definite, but cannot see why so far as we can see anything we should not see it rationally. This corresponds with the writer's own belief. The doctor believes in nothing transcendental, and in no life after death. Like other male Galsworthian figures, George Laird, who is a broader conception of Martin Stone, the " Sanitist " in

" Fraternity ", is convinced that a sense of proportion and a feeling for justice are the most valuable qualities of man, for they alone keep him living.

With a gnawing pain, Pierson becomes aware that both his daughters are drifting away from him. Noel is doing voluntary work as a probationer in a hospital. Her days pass in suspense, in consuming longing for Cyril. Then—like a bolt from the blue—comes the unexpected news that he has fallen during an attack. The short description of his death closes with the pithy words : " and . . . darkness for ever covered Cyril Moreland." An emotional and poignant scene passes between father and daughter. "There is no death, look forward to seeing him again, God is merciful. . . . Have you prayed, my darling ? " The priest offers her as consolation. " No," answers Noel. " Try, Nollie." " No." " Ah, try ! " " It would be ridiculous, Daddy ; you don't know." And so Edward Pierson has also to witness the collapse of his younger daughter's faith. A month later Noel becomes aware that she is going to have a child. After her first despair, she feels consoled by the thought that a child of the man she loved so well will be born to her. But for an unmarried mother begins a martyrdom. The soul of her who is still so much of a child expands to men and things. She learns to understand the sufferings, the bleeding and torn hearts of others. She learns the nature of baseness, and of true kindness.

Meanwhile a parallel action has been developing ; Leila, Pierson's cousin who has led a somewhat adventurous life in South Africa, and is no longer young, has found a new lover in the chivalrous and invalid soldier, Captain Jimmy Fort (a remote and newer edition of Courtier in " The Patrician "). But, from the very outset, Fort has his doubts ; without actually being aware of it, he is really in love with Noel, the " Fairy Princess ", whose cruel fate

touches him very nearly. And then walking one November morning in Hyde Park, Noel makes the acquaintance of the painter Lavendie, a Belgian refugee, with whom starts the second parallel action. The war has uprooted this melancholy, deeply sensitive artist, and—to a still greater extent—his wife. She is morbidly jealous of his mistress, Art, to whom he is devoted with his whole soul. The writer does not actually carry to the end the conflict of this couple. But we can thank this painter Lavendie for some very beautiful and sapient utterances on Art and life in general. Not only as a stay to Noel, Galsworthy uses Lavendie as a medium also to characterise still more profoundly the priest and his daughter, both of whom the Belgian paints with a certain symbolism. And through Lavendie the author comments on life during the war, its hollow delirium of enjoyment, and lack of understanding for all genuine art. Galsworthy, indeed, seems to have an affinity for painters; Harz, in the "Villa Rubein", the lovable Wellwyn in "The Pigeon", and now Lavendie.

After a long, hard struggle, Noel decides to make the dreadful revelation to her unsuspecting father. This chapter alone would vindicate the existence of the book. Now begins the Via Dolorosa of the father and the priest, whose orthodox piety demands that Noel should atone for her sin and that he, as her father, must expiate with her. . . . After she has brought a boy into the world, while staying with her aunt in the West of England, she returns with her baby to London, at her father's express desire, but against her own feelings. The error of a step not dictated alone by Pierson's love for his daughter, but rather by his fanatical obsession with the idea of atonement, very soon becomes apparent. When the illegitimacy of the child becomes known in Pierson's parish, all the nasty prudery, all the un-Christlike feelings of his parishioners come to a head; they secretly intrigue against father and daughter, and then

openly demand his retirement. And at last Pierson wakens from his visionary blindness and profound ignorance of human nature to cruel reality. After a severe mental struggle he retires from his London incumbency, to which he has given so many years of honest and hard work. He preaches a last sermon ; then, after all have left the church, sits down, as so often before, to his old organ, and plays the sublime slow movement from the Beethoven Seventh Symphony. He plays the sorrow from his soul, plays himself back into his own world of the unreal ; the old visions rise before him. . . . And shortly afterwards he goes out to Egypt as a padre.

In the meantime, the rest of the story has not stood still. To Leila, it becomes more and more obvious that Jimmy Fort is drifting away from her to Noel. And, for a long time, Noel has been growing fond of the Captain, although she would be the last person in the world to alienate him from Leila. But Leila is intelligent enough to face the inevitable future and gives Fort his congé. She returns to South Africa, and he draws a long breath of relief, for, in his chivalry, he would have found it impossible to break with her of his own free will. The chapters treating of this couple are somewhat prolix and pale, although Leila, a woman losing her youth, arouses in us a certain sympathy. This is the only weak part of the book.

Like Audrey Noel in " The Patrician " and Gyp in " Beyond ", Noel is one of those women who cannot live independently, who must wither if alone, and who are created for love and to make others happy by their love. The torture of her loneliness is far worse than the stigma of her illegitimate child. One evening she is wandering alone in a wood and gets lost ; darkness falls ; fearfully, she cries out for help—and Jimmy Fort, who has followed, clasps his arms about her. The novel ends with their wedding. Morality is saved ; the bourgeois world appeased.

But Pierson's hurtful orthodoxy has opposed even this marriage ; Jimmy Fort has had illicit relations with Leila, and, in the eyes of the priest, is bound to her. Neither his daughter's loneliness, nor the natural demands of her nature, weigh with him. He, like Miltoun, stands on the " letter of the law." Fortunately, however, the Church is impotent to destroy the future of Noel and Jimmy Fort. After all the blows of fate, a happy and peaceful future is in store for them at last.

In the touching final chapter, we find Pierson endeavouring to administer the last consolations of religion to a dying young soldier, and the boy refusing the consolation of the Church with a smile. The priest, stirred to his very depths, is left alone. He cannot grasp the fact that the war has shaken orthodoxy to its foundations, even though it has increased in men the true religious feeling. The " Saint " has become neither wiser nor more enlightened for all his harsh experiences, and, at the end, one is compelled to think of Hebbel's " Meister Anton " and his last words : " I don't understand the world any more." Pierson *has* never understood the world and never *will* understand it.

This novel is pervaded with the hectic fever of the war ; whose terrors, and heart-shattering, so quickly forgotten, seize us once more with uncanny power. We feel again the dreadful daily conviction that it would never come to an end. Old wounds since healed are torn open again. But throughout all the sorrow and pain, this book has a soothing effect ; during a period of the most bloodthirsty fanaticism, the author does not utter one word of hate against the enemy ; on the contrary, he stresses humanity. Pierson during the successful attack on the Zeppelin prays for the souls of his foes in the burning airship. Continual emphasis is laid on the fact that the hate which vented itself on innocent Austrians and Germans in London was only to be found among non-combatants, never among the soldiers

who did their duty and respected their opponents. And always the fact is stressed that as a mob, men degenerate. We are shown, too, the self-denial, the courage of sacrifice, taken for granted, with which the young on both sides gave their lives. Above all we note how Galsworthy searches to his innermost being, his hero, whom one pities profoundly, whom in his pious bigotry no one can save from himself, and who at the end is, like his Church, remote from all reality, alone with his stubborn God. The problem of orthodoxy, here typified by the Anglican Church, which, though Protestant, is akin in many points to the Catholic Church, can hardly ever have been treated so exhaustively in a novel.

In style, "Saint's Progress" is fluent; its descriptions are powerful and arresting, the action rich, and dramatically stirring. But the most beautiful thing in the work is the love of humanity, which shines forth from so many pictures in this book.

(14) The Burning Spear

First published in London, 1921, under the pseudonym A.R.P.M.
Second Edition, under the name of John Galsworthy, 1923

In this work, Galsworthy, the pure satirist, reaches his heights. The book is an orgy. In " Saint's Progress " he treats the World War from the serious side ; in " The Burning Spear " quite differently. Here, as the author himself explains, the nerves racked daily during the war by public and Press revenged themselves. All of us still remember what crazy Hymns of Hate were sung ; what a tide of blood-red lies, insults, and wild nonsense about the enemy, flooded every country ; what pathetically childish rumours and forged news were sown abroad, and how hardly anyone living in the warring countries was proof against the devastating poison of the Press. This extravagant, mad journalism also flowered in England. The reserved nature of the true Englishman, however, revolted against such orgies ; and very seldom did the dry humour, with which he endeavours to meet evil, forsake him. From the depths of his soul the British soldier despised this " braying ", as Galsworthy terms it ; and the same may be said of the soldiers of all the warring countries. The fanatical John Lavender, the tragi-comic hero of " The Burning Spear ", voices the truth : " I sometimes think that we have all gone mad, and that animals alone retain the sweet reasonableness which used to be esteemed a virtue in human society ! "

This John Lavender, already advanced in age, is a very Don Quixote, and Joe his servant, a Sancho Panza. The fiery war mania transforms this citizen of independent

means, hitherto peaceful and unknown, into a knight errant in search of adventures; filled with burning patriotism, he desires at all costs to serve his country—if not at the Front, then at home. Kind and perfectly harmless, a gentleman without fear and without reproach, he becomes an arrant "Busy-body." The author's mordant satire and disintegrating irony play round a veritable pageant of John Lavender's "heroic deeds." All the grotesqueness of the Hymn of Hate, mob passion, and the gullibility of the masses, is dazzlingly illuminated by the adventures of this super-patriotic Quixote.

It is impossible to describe even one tithe of the adventures in which John Lavender, gone mad, becomes involved, the innumerable incidents he experiences and his grandiose deliriums. He tries his hand as a patriotic orator with queer, and amusing results. His attempt to secure the internment as a dangerous spy of a perfectly innocuous German dentist to whom he goes, insisting on having a quite sound tooth drawn, is extraordinarily funny. How the gentleman in Lavender struggles against his patriotic mob instinct, how his conscience then pricks him for having allowed the "enemy" to remain at large, and how, in spite of his conscience he finally acts as a gentleman, is one of the subtlest passages in the book. A delicious episode in this cruelly-derisory War Satire is the chapter, "Encounters a Prussian." Mr. Lavender has made the acquaintance of a girl, a V.A.D., whom he worships as Don Quixote did his Dulcinea, and to whom he gives the name of Aurora. One evening Aurora invites him to dinner and introduces him to her father, a major. The wine bemuses our hero's brains, he has an excited discussion with the Major, suddenly imagines he is a Prussian, and goes for him with a dinner knife ("he prepared to defend himself against the German Army"). The book ends with Mr. Lavender arranging a grand autodafé; from the many newspapers over which

he has pored during the war and which have turned him crazy, he makes a pile to which he sets light and then ascends. Before doing so, he " sat down . . . to compose that interview with himself whereby he intended to convey to the world the message of his act." This letter he addresses " For the Press—Immediate." Just in time, however, Aurora snatches her beloved " Don Pickwixote " (as she calls him) from the flames already fluttering. . . .

Lavender's Sancho Panza, his servant Joe, nicknamed by Aurora " Samjoe ", in combination of Sancho and Sam Weller, makes a highly diverting foil to his master.

The World War was bound to stir a man like Galsworthy deeply. The War plays a rôle in " Saint's Progress ", in this satire " The Burning Spear ", in a long series of studies, essays, sketches and tales, in the tale " The Feud ", in the drama, " Foundations ", in the one-act plays " Defeat " and " The Sun." The after-effects of the war are shown in his two latest novels, " The White Monkey " and " The Silver Spoon ", in numerous sketches and stories, and in the plays, " Loyalties ", " Windows ", " The Show " and " Escape."

(15) Stories, Sketches, Studies and Essays

Besides the volumes already discussed, " A Commentary ", " Five Tales ", and a further number of new stories not yet published in book form, Galsworthy has written nine volumes of stories, sketches, studies, essays and addresses. This production is in itself so extensive and many-sided, that it were enough to cover the life work of an author. Poet, realist, romanticist, philosopher, society and art critic, humorist, ironist, satirist, dramatist, all find expression in this body of work ; while some of the essays and addresses have a decided propagandist, and sometimes journalistic side.

The first sketches were written in 1899 and 1900. The sketch, " A Woman ", is a compassionate sketch of a woman outcast on moral grounds. The extravagant " Reversion to Type ", in 1901, already foreshadows Galsworthy the satirist ; in it the representatives of realism and romanticism quarrel, and in the end stab each other with boar-spears. In 1903 " Apotheosis " satirizes the spectators of the tortured antics of performing animals—patient, helpless beasts, far more attractive than the shallow idiots watching them from the stalls. A short story, " A Miller of Dee ", published the same year, reveals the narrator and portraitist. The jealous hero of this story, the queer, avaricious MacCreedy, who prefers to do his wife to death rather than lose her to another, has a certain sinister and greatly exaggerated likeness to Soames in his youth. In the following year we have two characteristic stories of Ferrand : " Courage " and " Compensation ", the first mention of that philosophising vagabond with his gallic wit. A very short social sketch, " The Kings ", contrasts the babies of rich and of poor parents.

A further short sketch, " The Consummation ", is notable as the first of the author's many satirical criticisms of literature, art, and their environments. This sketch is a kind of report of an author who, following the well-meant advice of critics and friends, gives up writing popular work, and, aiming ever at a higher standard, is at last unable to read his own book.

In 1908 appeared one of the best of the author's short stories, " A Fisher of Men ", wherein a poor parson's fate is inexorably depicted to its tragic end. An orthodox country clergyman in the West of England, thoroughly convinced that he is the representative of God on earth, and treating his parishioners like erring children, is boycotted by them, till agitation and disappointment destroy him. Little by little Galsworthy wins over our sympathies for an intolerant being antipathetic to us in the beginning. This deeply lonely creature, his hatred of man, and his love for animals, his firm conviction in the naïve order of things in which he believes, is so set before us, that we almost " live " the poor devil's misfortunes. Only a dramatist could have written this story. A full and quiet preparation leads in gradual crescendo to the climax when the stubborn rector is hissed out of the church at the end of his last eloquent, intolerant sermon. He cannot reconcile himself to the revolt of his sheep, and, almost crazy, he preaches from a high sea cliff to his two dogs and the clouds. " For two hours this fantastic show was witnessed by the villagers with gloating gravity. . . . But very gradually the sight of that tiny black figure appealing to his God—the God of his Church Militant which lived by domination—roused the superstition of men who themselves were living in primitive conflict with the elements. . . . One could see that they even began to be afraid. Then a great burst of rain, sweeping from the sea, smothered all sight of him. . . . Early next morning the news spread that the Rector had

been found in his armchair, the two dogs at his feet, and the canary perched on his dead head. . . . It seemed as if he had sunk into that chair, and passed away from sheer exhaustion. The body of 'the poor unfortunate gentleman'—the housekeeper told me—was huddled and shrunk together; his chin rested on the little gold cross dangling on his vest. They buried him in that green spot apart from his parishioners, which he had selected for his grave, placing on the tombstone these words: 'God is Love.'"

"A Fisher of Men" is story, portrait and study in one, like so many of the author's works.

The sketch, "The Prisoner", published 1909, is another of his finest and most touching studies. It confessedly owes its origin to an experience of the author on the occasion of his visit to a prison in Germany. Galsworthy relates of the prisoner: "His world was not a large one; about fourteen feet by eight. He'd lived in it for twenty-seven years, without a mouse even for a friend. They do things thoroughly in prisons. Think of the tremendous vital force that must go to the making of the human organism, for a man to live through that. . . . What do you imagine," he went on, turning to us suddenly, "kept even a remnant of his reason alive? Well, I'll tell you: While we were still looking at his Braille writing, he suddenly handed us a piece of wood about the size of a large photograph. It was the picture of a young girl, seated in the very centre of a garden, with bright-coloured flowers in her hand; in the background was a narrow, twisting stream with some rushes, and a queer bird, rather like a raven, standing on the bank. And by the side of the girl a tree with large hanging fruits, strangely symmetrical, unlike any tree that ever grew, yet with something in it that is in all trees, a look as if they had spirits and were the friends of man. The girl was staring straight at us with perfectly round, blue eyes, and the flowers she held in her hand

seemed also to stare at us. The whole picture, it appeared to me, was full of—what shall I say?—a kind of wonder. It had all the crude colour and drawing of an early Italian painting, the same look of a difficulty conquered by a sheer devotion. One of us asked him if he had learned to draw before his imprisonment; but the poor fellow misunderstood the question, 'Nein, nein,' he said, 'the Herr Director knows I had no model. It is a fancy picture!' And the smile he gave us would have made a devil weep! He had put into that picture all that his soul longed for—woman, flowers, birds, trees, blue sky, running water; and all the wonder of his spirit that he was cut off from them. He had been at work on it, they said, for eighteen years, destroying and repeating, until he had produced this, the hundredth version. It was a masterpiece. Yes, there he had been for twenty-seven years, condemned for life to this living death—without scent, sight, hearing, or touch of any natural object, without even the memory of them, evolving from his starved soul this vision of a young girl with eyes full of wonder, and flowers in her hand. It's the greatest triumph of the human spirit, and the greatest testimony to the power of art that I have ever seen." . . . And then: "I happened to see his eyes as he was trying to answer some question of the Governor's about his health. To my dying day I shall never forget them. They were incarnate tragedy—all those eternities of solitude and silence he had lived through, all the eternities he had still to live through before they buried him in the graveyard outside, were staring out of them. They had more sheer pitiful misery in them than all the eyes put together of all the free men I've ever seen. I couldn't stand the sight of them, and hurried out of the cell. I felt then . . . the sacredness of suffering. I felt that we ought all of us to have bowed down before him; that I, though I was free and righteous, was a charlatan and sinner in the face of that living crucifixion.

Whatever crime he had committed—I don't care what it was—that poor lost creature had been so sinned against that I was as dirt beneath his feet. When I think of him—there still, for all I know—I feel a sort of frenzy rising in me against my own kind. I feel the miserable aching of all the caged creatures in the world."

The prison reform effected by Galsworthy will be referred to later.

In the same year the sketch, "A Parting", remarkable for its autumn atmosphere, was written, in interesting contrast to a much earlier midsummer, ironical sketch "The Meeting." In a short story, "The Neighbours", the catastrophe is prepared by a symbolical description of the scenery. A proletarian short story of 1910, "Once More", has a London flower girl for heroine who bears much resemblance to Mrs. Megan in "The Pigeon"; while her husband is not unlike to Rory Megan. "The Choice" is a touching sketch of an old crossing sweeper; somewhat reminiscent, in his strength of soul and defiance of fate, to the cripple in Hope", one of the sketches in "A Commentary." One of the author's most exhaustive studies is "A Portrait." An octogenarian is described minutely in all his characteristics, habits, likes, dislikes. This portrait—one is unconsciously reminded of old Jolyon—is confessedly that of Galsworthy's own father. The volume, "A Motley", published in 1910, contains among others all the short works mentioned up to the present.

Two years later, in October, "The Inn of Tranquillity" appeared. It was a pithy collection of stories, sketches, and literary or philosophical studies and essays. Several of the sketches are impressionist studies in colour and mood: such written in 1910, 1911 and 1912 are "Riding in Mist", "Threshing", "Felicity", true poems in prose; the stirring sketch "Gone", in which death reaps unmerciful harvest in the midst of natural beauty. "Wind

in the Rocks" stands out among these poetically philosophical sketches, by its mountain atmosphere, by its cognizance of eternal harmony in the government of the universe; and by its change from bright joy of life to the grey nothingness of death. "Romance" is a bit of visionary romanticism from the pen of this inexorable realist. And "Magpie over the Hill" is a charming little allegory of sacred and profane love.

The short story "Quality" stands at the head of the social pictures and portraits of this volume; it is the tragedy of a German shoemaker, who will only make perfect shoes—shoes which possess a soul—till beaten by mass production, he dies of starvation. Our social system in fact no longer tolerates the hand-made article of quality (see also "A Commentary"), all is mechanical, reduced to the level of the soulless factory. The shoemaker's fate touches our hearts, he symbolizes the victims of our highly praised industrialism; and he is a tribute to Galsworthy's art of portraiture, an impressive figure.

"Evolution," one of Galsworthy's own experiences, is the sketch of an old cabman. The story opens in a very ordinary way, and then suddenly, as if lit up by a flash of lightning, a world of misery yawns before us. The cabman takes his fare and a bit over with the words, "Thank you. You've saved my life!" And we hear that the advent of motor cars has totally ruined him. "Who takes a cab now?" "The Procession", another social sketch, raises, through symbolism, the particular to the general. The sweated labour of an industrial city organizes a procession. The last words run: "For an hour the pageant wound through the dejected street, pursuing neither method nor set route, till it came to a deserted slag-heap, selected for the speech-making. Slowly the motley regiment swung into that grim amphitheatre under the pale sunshine; and, as I watched, a strange fancy visited my brain. I seemed to

see over every ragged head of those marching women a little yellow flame, a thin, flickering gleam, spring upward and blown backward by the wind. A trick of the sunlight, maybe? or was it that the life in their hearts, the inextinguishable breath of happiness, had for a moment escaped prison, and was fluttering at the pleasure of the breeze? . . . If they could not tell very much why they had come, nor believe very much that they would gain anything by coming; if their demonstration did not mean to the world quite all that oratory would have them think; if they themselves were but the poorest, humblest, least-learned women in the land—for all that, it seemed to me that in those tattered, wistful figures, so still, so trustful, I was looking on such beauty as I had never beheld. All the elaborate glory of things made, the perfect dreams of the æsthetes, the embroideries of romance, seemed as nothing beside this sudden vision of the wild goodness native in humble hearts."

Galsworthy is opposed to every kind of orthodoxy; the dogmatic raises a spirit of rebellion within him. Repeatedly he condemns the idea of the indissolubility of the marriage tie, based on the doctrine of the Church, expressed in the divorce laws. "A Christian," the type of orthodox clergyman, reminds one strongly of "A Fisher of Men." The hypocrisy of society is ironically pilloried in "The Grand Jury, A Study in Two Panels and a Frame", showing the machinery of society working blindly, and crushing victims, without sense of humour or proportion.

The pathetic short story, "The Black Godmother", shows us how, out of sheer panic, human beings, not in themselves ill-natured, can pursue dumb creatures to their deaths. The author's intense love of animals finds expression again here, and in "Memories", wherein he describes, psychologically, the life of his own dog, with a great tenderness for the creature's ways; and raises the question by

the way, whether our ethics are Christian, in Tolstoi's sense of the word, or merely the ethics of a gentleman? His conclusion is: that Tolstoian ethics are not suitable to the peoples of Western Europe. This deep, witty and humorous dog story afterwards appeared in an illustrated edition in London, November, 1912.

In the opening sketch, "The Inn of Tranquillity", after which the volume is named, we find an Italian hotel-keeper accommodating himself with gramophone and bowls to the needs of progress in a setting of idyllic beauty. The author sees in him the link between the peasant and the "civilised" townsman. But he is, after all, only an expression of evolution, and we must not despise him, or any other phenomena. Eternal harmony directs all things. This mood of lucid calm is certainly quite different from that expressed indirectly in "A Commentary."

The studies and essays in the second part of this volume reveal Galsworthy's opinions of life and art. The essay "Wanted—Schooling", published in 1905, contrasts the happy-go-lucky lot of writers with that of other professions, where training is required. Why should writers alone be entitled to throw their immature work on the market? Let them at least experience before they create. The Essay, "About Censorship", written in 1909, is highly ironic; this censorship exists only in regard to the stage in England. But if plays are censored, why not books, the arts, science, religion, and politics? The study: "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama" is an exposition of his feelings about modern plays and realism, written in 1909, together with the characteristic sketch, "A Novelist's Allegory", directed against critics who were misunderstanding him.

Galsworthy has been accused numberless times of looking at life only as a pessimist; of treating nothing but the unpleasant; of being too gloomy. Art—they say—should show only what is beautiful. In this parable he certainly

gets his own back on those delicately strung people who refuse to see life as it really is. In 1911 " Vague Thoughts on Art " was written, in which he defines " Art " as follows : " Art is that imaginative expression of human energy, which, through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in a hypothecated perfect human being. . . . Art is the one form of human energy in the whole world, which really works for union, and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement, however fleeting, of oneself by another, the real cement of human life ; the everlasting refreshment and renewal. . . . Art must indeed be priest of this new faith in Perfection, whose motto is : ' Harmony, Proportion, Balance.' For by Art alone can true harmony in human affairs be fostered, true Proportion revealed, and true Equipoise preserved." In the essay on " Finality ", which appeared in 1912, the author declares that it is not the creative artists' business to give solutions and endings, the only solution to be attained in art is that of feeling. In all this volume, " The Inn of Tranquillity ", the writer, indeed, is not a story-teller but a painter of moods, a philosopher, a critic and a lyricist.

" The Little Man and Other Satires " were published in 1915. " The Little Man " will be discussed as a one-act play among the dramas. In November, 1924, these satires were collected and published in one volume, together with two further essays and " Grotesques " (issued during the war in " A Sheaf " and " Another Sheaf ") under the title of " Abracadabra and Other Satires." As these works are being discussed in chronological order " Studies of Extravagance " and other satirical sketches will be dealt with next. Galsworthy's characteristic importance lies, as already declared, in his ironical nature. At times the satirist breaks

out in him like an elementary force, as for instance in " The Island Pharisees " and, even more strongly, in " A Commentary." But his attacks are never personal, they are always directed against a type, a whole, a system ; and for this reason have a symbolic value. His humour does not dazzle ; it is rather dry ; often not understood it lies under the surface. It is all the more telling for that. To the various persons whose extravagances the author takes under his satirical magnifying glass belong such types as " The Writer ", " The Critic ", " The Plain Man ", " The Superlative ", " The Preceptor ", " The Artist ", " The Housewife ", " The Latest Thing ", " The Perfect One ", " The Competitor." These thorough, biting studies caricature the culture of our day. They are not of equal value. One of the finest and most humorous is " The Writer."

Among the other satires in this volume are : " The Voice of —— ", pillorying the worship of ugliness rampant in music halls, and the two short stories, "A Simple Tale ", and " Ultima Thule." " A Simple Tale " is another of Ferrand's " Reports " ; it is indeed the most beautiful and original of the three Ferrand stories. An old man, inmate of a London dosshouse, " gentle as an angel ", night by night tries in vain to persuade people to give him a shelter " on their doorstep." He is either pitied as mentally afflicted, or offered alms, but none opens a door to him. We have pity for our needy neighbour, but hospitality of the heart we deny him. The old man has the fixed idea that he is the wandering Jew—a London Ahasuerus—hunted from house to house. The character, through the medium of Ferrand, is visualized so strongly, that the tale assumes symbolical significance. We are reminded of the painter, Wellwyn, in " The Pigeon ", who gave shelter to those who sought his aid. This story was written some years later than that play. " Ultima Thule " tells the fate of an idealist ruined by his own unselfishness. He collects stray cats and they

eat him out of house and home. The touching character of the little man, whose cheerful self-denial makes us smile, is similar to, yet different from Wellwyn's.

The volume of studies, essays and articles, " A Sheaf ", published during the war—in October, 1916, confirms Galsworthy's deep understanding of animals. In the study, " For Love of Beasts ", which originally appeared in a London paper in 1912, he attacks the unjust, and often barbaric treatment meted out to dumb animals by " superior " man. " Reverie of a Sportsman " describes, fantastically, how all the animals and birds he had done to death appeared before an ardent sportsman in a dream. Both these studies have been transferred to " Abracadabra." In a further series of articles the author directs attention to, and condemns old-fashioned methods of slaughtering, which cause animals much unnecessary suffering—he thoroughly investigated the matter at the time, and the series appeared originally in The *Daily Mail* in 1912. For much of the brutal treatment of animals in circuses and shows he blames that human thoughtlessness which is so often the cause of suffering. He also protests against the vivisection of dogs in the cause of science, the use of horses in mines, the wearing of bird's feathers, and generally demands the further protection of animals.

In 1909 Galsworthy began to study the English prison and penal system thoroughly, especially with regard to solitary confinement. He visited various prisons and talked with many prisoners undergoing solitary confinement. This volume contains his correspondence with the authorities, an article showing the wrong spirit of punishment, and a Preface to the drama " Justice ", not previously published, in which he explains that his theme in that play was the blindness of Justice. An article on the position of women, and in favour of their emancipation, shows what his opinion was in regard to a question now settled in their and his favour.

The second half of the volume contains a series of war essays ; among which " Diagnosis of an Englishman " is an excellent summary of the British psyche.

" Another Sheaf " appeared in January, 1919, and again deals for the greater part with war in its social aspects. One chapter gives us the author's impressions in France in 1916—1917, when he and his wife were engaged in Red Cross work. In another remarkable essay he compares the English with the Russians. The question of farming and agriculture, and settlement on the land is treated very thoroughly ; these detailed chapters are a preparatory study to " The Silver Spoon." " Grotesques ", at the end, treats the question of our future civilization in a fantastic and satirical manner. We are taken to the year 1947, when, in spite of all modern acquisitions and inventions, man is not one jot happier in England, or in any other part of the world ; on the contrary, the race after illusion and forgetfulness is madder than ever. Cities have grown to a fabulous extent. The author would seem more and more driven to the conclusion that the salvation of man from his social, economical and political extravagances must be left to Nature, who—and usually at the eleventh hour—takes such drastic measures as either to kill or cure. Some of the ideas found later in " The Forsyte Saga " and " A Modern Comedy " are here touched upon. " Grotesques " is the only work of the author which deals with the future. They also were later transferred to the volume called " Abracadabra."

In November of the same year " Addresses in America " were published, containing lectures and speeches made by Galsworthy when he visited the States in 1919.

" Tatterdemalion ", a new collection of sketches, studies and short stories, was published in March, 1920. The first part contains stories of the war. The first study, " The Grey Angel " (1916), and the short story " Defeat " (1916), are worthy of mention. " The Grey Angel " is a charming

portrait of an old English lady, almost eighty years of age, who did Red Cross work in the South of France during the war and was beloved of all the patients. She was always gentle and kind. She dies in the little town. The remaining fourteen short stories and sketches differ a good deal in value ; they treat of patriotic feelings let loose by the war ; of horror, and cruelty, without rhyme or reason, of unfettered passions, of sacrifice and heroism.

Part the second deals with peace. " Spindleberries ", published 1918, is a singular story shimmering with colour, and a portrait of a hyper-sensitive unmarried woman, whose morbid delicacy ruins her life. " The Nightmare Child " is a very interesting narrative study of a young, mentally deficient girl who is misused ; its inevitability gives it a strong social significance. One of the most beautiful pieces of lyrical philosophy given us by Galsworthy is the Devonshire study, " Buttercup Night ", originally published in 1913. In it everything, including animals and plants, seems animated.

" Captures " comprises a series of Galsworthy's best and most developed short stories. This book was published in September, 1923. It is, as it were, old wine of a choice flavour. The first story, " A Feud ", written in 1921, shows us once more that lawsuits only lead to disaster.

" Timber ", a narrative study of war time, and written in 1920, is equally strong. An old baronet sells the timber of his extensive woods to the Government ; he makes an excellent bargain and feels patriotic. It is a cool April afternoon ; he takes a walk in the woods, moved by the desire to bid farewell to his trees. He loses his way, getting deeper and deeper among the old trees ; the evening grows into night ; it begins to snow ; he wanders in a circle, stumbles, falls, wanders on again ; he must rest, he sits down and falls asleep. The trees have taken their revenge. Next morning he is found frozen to death, one mile from

his own bed. . . . " Santa Lucia ", written in 1921, recounts how a man, now past the prime of life, recalls a passionate love affair he had when he was twenty-six with a wild young woman who was gambling at Monte Carlo. Galsworthy, though fifty-four when he wrote this story, relates it with the fire of youth. " A Stroke of Lightning " is another strange love story of 1921. The heroine is a married woman of Austrian nationality—the hero, an English schoolmaster, consumed with passion because he is unable to possess the woman he loves. In irony, expression of mood, and brevity of phrase it is excellent. " Salta pro Nobis ", published in 1922, a poem in prose, is no less impressive and picturesque : the last hours of a danseuse before being shot for espionage during the war are recreated. " The Broken Boot ", a sketch, written in 1922, relates in just as few strokes the whole tragedy of a man's life. It is the story of a down-at-heel actor hiding his misery under a jaunty demeanour.

In no former volume of very short stories does Galsworthy display such maturity ; detached command of his material ; such passionate, powerful vision ; fine humour and bitter satire ; deep pity and understanding as in this. The social element finds a strong expression in the touching story, " Late—299 ", written in 1923. A doctor who has performed an illegal operation is sentenced to two years' imprisonment. His fate has made a cynic of him. Having finished his time he returns home to his wife and children. His manner freezes all their half-hearted attempts to be nice to him. Cynicism inbreeds in him, he becomes in very truth a hater and scorner of mankind, with only one friend, a blind man, and that because the fellow cannot see him. Only in " Justice " has the author shown as impressively as in this tale, " Late—299 ", the devastating results of punishment. Once more the individual fights against the majority in vain. The last story of the volume is called " Had a Horse." It is the tale of a little ratty bookmaker who owns a race-

horse, and runs it to win a race, instead of losing it to his greater advantage, because the animal is so beautiful that he can't bear at the last moment to think of its being beaten. A highly ironical affair! A collection of almost all Galsworthy's stories appeared in London in March, 1923, under the title "Caravan."

A new collection of addresses, essays, critical studies, and meditations appeared under the title "Castles in Spain and Other Screeds", towards the end of 1927. This book commences with an excellent address, delivered by the author in London in 1920, in which he expressed the longing of mankind for greater beauty—the need for beauty in this age of utility. One of the essays deals with international thought and the Pen Club. His memories of his friend the novelist, Joseph Conrad, are noteworthy; and the Preface to Conrad's plays interesting. An address delivered in 1922, "Six Novelists in Profile", gives us his impressions of Dickens, Turgenev, Maupassant, Tolstoi, Conrad and Anatole de France. It is rich in wisdom. The last essay, "Faith of a Novelist", contains a series of valuable confessions of the author himself, together with explanatory remarks about his own works and gives us some interesting glimpses of his methods of creation. It concludes with these words:

"Truth and beauty are a hard quest, but what else is there worth seeking? Absorption in that quest brings to the novelist his reward—unconsciousness of self, and the feeling that he plays his part as best he may. At the back of all work, even a novelist's, lies some sort of philosophy. And if this novelist may for a moment let fall the veil from the face of his own, he will confess: That human realization of a First Cause is to him inconceivable. He is left to acceptance of what is. Out of Mystery we came, into Mystery return. . . . But in such little certainty he sees no cause for gloom. Life for those who still have vital instinct in

them is good enough in itself, even if it lead to nothing further; and we humans have only ourselves to blame if we alone, among the animals, so live that we lose the love of life for itself. And as for the parts we play, courage and kindness seem the elemental virtues, for between them they include all that is real in any of the others, alone make human life worth while and bring an inner happiness.

PART IV

A NOTE ON HIS POEMS

IV

A NOTE ON HIS POEMS

In 1912 a collection of poems by Galsworthy which had many of them appeared in periodicals was published in London under the title " Moods, Songs and Doggerels." In 1926 a new volume, " Verses New and Old ", containing many of the poems already published, partly revised and several new poems, was published. It is, after all, a matter of course that this author, many-sided as he is, and with a strong bent towards lyricism, should express himself in verse, quit the extreme reserve of his novels and dramas, and give full rein to his feelings. Though not even here does he depart from strict self-discipline.

He has written in all less than one hundred poems, mostly short, which vary so much in their contents, reveal such soaring thoughts and such wealth of feeling, that within the general cosmos of his work they form a little world of their own. The weaker among them diminish but slightly the strong impression of the whole. Their brevity sometimes seems excessive, so that occasionally a certain brittleness interferes with lyricism ; but this is made up for by genuine depth of feeling. In these poems the author frequently gives concise utterance to many thoughts with which he deals more fully in his prose. The treatment is sometimes rhetorical and philosophical ; a few poems are ironic or satiric. Some are didactic. But the purely lyrical in thought, those which sound like odes or hymns, leave the most original and important impression.

Philosophically, quite a number, especially the very first in the collection of 1912, his longest poem, " A Dream ", give us more information concerning Galsworthy's view of

life and the Scheme of Things than we find in any other work of his, except perhaps the " Inn of Tranquillity " and " Castles in Spain." The poem " A Dream " seems to contain his " Credo ", and is, therefore, essential for the understanding of the personality in his work. It is a sort of poem in praise of harmony and balance.

Studying Galsworthy's novels and dramas thoroughly, we find that in almost every one harmony is disturbed, and that only through catastrophe can it be restored. This thought becomes specially clear in " Fraternity ", " The Forsyte Saga ", " A Modern Comedy ", and " Strife." Galsworthy cannot stand the distorted, the unnatural; his aim is balance.

His philosophy, his attitude towards life and death, with the eternal question of man—" Why go on ? "—are continually interwoven in his lyrics. For instance, in the poem of eternal growth and passing, " I Ask ", dealing with a theme which we find, too, in the moving sketch " Gone ":

My happy lime is gold with flowers ;
From noon to noon the breezes blow
Their love pipes ; and the wild bees beat
Their drums and sack the blossom bowers . . .
Yet, stifling in the valley heat,
A woman's dying there below !

Between the blowing rose so red
And honey-saffroned lily cup,
Receiving heaven, so I lie ! . . .
But down the field a calf lies dead ;
At this same burning summer sky
Its velvet darkened eye looks up.

And the result ?

Behind the fairest masks of life
Dwells ever that pale constant death.
Philosophers ! What shall we say ?
Must we keep wistful death to wife ?
Or hide her image quite away,
And, wanton, draw forgetful breath ?

Or again in " Question " :

Where do we go, brothers, when we are done—
Where drift, free of dull clay ?
Hover—dancing beams of the sun
Sheen of moon on the night woods fey ?

Are we a cry, brothers, wind in the trees—
Bough songs, whispering by ?
Wild grass music under the breeze ?
River's chuckle and reedy sigh ?

It would be a mistake, however, to label the author Galsworthy a mystic. And his poems are not always devoid of praise of life and passion. " Highland Spring " begins :

There's mating madness in the air,
Passionate, grave. The blossoms burst ;
The burns run quick to lips athirst,
And solemn gaze young maids heart-free.

Very different is the delicate pastel, " Serenity ":

The smiling sea
The dunes and sky
Dream ; and the bee
Goes dreaming by.

In heaven's field
Moon's scimitar
Is drawn to shield
One dreaming star.

The dreaming flowers
And lovers nod.
Serene these hours—
Serene is God.

The Devon Songs are among the pleasantest. And evidently from "Gaulzery Moor" the name of "Galsworthy"* derives its origin—

Moor of my name, where the road leads high,
Thro' heather and bracken, gorse and grass,
Up to the crown of the western sky
A spying traveller, slow, I pass.
Silent and lonely the darkening moor,
The beasts are bedded, the birds are gone,
Never a farm, nor a cottage door,
And I on the road alone—alone;
And the south-west wind is beginning to croon
And a listening lonely pine tree sways;
And behind it is hanging a golden moon
For a resting sign at the cornerways.
A thousand years since the stranger* came,
And homed him here; and gave me name.

(*Gal or Gaul—the Celtic word for foreigner. Worthy—the old Saxon 'orde'—homestead—in Devonshire fortified homestead, distinguished from 'cott', unfortified homestead.)

The fighting spirit of the West Country, the spirit of

adventurous seafarers, breathes in the characteristic poem, " Wembury Church " :

Here stand I
Buttressed over the sea !
Time and sky
Take no toll from me.

To me, gray—
Wind-gray, flung with foam—
Ye that stray
Wild-foot, come ye home !

Mother I—
Mother I will be—
Ere ye die,
Hear ! O sons at sea !

Shall I fall,
Leave my flock of graves
Not for all
Your rebelling waves !

I stand fast—
Let the waters cry !
Here I last
To Eternity !

The social element plays little part in his poems. But " Slum Cry " with its three stanzas of four lines each, reflect the wretched lot of the proletarian : birth in misery ; life in want ; end in the workhouse. The fate of the light o' love is treated in an accusing poem, surprisingly terse—of twelve lines only. " Hetaira," also only twelve lines in length, is excellently ironical.

The " angel-monkey ", in the poem " Unknown ", in his madness and frivolity was the cause of the world-war. Of that great feud Galsworthy has written several poems, the best of which are : " Picardy ", " Youth's Own ", and " The Valley of the Shadow." " Valley of the Shadow " especially, in spite of a certain rigidity of diction, is one of the author's most deeply felt and noblest poems :

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in the sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying—death is such waste of me !
Grant me one prayer : Doom not the hereafter
Of mankind to war, as though I had dieed not—
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing ! Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing !
God, let me know it the end of man's fever !
Make my last breath a bugle call carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills for ever !

Compare these lines, filled with pure humanity, with the average war literature and its hymns of hate.

That Galsworthy adores beauty we find not only from his novels, but from these lyrics. Some of the poems are too weighted down with thoughts ; in many of his novels and stories reflection has the same predominance. One feels doubly grateful then for the genuinely inspired hymn " To Beauty ", in free rhythm. Here the poet casts aside all reserve and becomes, for once, ecstatic :

Beauty on your wings—flying the far blue,
Flower of man's heart whom no God made ;
Star, leaf-breath, and gliding shadow,
Fly with me, too, awhile !

Bring me knowledge :
How the pansies are made, and the cuckoo's song !
And the little owls, grey in the evening, three on a gate ;
The gold-cups a-field, the flight of the swallow ;
The eyes of the cow who has calved ;
The wind passing from ash-tree to ash-tree !

For thee shall I never cease aching ?
Do the gnats ache that dance in the sun ?
Do the flowers ache, or the bees rifling their gold ?
Is it I only who ache ?
Beauty ! Fulfil me ! Cool the heart of my desire !

PART V

THE PLAYS

V

THE PLAYS

Foreword

BEFORE dealing with Galsworthy's Dramas singly, I think it might be helpful to pass a series of general observations on them, for they differ so much in style, technique, and philosophy from the works of other contemporary Dramatists, that they give rise to frequent misunderstandings which deserve to be cleared up.

It is a matter of course that ideas which predominate in Galsworthy the novelist, should find expression in his plays. The chief characteristic of the author is his ironical perception of the enmeshment of personality in Society's institutions ; the struggle of the individual against the mass, or overwhelming majority. The individual of to-day is so dependent on his surroundings, " so much a part of the warp and woof of complicated Society ", that Society becomes his or her fate, such a fate, as, in the ancient Greek Dramatists, the Gods meted out to mortal man. (In most of Galsworthy's works the conflict arises from the rebellion of the individual against Society, some particular case being taken for a typical example.)

Galsworthy is as relentless realistic in almost all his plays, as in his novels, and short stories. He shows us things visualised through his temperament, not as many people would prefer to see them. An incorruptible lover of truth, he attempts to shape all his plots and problems, with the greatest impartiality, allowing both sides to air their opinions and throwing light on their ideas in all possible ways.

(For him the task lies in the unrolling of the problem, not in its solution.) The unrolling of the problem should serve

to make us think and reflect, to make us realise, to awaken our interest in what is hitherto unknown to us, or viewed in a wrong light. We ought to understand, not to condemn, to try to approach one another, and be conciliatory.

Drama means strife and contrast, and through the characters in most of his plays contrasts are worked out sharply, yet plasticly. His conflicts are nearly always of a social nature, based on social confrontations. Strange to say, Galsworthy is sometimes reproached for being too theatrical. He certainly flings the spectator at once into the centre of the plot, to ensure his interest in the idea, but the conflicts always arise from the characters themselves, never from abstract ideas. His characters are direct in action, never far-fetched or self-stultifying ; they are mostly drawn from the average man and woman of our immediate surroundings. From the very outset he surrounds his play with a peculiar atmosphere of its own, and maintains it throughout, and this, in each case, has something fateful, something inevitable about it. He does not invent a plot for its own sake, but builds it of the varying human attitudes, towards incident, or event, revealing the characters by argument and contest, from which the central idea emerges sharply defined.

He employs, too, an unusual technique. He uses, often with marked effect, the indirect method ; unexpressed feeling is incessantly present—simmering under an apparently calm surface. This reserve is sometimes driven to extremes. Reserve, however, is a deeply rooted characteristic of the English, rendering it impossible for them to voice their feelings easily. " The English man and woman of to-day have almost a genius for under-expression," he says. And in most cases Galsworthy's plays, when read before being seen, leave a strange impression on the reader, owing to the unusual brevity of expression ; it is as though one were faced with a bare framework, and lay figures for characters.

Yet it is surprising how each word becomes alive, when spoken on the stage, and how the skeletons become suddenly endowed with flesh and blood. Often a whole story is compressed into one sentence, a searchlight is turned on to a fate. The rehearsing of the plays, naturally, requires a minute study of the psychology of the characters, an ardent diligence, and devotion. Every nuance is important in itself. The deeper sense must be drawn out of the apparently dry-boned technique. At times, this is only to be achieved by an adequate expression, an appropriate gesture. Every dialogue Galsworthy writes is brimful of subtle suggestion, of things only to be read between the lines. Such plays must be interpreted in their own *special style*. The Producer who does not command a suitable ensemble, and has no enthusiasm for the subtle art of the author, would do better to leave these Dramas alone.

I repeat : the author uses a negative method, he draws no positive heroes or heroines, but takes his characters from everyday life, and reveals them, not from the heroic, but from the realistic angle. In so doing, he gives vent to an ironic impulse, which is of the essence of his plays ; if performed without the accentuation of this glinting element, his plays cannot but fail, even the tragedies. From first to last Galsworthy has not written one single play in which the irony of things is not paramount. His humour and wit, essentially English, have occasionally a Gallic touch, and his ramatic form now and then reminds one of the French.

It has been contended that, as compared with his novels, Galsworthy presses less out of the psychology of his dramatic characters. He compresses into one or two sentences in a play what in a novel would be expressed in a number of pages. It is the duty of the actor to press out the last ounce from the sparse words in his performance. Galsworthy says in a Preface : " It might be said of Shaw's plays that he creates characters who express feelings which they have

not got. It might be said of mine, that I create characters who have feelings which they cannot express." This suggestive manner of treatment, and the singular atmosphere exhaled by the characters themselves, bring something new to the stage. There is practically no single play of Galsworthy which is not a matured product, and, though naturally, all the works of this prolific author have not the same value, there is not one published play which does not bear his hall-mark.

One frequently hears it said that his stage characters do not develop, and, at the end, stand exactly where they stood in the beginning. I would say that many of his characters pass through a cleansing fire, and, though physically beaten, suffer no spiritual defeat. This controverts the assertion that Galsworthy is an incorrigible pessimist. But we need not pay too much attention to that criticism anyway, since he has been criticised also as an idealist, as a cold cynic, a naïve humanitarian, a tendential propagandist, a sentimentalist, as one bereft of all sentiment, as a revolutionary, as a bourgeois, as a socialist and finally, as a Forsyte.

From the " Silver Box " (1906) to " Escape " (1926) is a considerable journey ! What a wealth of characters, plots, ideas, social and philosophical realisations, what a wealth of sentiment ! As in the novels, a new world is opened up before us, a world of deep understanding, in the centre of which stands a champion of humanity.

(1) The Silver Box

First Performance, London, September, 1906

This, the author's first dramatic work, a three-act comedy, written after he had been writing novels for ten years, already reveals Galsworthy as an original and full-fledged dramatist. Here is already treatment of the theme with deliberate irony; social contrasting of the classes, between whom yawn an unbridgeable gulf; contrast produced through environment and character; development of the plot from clashing characters drawn with a naturalism full of an uncanny illuminative force; the prudish, blasé wealthy, and the disheartened, embittered poor. The pulse of sympathy for the stranded; and untiring effort to excite compassionate understanding.

The plot is the struggle of an individual against Society, the vain onslaughts of a rebel against a closed phalanx. No less than ten of his dramas are in some way connected with justice, and, in six of them, a criminal case with its essential thrills and pursuit of the law-breaker is used to develop the characters, and work out the dominant ideas. Police, lawyers, turning and twisting of the law, a court of justice, the sentencing of the weaker, a certain ironic hopelessness —all this we find in his very first drama. But none of these plays are ordinary crime plays—as some of Galsworthy's critics seem to have thought.

The "Silver Box" shows us human nature as it is, human institutions as they are; suddenly seeing them naked we are shaken and go away thinking: "What are we going to do about it?"

The opening act is divided into three scenes. It is after

midnight on Easter Monday—young Jack Barthwick, son of John Barthwick, a Liberal M.P., arrives home intoxicated, holding in his hand a lady's reticule with a purse in it, which he has snatched from "an unknown lady from beyond", after having spent the evening in her society. He brings in with him Jones, formerly a groom and now unemployed, who has assisted the befogged youth to open the front door, and whose wife is employed as charwoman by the Barthwick family. In return for this service, Jack offers a drink to the "out-of-work" who is also the worse for liquor, adding "You take anything you like." He tells him how he has quarrelled with the "lady" and finally "scored her off" by taking her reticule. Then he falls asleep. Jones drinks more still, loses the last remnants of his sobriety, apostrophises Jack as "Fat calf", takes the silver cigarette box and the purse; puts them in his pocket with the words, "I'll score *you* off too, that's wot I'll do", and vanishes. Out of wayward spite the rich man's young son has taken the "lady's" purse, out of wayward spite, the out-of-work proletarian takes "the silver box." The curtain then falls, but rises again at once. It is morning. Jack is still asleep. From the talk between the Barthwicks' maid and manservants with the charwoman, we learn how much the patient woman has to endure from her husband's drunken habits and unemployment, and how badly he treats her. The butler is surprised to see that the silver box has disappeared. Scene II: Mr. and Mrs. Barthwick, parents of the hopeful Jack, are seated opposite each other at the breakfast table. Mrs. Barthwick runs down the Socialists. Mr. Barthwick reveals himself as a somewhat pusillanimous Liberal. The son appears, with a very bad headache and is at once sternly reproached by his father for having tried to get money by a cheque on an overdrawn account; he might have been ruined for life. A lady is then announced who would like to speak to Barthwick junior, but in his place

Barthwick senior receives her. It is the girl whose reticule and purse Jack has snatched. All her money was in it and she must have it back. The father is staggered and summons his son. The young lady begins to threaten him with a prosecution for stealing, when Barthwick senior settles the matter by giving her the money—the purse, of course, is nowhere to be found. He has only helped his son because he is afraid the thing might get into the papers. Then, as troubles never come singly, the M.P. hears that the silver box is lost. Mrs. Barthwick's suspicions fall on the charwoman, and they submit Mrs. Jones to an apparently friendly cross-examination, at the end of which he informs her that the silver box is missing. The poor scared woman who has about her something of a beaten dog assures them that she has not seen it. John Barthwick clears his throat and he, his wife and son avoid each other's glances. . . .

Act II, scene I. Contrast: the proletarian lodgings of the Jones family in a slum quarter of London. The man, lying half-dressed on the bed, bewails the sad fate of the unemployed: "I'm not arskin' for any treat. A man wants to sweat hisself silly, and not allowed—that's a rum start, aint' it? A man wants to sweat his soul out to keep the breath in him and ain't allowed—that's justice—that's freedom and all the rest of it"—All the misery of enforced idleness is voiced by this man, who hates the rich with his whole heart, and gets more and more irritated by his resigned wife's lamb-like patience, when he relates to her his unsuccessful efforts to find work. Jones now unexpectedly pays the rent with a sovereign and his wife is greatly taken aback when Jones explains that he has picked up a purse. With the rest of the money he intends to go to Canada.

Then the silver box drops from the pocket of his coat. He snatches it away from her and explains to the horrified woman that he only took it out of spite, that he is no thief and refers to young Barthwick's deed. Mrs. Jones begins to

lament that he'll take away her reputation and make her lose her work. She wants to return the silver box; he rushes at her. Suddenly Destiny enters in the shape of a detective who comes to arrest Mrs. Jones on a charge of theft . . . Jones tries to force him to leave her alone, the detective summons help; a policeman appears and, after a short struggle, Jones is overpowered. The whole incident passes with great rapidity; it is as though evil, personified by justice, pounces on two beings to crush them.

Scene II. Contrast again. The same evening: Dining-room at the Barthwicks', who are sitting at dessert and cracking nuts. Mrs. Barthwick, a self-righteous and prudish lady, is still ignorant of her son's nocturnal adventure. The detective brings the fatal silver box and informs them of Jones's deposition which exonerates his wife but incriminates the young gentleman. At this the lady of the house is indignant. Irritated discussion between husband and wife, father and son. Mrs. Barthwick refuses to believe her Jack capable of such an action. The visit of Mr. Roper, their solicitor, still further increases the fears of the now almost crushed M.P. who is shivering at the prospects of an open scandal. "Roper, you must keep that purse out of the papers" . . . he implores. After the solicitor leaves, Mrs. Barthwick bursts into sobs. The doughty M.P. and his wife have words together. "As though stifling, he throws the window open. The faint sobbing of a child comes in." Mrs. Barthwick's nerves cannot support the crying, *the butler must shut the window.* That is as good an example of Galsworthy's suppressed symbolism as can well be found. It is the charwoman's little boy who has come there to look for his mother. And suddenly moved, she says: "John, we oughtn't to go on with this." "It's out of our hands", returns Mr. Barthwick. The crying outside begins again. The Liberal representative of the people "covers his ears with his hands." A poignant and symbolical curtain, which

lays bare social inequality more forcibly than the longest speeches.

Act III: Eight days later, in a London Police Court. The impression conveyed by the innocent Mrs. Jones, standing before the judge in the prisoner's dock is most pathetic. It is very soon proved who really "took" the silver box—though the uncouth and embittered Jones, breaking in roughly, will not suffer the word "stolen" to pass without protestation. The judge sums up the whole tragedy of Mrs. Jones's existence in the words: "It is very unfortunate for you that this man has behaved as he has. It is not the consequences to him but the consequences to you. You have been brought here twice, you have lost your work—and this is what always happens." Very touching are the attempts of the poor woman like Mrs. Hughs in "Fraternity" to exonerate her husband so far as possible, but Jones entirely spoils his chances, bad enough already, by his rough manner. And Roper, Barthwick's solicitor, has so arranged matters that the judge can hardly get anything out of Jack; for that promising youth steadily denies that he remembers anything. Every time the accused tries to describe the whole story of the occurrence, Roper adroitly interrupts and prevents it. Finally Jones is sentenced to "one month with hard labour." "Call this justice", he cries out indignantly, "What about 'im? 'E got drunk! 'E took the purse!—(in a muffled shout)—it's 'is *money* got 'im off—Justice!" The rebel is led away protesting, the prisoners' door is shut behind him. In what mood will this defiant man come out of prison? In no sense "reformed!" Yet, had he also been in a position to afford lawyers like the wealthy Barthwick, he would not have been so "scored off" in the end, might possibly even have got off. Both "took"; but the moneyed could restore and no harm done, he leaves the court without a stain on his character; the moneyless is imprisoned. Moral

of the tale : the eternal truth that in practice if not in theory there are different laws for rich and poor : if the poor go wrong they can't get back ; from the outset they lack the means to carry on successful lawsuits. Or expressed still more popularly ; the rich may steal a horse, and the poor mayn't look over the door. " It's money—money—all money ", cries Faith in "Windows ", full of despair at the world's ways, and the painter Wellwyn expresses much the same view in " The Pigeon "—At the end of the play, Mrs. Jones turns to her former employer with a humble gesture. " Oh, Sir," But Barthwick forgetting his professions of Liberalism, and " yielding to his nerves, makes a shame-faced gesture of refusal and hurries out of Court." So the poor woman will not get her work back, and will plunge into still deeper distress with her three children.

Characteristically, then, Justice, " class justice ", already plays an important rôle in Galsworthy's first dramatic work, and it ends with a police court scene. That there should be also a " demi-mondaine " in this first work (as in one of his very early sketches), was somewhat daring on the British stage, at the beginning of this century. Naturalism—whether in material or in technique—in the island realm was then still in leading-strings, and Galsworthy made a breach in the " respectability " of the British drama—indeed he revolutionised it by his realism ! A liberating act of importance in the history of literature, the extent of which perhaps cannot be quite gauged on the Continent where realism has reigned so long. Galsworthy's aim when he wrote " The Silver Box," was to produce a play throughout which there should be no movement, no gesture, no word, no scene, no furniture that would not be there in real life if the fourth wall were removed from the rooms in which the play was staged, and at the same time, of course, so to select these movements, gestures, words, etc., that they brought out not merely scenes of everyday life, but the essence of human

nature in significant situations. This technique of astute realism was absolutely new on the English stage and has broken new ground.

The very rapid opening of the " Silver Box ", perhaps only surpassed by the beginning of " The Show " determines the tempo.

(2) Joy

First Performance in London, September, 1907

This three-act comedy, with the sub-title "A Play on the Letter I", is as different as it can be from "The Silver Box." It is linked with the latter by one leading idea only: a matter which touches ourselves is "a special case." Morals applicable to others, do not apply to us (*vide* also "The Eldest Son"). "Joy" is not concerned with social questions, and except for the relations between mother and daughter, is undramatic. Its real value lies in its delicate atmosphere and, at times, in its subtle specifically English humour. But this comedy of situations, which shows us the ego of all the characters, with one exception, lacks the plasticity and impressiveness of most of Galsworthy's dramas. There is a sort of hitch in its development.

All three acts pass on a summer day on a lawn before Colonel Hope's house by the river. In the centre of this lawn stands an old hollow beech tree. Somewhat like this hollow beech is the ego around which all human actions and affairs circle; a somewhat forced piece of symbolism. At the opening of the play we are at once introduced to the genial, simple, choleric old Colonel Hope and his energetic spouse, and their troubles. They are not getting sufficient dividends from their investments, and are, therefore, almost entirely dependent on the Colonel's pay. But this couple, Mrs. Hope especially, have other cares. Her niece, Mrs. Gwyn, living apart from her husband for several years, is paying them a visit with her lover, Maurice Lever. Mrs. Hope looks on this illicit connection as shocking; still more shocking does it appear to Joy, Mrs. Gwyn's very wilful daughter of seventeen. Joy is wholly in love with her mother, from

whom she has been parted for a few weeks. When she sees her mother's devotion to Lever, whom she detests, she becomes passionately jealous of him. In the end Joy reproaches her mother, and tries to induce her to give up Lever. She herself will be everything to her mother. This is the most dramatic scene of the play. The mother refuses to renounce her love for Lever, and points out to Joy that, sooner or later, she too will give her whole love to a man. And, sure enough, this happens; Joy, on a midsummer's night under a full moon, becomes engaged to young Dick Merton, and his love consoles her for her unsuccessful attempt in keeping the undivided affection of her mother.

Joy, this fresh, young creature, is drawn by the author with great gusto; he shows us a wilful girl in all the selfishness of youth, the awakening of her womanhood and the dawn of love. The Colonel and his somewhat domineering wife, are both diverting; to a certain extent forerunners of Colonel and Mrs. Ercott in "The Dark Flower." Mrs. Gwyn, too, is a precursor of women no longer in their first youth in Galsworthy's later writings. One of the best portrayed figures in this comedy is Maurice Lever, a little bit like Mr. Elderson in "The White Monkey", though decidedly more straightforward. But the best characterised figure of the play, apart from the heroine who gives it its title, is Joy's old governess, Miss Beech, who makes an impression at once humorous and pathetic, and has the philosopher's function in this very English comedy.

(3) Strife

First Performance London, March, 1909

From "Joy", a delicate comedy of egoism, to "Strife" a relentless tragedy of human conflict, is a far leap, bold and perhaps bewildering. Whereas the author in his ironical first play "The Silver Box", stands strongly on the side of the weaker party, in the strike drama "Strife" he achieves a masterly objective impartiality, with an almost lawyer-like weighing of pro and con. In this play right and wrong, tragedy and irony seem equally distributed between the enemy camps. The assertion "everything has two sides" was probably never so justified by any modern drama as by "Strife." Certainly the author pities the sorely suffering workmen, in particular their wives and children, more than the well-fed shareholders who pocket their dividends; but he shows "Labour" as hardly less in the wrong than "Capital." And, in the struggle between John Anthony, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works and David Roberts, leader of the strikers, our sympathy and antipathy constantly waver between the two; at the end, we feel profound pity for both of them.

It is extremely difficult to understand why German pre-war critics found a likeness between this work and Gerhart Hauptmann's "Weavers", with which—waiving the strike and the realistic treatment of theme—it has little in common. They have even gone so far as to reproach the author with having been strongly influenced by the "Weavers." Galsworthy, however, mentioned to me that when he wrote "Strife" he was only acquainted with Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke", and that to this day he has not read or seen the "Weavers!" The assertion indeed of such an

influence is as ludicrous as that of influence by Bernard Shaw. Hauptmann and Galsworthy are two fundamentally different worlds. " The Weavers " is full-blooded and supremely passionate—the poet standing entirely on the side of the working slaves deprived of all civil rights. Passion in the three-act drama " Strife " is, on the contrary, restrained, it seethes under the surface, misery is vented in gasps, not in piercing screams ; and even at the moment of collapse the protagonists retain their British reserve, bearing and self-discipline. In " Strife " there are no turbulent scenes as in " The Weavers ", neither shootings nor deaths on the stage ; the drama conveys at times an impression of fate moving like some irresistible and precise machine toward an inevitable crash. It is a drama of irreconcilable extremisms embodied in the figures of the two chief characters. It is a play on the old Greek theme of hybris—violence that leads to catastrophe—and is by inference a plea for moderation. The protagonists fall through the back-sliding of supporters whom, in their violence, they have outdistanced. They fall despising their followers and bowing their heads in admiration before each other. And, ironically, we admire and pity them who have caused all the trouble, and not their unhappy and moderate followers. " Strife " has been reproached with being " cold to the heart," in reality it is a volcano with a crust of ice. Can you say that of " The Weavers ? "

The whole action passes in a few hours. A strike in the Trenartha Tin Plate Works has already lasted six months. The workmen would long since have made peace with the Board, if the hate-filled " firebrand " David Roberts did not stand at their head ; he is a feverish and die-hard opponent of capitalism, while the Chairman of the Board, the old and obstinate John Anthony, profoundly impressed with the necessity for the capitalistic system confronts him with a resolution fully as unconquerable ; and all the while on both sides the men and the shareholders are tired of the

struggle and want peace. These two fanatical and dynamic natures are blind to the dreadful irony lying in the conflict. Dr. F. C. Steinermayr in his excellent study, " The Evolution of John Galsworthy's World and Artistic Points of View ", perceives in these protagonists two heroes who struggle vainly against the compromising mass of average human nature all around them. The curtain rises on a Board Meeting. The directors have come to Wales from London to try and put an end to the strike. Old Anthony is described as : " big, clean-shaven and high-coloured (apoplectic) with thick white hair and thick dark eyebrows." He has been chairman for more than thirty years ; he founded the Works, has piloted it through many difficult periods. So far, the strike has cost the Tin Plate Works over fifty thousand pounds, the dividends are in danger, but Anthony maintains that to surrender is impossible. His son Edgar thinks it cruelty to increase still further the sufferings of the strikers, but Anthony remains unyielding. " I've always fought them, I've never been beaten yet . . . we've only to hold on . . . better go to the devil than give in " and again, and yet again, " We can't cave in." Simon Harness, the representative of the Trade Union, asks the Board whether they are willing to make concessions ; Anthony refuses. A deputation of workmen is called in. Their leader Roberts is thus described : " A lean man of middle height, with a slight stoop . . . and small fiery eyes." He at once becomes aggressive. To Anthony's " there can only be one master ", he replies : " Then be God, it'll be us." He allows none of the other men to speak. Not a single demand will he withdraw. Anthony parries with : " There is not one single demand on this paper that we will grant." He adjourns the meeting to the afternoon, and Roberts retires repeating that the workmen will not yield an inch. While the members of the Board are lunching, Anthony's daughter Enid tries to persuade him to give way ; his impaired health

at his advanced age is causing her alarm. The secretary, too, warns him of the unreliability of the Board. Finally his faithful servant makes a timid attempt at inducing him to change his mind ; all in vain. The curtain comes down on the old man lunching off a whisky and soda.

The first scene of the second act gives us dramatic contrast. We have just seen the shareholders prosperous, apprehensive, egoistic ; we are now shown the hungering working women. We meet them in the poor rooms of Annie Roberts, the consumptive and dying wife of the workmen's leader. From Annie's talk with the other women, it is obvious that few of the women are on Roberts' side, and that most of the workmen are only following him unwillingly. Enid, gentle and kind, then enters ; in the old days Annie had been maid at the Anthony's and Enid would like to help her now. While the two women are discussing the strike and the suffering it has caused, Annie observes : " Roberts says a working man's life is all a gamble, from the time 'e's born to the time 'e dies." Roberts, who has no idea how ill his wife is, appears and brusquely refuses all help from the daughter of his adversary ; then he goes to the workmen's meeting which is to decide their conditions. A little boy blows a few sad notes on a tin whistle while Annie lies there in pain. Pious old Thomas, one of the strikers, declares : " Chapel says : ' don't carry on this strife,' " and tells the dying woman that the men are going to abandon Roberts. And Madge, the fiery working girl, persuades her lover Rous to break his word, in spite of his oath to support Roberts. " I've no patience with it ", she cries to Annie Roberts, " waiting an' waiting—that's what a woman has to do." The misery among the workmen has broken down their resistance. A stirring scene which racks the nerves, but more a description of conditions than drama.

In the second, more tumultuous, scene of this act, the meeting of the strikers is taking place on an open muddy

place near the factory. The Trades Union Official tries to induce the workmen to revise their demands. Pious old Thomas does the same. Then, to Roberts' amazement, Rous also turns passionately against him. And the demagogue who sees the leadership slipping from his hands, launches out in fiery rhetoric. Their lives, their whole future are at stake. He hurls defiance at Capital, in scathing language he indicts the prevailing system. " 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting . . . not for ourselves, our little bodies and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after us throughout all time." He has turned them again to his side, then suddenly Madge rushes in and tells him that his wife is dying. Roberts hurries away. Rous speaks again and without further ado the majority of the men decide to allow the Trades Union to make terms for them.

Act III: Contrast again—Enid is sitting in her pleasant drawing-room. Old Anthony is questioning her about her attempt at the Roberts. " You think ", he says, " with your gloved hands you can cure the trouble of the century." He goes back to the Board room, and the working girl, Madge, appears to inform Enid with suppressed savagery that Annie Roberts has died of cold and hunger. " Her hands were blue with the cold." There follows a moment of excited quarrel between these women of two worlds, between which lies an abyss over which no bridge leads (as in " Fraternity ", which appeared the same year).

Then old Anthony returns from the Board room. He has been personally insulted by one of the Directors. There is a general demand from the Board that an end be made on the best terms possible. On the top of this the news of Annie Roberts' death falls like a bomb. Anthony's son, Edgar, urges him to give up this war on women and children. Then, just as Roberts did, so now Anthony makes a last powerful effort to persuade his side to continue the struggle. " It has been said that masters and men are equal! Cant! There

can only be one master in a house ! Where two men meet, the better man will rule. It has been said that Capital and Labour have the same interests. Cant ! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. . . . It is for *us* to lead and determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear and favour—Fear of the men ! Fear of the shareholders ! Fear of our own shadows ! Before I am like that I hope to die ! There is only one way of treating ' Men '—*with the iron hand*—Yield one demand and they will make it six. . . . I am thinking of the future of this country, threatened with the black waters of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot see."

But Anthony, too, the solitary fighter, speaks in vain ; they all vote against him. He is defeated. " Suddenly he heaves a great sigh as though the whole of his life had risen up within him. ' Fifty years ! You have disgraced me, Gentlemen. Bring in the men.' " The deputation enters again, followed by Harness. The terms are signed. Roberts suddenly comes in, and is informed by Harness that the strikers go back to work again the following morning. In despair Roberts turns to Anthony as his last hope. *He* surely hasn't given in. But he learns that the Board have also thrown over their Chairman and breaks into half-mad laughter. " ' So they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony ? ' —' Go home quietly, man, go home,' says Harness to him. ' Home ? ' repeats Roberts. And then—shrinking together—in a whisper—' Home ! ' "

This really fine scene is topped by one yet finer. " Anthony rises with an effort. He turns to Roberts who looks at him . . . lifts his hand as though to salute, but lets it fall. The expression of Roberts' face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect." And after all have left the room, the Company's secretary goes up to the Trades Union Official and says : " D'you know, Sir—these terms, they're the very same we drew up together, you

and I, and put to both sides before the fight began. All this—all this—and what for?" Harness answers: "That's where the fun comes in!"

This is a great and powerful drama and I do not think that, so far, Galsworthy has surpassed it. The writer has treated his subject with the utmost conscientiousness; according to his own words, he had the opportunity from 1899 to 1904, of studying the relations of capital and labour at first hand. But to particularise the work as a profound study of social problems would not be doing justice to its ethical and artistic content. All the suffering comes from the implacability of the two extremists, Anthony and Roberts. So it is ever in party struggle—extremism with its demagogy and its pride and its greed of power waste human life, cause infinite trouble. Only through mutual toleration, mutual concession and agreement can human society progress. And however much we may sympathise with the Anthonys and the Robertses of this life, iron-willed and high-principled, they are none the less enemies of Society. The "Fisher of Men", Miltoun in "The Patrician" and many other Galsworthian autocrats arouse our absorbed interest and sympathy, but we should never dream of wishing that such dictators should come to power.

The other characters in "Strife" are also well outlined and contrasted—the workmen and the members of the Board, the women of the two camps. The play shows the author's usual dramatic terseness, sometimes possibly carried to excess. The scene without words, however, immediately before the end, produces a wonderful effect—(there are absolutely wordless scenes also in "Justice", "Loyalties", "The Show", etc.). Let us try to imagine how many words other dramatists would have put into the mouths of Anthony and Roberts at this climax of the play.

In Germany, this play which created the greatest sensation both in London and New York and consolidated the author's

fame as a playwright, found, after its successful production in Vienna (1913), but little response, owing mainly, no doubt, to faulty production. Not even to-day, in spite of all social revolutions and changes brought about by the war, has " Strife " lost any of its " eternal value." On the contrary, the vast strikes of recent years only go to prove that no essential change has taken place in the relations between Capital and Labour—outwardly perhaps much, inwardly hardly any. That problem to-day is as unsolved as when " Strife " was penned. As for the underlying theme of hybris, according to immutable laws, the struggle between extremists for power, goes on now as then. In this work, Galsworthy has well shown the width of his conceptions.

(4) Justice

First Performance London, February, 1910

Galsworthy cannot abstain from occupying himself with Justice, prison, and the sad fate of beings in confinement. To the depths of his soul he abhors imprisonment, in any shape or form for man or beast. He experiences a kind of natural revolt against restriction—spiritual or physical—on freedom. In that deeply moving sketch, " The Prisoner ", he makes the narrator say : " I can't bear things in cages ; animals, birds or men. I hate to see or think of them."

In most cases, the " workings of the Law " seem to him only to increase disaster. The reproach therefore, so often levelled at him, that he cannot do without police and courts of justice as such, is based on ignorance of his views of life. They are merely the best machinery available for the conveyance of his philosophy. Apart from " Justice ", the drama now under discussion, the Law figures more or less prominently in " The Silver Box ", " The Pigeon ", " The Fugitive ", " A Family Man ", " Loyalties ", " Windows ", " The First and the Last ", and in his most recent drama, " Escape." We have glimpses of it in his novels, " The Forsyte Saga ", and " A Modern Comedy ", " Villa Rubein ", " The Island Pharisees ", " The Country House ", " The Freelands " ; in the long short stories : " The First and the Last ", " The Juryman ", " The Feud," " Late—299 ", and in a series of sketches and studies, particularly in " A Commentary." Some continental critics declare " Justice " old-fashioned, on the ground that it contains court-of-justice and prison scenes ! But I do not think that I am guilty of exaggeration in asserting that no man of feeling who has seen this drama acted properly can fail to be swept away by

its overpowering effect, can ever forget it, just as no man of feeling can ever forget the sketch, " The Prisoner ", if he has read it with a right understanding. It is Galsworthy's deep and genuine love of humanity, his compassion for the weak and the caged, which creates the overwhelming effect that no one with any heart can resist. He has written plays with better stage effects and more humour than " Justice ", but certainly none more poignant. In 1910, " Justice " fell like a bomb on the indifferent London theatre-going public, accustomed to work which turned truth topsy-turvy, to superficially sentimental plays, and comedies of the most banal type. Winston Churchill, the then Home Secretary, was so extraordinarily impressed by " Justice ", that, after bringing the matter before Parliament for debate, he effected important reforms in the solitary confinement and " ticket of leave " systems. In this respect, Galsworthy may be cited with Charles Dickens and Charles Reade, both of whom brought about essential reforms in English prison life. It would be a mistake though, to suppose that the author's intention was to write a " tendency " play for this particular purpose. His intention was to go much further, to present a picture of the general blindness of Justice, to show in correct proportion, the problem of Society's attitude towards the erring individual. Through the blind and compartmental working of its legal machinery, Society crushes the individual who has sinned against the Law. But a criminal having atoned through punishment, should surely have the chance to become once more a useful member of society. Added disaster is wrought by punishment ; and the real tragedy of " Justice " lies perhaps less in Falder's mental tortures in prison and moral shipwreck afterwards, than in the certainty we feel—even before his conviction—that he will not go out of prison a reformed man, but broken and unfit to cope with life !

" Should a forger then go free ? Should criminals then

remain unpunished ? " As can be easily understood, these questions were raised. " Galsworthy ", it was said, " has presented a problem, but has given us no solution to it." In a sense this is true, but, as he maintains in his admirable essay, " Some Platitudes concerning Drama ", it is not the task of the writer to find the solution. In Galsworthy's artistic opinion, the dramatist has merely to present the problem, and the looker-on is then to draw his own conclusions, after weighing the pros and cons. But indubitably, from " Justice " resounds the clarion call of its writer : " More understanding, more Humanity ! " If prisons were conducted in a way that took more account of the mental state and sufferings of the prisoners ; more as " reformatories " in the humane sense of the word—it would be to the benefit of Society no less than of the prisoner. If Society showed more sympathy to the prisoner after his release, much evil could be stayed. It is the stigma " criminal " that does the harm. It is certainly true that of late years great improvements have taken place. As Galsworthy says, through the mouth of a retired judge in " Escape ", " they've introduced a human feeling." All the same it is and always will be difficult to comprehend the sufferings of one's fellow-men and suffer with them, it will always be rare to have good will enough to interest oneself actively. No one wants to have anything to do with prison. The human craving for " ease and comfort " stands in the way. And in any age this play will be a welcome reminder of these truths.

The first act of " Justice " takes place in the office of Mr. James How, solicitor. His son Walter is modern, progressive ; the father rigidly conservative and unbending. We encounter all sorts of lawyers in Galsworthy's plays, novels, and short stories. In Mr. How's select office, no employee has ever been guilty of a serious offence ; the blow is therefore all the more crushing, when the head of the firm discovers that young Falder, who, until then, had behaved in an

exemplary manner, has forged a cheque. With the money thus procured, Falder had intended to go abroad with Ruth Honeywill, who is most brutally ill-treated by her husband. In vain do Walter and Cokeson, the old managing clerk, implore Mr. How to spare Falder. The solicitor has him arrested just as he is about to leave the office to save Ruth and her children from her husband. So he enters " the cage of the Law ", and the door clangs to behind him !

Two months later the trial takes place. This is one of the best and most affecting acts ever penned by Galsworthy and in it he has quite abandoned his usual reserve. The counsel for the defence pleads in eloquent words for the release of the accused. Falder is a gentle being of weak character ; he is no ordinary criminal ; he committed the forgery in a condition of the greatest distress, of irresponsibility, after witnessing the ill-treatment of the woman he loves by her husband. In his counsel's speech there are golden words of wisdom. " There is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done . . . If the prisoner be found guilty and treated as a criminal, he will in all probability, become one . . . Justice is a machine that when someone has once given it the starting push, rolls on of itself. Is this young man to be ground to pieces under this machine for an act which at the worst was one of weakness ? " But the counsel for the Crown, the judge and the jury, already prejudiced against Falder by the fact that he loves a married woman, although " immoral relations " have not yet taken place ; and remembering that he is a " clerk in a lawyer's office ", reject the plea of irresponsibility ; the prisoner is found guilty of forgery, and the judge sentences him to three years' penal servitude. He meets the warning of Falder's counsel thus : " The Law is what it is—a majestic edifice, sheltering all of us, each stone of which rests on another. . . . I cannot feel it in accordance with my duty to exercise the powers I have in your favour."

The third act, in three scenes, shows us the prison where Falder is serving his time. It is Christmas Eve. The prison authorities, at their head the kindly Governor, are in no sense brusque or harsh to the convicts; they would indeed like to help them, but the system of which they are the slaves prevents this. The fact that Galsworthy has not drawn ordinary sadistic tormentors, but human beings whose good intentions are rendered abortive by the institution "prison," makes the first and second scenes quite moving. Even a first offender like Falder was then forced to spend three months in solitary confinement. The oppressive monotony, the stern prohibition against exchanging a word with another human creature drives him and others almost mad. Falder, who has always been nervous, is constantly brooding on what is going on outside the prison walls. At the instigation of Cokeson, who has visited him, the convict is examined by the prison doctor as to his state of health. "Can't make anything much of him. . . . He hasn't lost weight. Nothing wrong with his eyes. His pulse is good Talks all right." And in response to the Governor's question: "It doesn't amount to melancholia?" the doctor, shaking his head, replies: "I can report on him if you like; but if I do, I ought to report on others." Falder must "Just stick it!"

The third scene, a short one without words, is, of its kind, novel on the stage—"Falder's cell in the fast fading daylight. He is trying harder and harder to hear something, any little thing that is going on outside." Then he paces up and down like an animal in its cage. . . . "A sound from far away as of distant, dull beating on thick metal, is suddenly audible . . ." The convicts are beating on their doors. "The banging sound, travelling from cell to cell, draw closer and closer. Falder's hands are seen moving as if his spirit had already joined in this beating, and the sound swells until it seems to have entered the very cell. He

ddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door and beats on it."

A beating against the iron doors of human-inhuman institutions! A shaking at the iron gates of the barbarity which, despite our highly-vaunted civilisation, still sways Justice! He, whom this scene does not shake from his "pitiful ease," whom it does not move most deeply and force to reflection—is beyond help!

Fourth and last act: Again in Mr. How's office as in Act I. Falder's time is up. A place has been found for him, but he has only stayed there three weeks, for it "got out." And now he pleads with Cokeson "to give him another chance." He is in a terrible mental condition; he is struggling against a thing that is all round him. "It's as if I were in a net." . . . His relations will have nothing to do with him. "It doesn't do to associate with criminals." Again Cokeson and Walter How intercede with the head of the firm for Falder, but old Mr. How, prejudiced against all "weak characters," will only give "the gaol-bird" another chance if Falder will consent to break finally with Ruth Honeywill, who has turned up again. She has, in the meantime, left her husband; but, since she could barely support herself and her children by needlework, has been caused by want to give herself to her employer, and to sink even lower. Falder cannot bear to abandon Ruth, the only person left to him; then he learns of her mode of life. At the same time, a detective appears to arrest him again; though still under police supervision, Falder has failed to report himself, and moreover, has forged a reference in order to get a job. But he will not be dragged a second time into the prison hell. He flings himself over the stairs and breaks his neck. "He's safe with gentle Jesus", says the pious Cokeson, in deep agitation. On these cruelly ironical and scathing words, the play ends.

Ruth Honeywill, the only female character in the play

(" The Forest " is the only other with but one woman in it), belongs to the Galsworthian type of woman who, at first patient, eventually rebels. Like Clare Dedmond in " The Fugitive ", and Audrey Noel in " The Patrician ", she married very young without knowing her mind, and later cannot live with her husband. She suffers unspeakably from her husband's brutality and drunken fits. It is significant that the social institutions of that same Society which deprived her of Falder, have forced her to immorality. Justice, the guardian of morality, has ruined not only Falder, but has also on its conscience the fate of Ruth. Thus the machinery of the Law crushes simultaneously a perhaps promising couple who might have led useful lives. Falder, in his weakness and nervousness, reminds us a little of " A Lost Dog " in " A Commentary ", and Larry Darrant, in " The First and the Last." A sympathetic figure is the old clerk Cokeson, a faithful old dog, whose old-fashioned mannerisms remind one somewhat of Dickens' characters ; he brings into the tragedy of the play a little light and humour. This part, as well as those of Ruth and Falder, need reserve in interpretation. Sentimentality is abhorred by Galsworthy. The cell scene will not bear exaggeration and must not last too long, especially the banging at the end. The hunting-down theme from " The Silver Box " finds a powerful crescendo in " Justice." (We shall meet it again in many variations in " The Pigeon ", " The Fugitive ", " The Skin Game ", " The Show " and " Escape.") If " Justice " lacks the dramatic concentration of " Strife ", its action is fuller and more thrilling than that more static drama. If not quite of the same æsthetic value, its humanity puts it on a high level.

(5) A Note on the Little Dream

(*Music by Wolfgang von Bartels*)

First Performance, Manchester, 1911

"Villa Rubein", Galsworthy's early novel, ends with the symbolical question: "Can we never have enough?" and this is—at least—one of the leading ideas in "The Little Dream", the allegory in six scenes which followed the first four realistic dramas, and in which the poet, thinker and symbolist, in Galsworthy comes far more to the front than does the dramatist. This delicately-sensed fantasy of a soul filled with yearning, is almost too delicate to be coarsened—as it must be—by expression on the boards; a poem in the atmosphere of the full moon, steeped in ethereal fragrance, in nature and the mood of mountain heights. The quest of a young girl's spirit for experience and knowledge. Life, from the idyllic, and life from the realistic side, contrast between the peace of mountain side and the lure of cities. Each of the three leading characters—Seelchen (Little Soul), Felsman (Mountaineer) and Lamond (The World)—is a symbol, an idea. Felsman, peace, the rugged harmony of nature and the mountains; Lamond, the vivid adventurer, the restless sybarite, incorporating disharmony and the empty joys of the cities; and, between them both, the blossoming "Little Soul" of the Alpine hut, awakened to womanhood by their kisses. Seelchen, swaying hither and thither in her "little dream", between these incompatible modes of life, flung hither and thither between the most contradictory feelings and recognitions, and passing—after experience of country and town, of rustic peace, and the fevers of the city—into the reconciling and everlasting country beyond death.

The music for this play, written by Wolfgang von Bartels, son of the well-known German painter, is extremely beautiful and appropriate.

None of Galsworthy's other dramas, with the exception possibly of some scenes in " A Bit o' Love ", contain so much music of their own as this short Dream Allegory. Whether its whole symbolism—apart from the mountain girl and the two men—whether the various apparitions, voices, etc., can be made comprehensible on the stage, will, after all, depend essentially on a very perfect and careful production. The language, at times sparse and reticent, and then full of poetry, exacts a rendering both plastic and convincing. This work is free from all rationalism. Seelchen is the incorporation of human longing. It matters little whether a simple, unsophisticated mountain girl could, in truth, have such a dream, for this is purely allegorical drama, and certainly anything but a " popular theatrical piece." Whatever ultimate perfection may be lacking in " The Little Dream ", it is an important item in the long list of Galsworthian dramas, with which we would on no account dispense. It really does one good that for once in his plays, Galsworthy should have abandoned the realm of stern and objective reality and should paint in such delicate, yet vivid colours. The mood of this allegory lingers over a little into his next drama, " The Pigeon."

(6) The Pigeon

First Performance London, January, 1912

Following the allegory "The Little Dream", "The Pigeon", which a London newspaper significantly described as "a modern Christmas Carol", is called by the author "a fantasy," but is more in the nature of a tragi-comedy. It appears to differ from Galsworthy's usual style, insofar as it is almost freakish in idea and construction, without, however, for a moment forsaking the realms of fact. This blend of fact and fancy lends the play a peculiar charm; its ironical wit, depth of sentiment, the individuality of its characters, the mingled colour, and atmosphere throughout, make it indubitably one of Galsworthy's most attractive works.

The first act is one of the best he ever penned. It describes the lot of three derelicts who come, in turn, on Christmas Eve, to seek shelter with the painter, Christopher Wellwyn. The second act which, in subtlety and ironic wit, even surpasses the first, pursues the destinies of these three wastrels, and ridicules the attempts of three reformers to reclaim them. In the third act, we finally recognise that the derelicts are "irreclaimable", for such as they, there is no "salvation."

Wellwyn, the middle-aged painter, is a more or less cheerful version of Hilary Dallison in "Fraternity." Like Hilary, he is tormented by his social conscience—continually forced by pity to offer a helping hand to derelicts. Both Hilary and Wellwyn are obsessed by the idea of readiness to help. (Just like Gregory Vigil in "The Country House" and a series of Galsworthy's other men and women.) Wellwyn, though, is more a man of action, and a natural fraterniser, not restricted by Hilary's hyper-refined æstheticism. He

particularly differs from Hilary in his saving sense of humour, which makes light work of all his disappointments. Wastrels come to Wellwyn from an instinctive feeling that he has a weak spot for them, and Wellwyn cannot resist them. He knows well enough that they take continual advantage of his kindness, yet he has to go on being kind. By granting asylum in his own house, he carries his love for his neighbours further than any of Galsworthy's other humanitarians, supplies what the old " wandering Jew " in the short story " A Simple Tale " seeks and cannot find. He has himself little, but what little he has, he gives with open hands, to the despair of Ann, his practical, matter-of-fact daughter, the embodiment of " sound common sense ", and indignant with her " incorrigible " father. Wellwyn is not only overrun by derelicts ; but by friends who, at all costs, desire to reclaim the " irreclaimable." The persistence of these " reformers " endeavouring to convert the derelicts to a healthier mode of living is just as unwelcome to Ann as the persistence of the derelicts in plucking her father. Finally at her wits' ends, she induces him to move to a seventh-floor flat without a lift, in another street. Wellwyn, however, " incorrigible " as the derelicts, on whom all the efforts of his friends have come to grief, in the very act of moving gives his new address to the poor devils, wastrels and reformers alike, who have all turned up again. So at the end he is exactly where he was at the beginning ! " It's stronger than me " he says to his despairing daughter.

Round, then, this central figure of Wellwyn, practical benefactor, gyrate these opposing groups of wastrels and reformers. The wastrels are : the very youthful flower-seller and " light of love " Guinevere Megan, Timson, the old cabby, a confirmed drunkard, and Ferrand, the Flemish vagabond. The three reformers are : the good-natured but unctuously orthodox parson Bertley, who stands for the Church, the pedantic Professor Calway who stands for

Scientific Philanthropy, and the hectoring Sir Thomas Hoxton who stands for Police Court Methods. These reformers come to loggerheads. In the second act the representatives of Justice and Science stumble and fall over the drunken cabdriver lying in the dark outside the front door! As Ferrand puts it "They have fallen out over the individual, Monsieur." There it is! All theory stumbles over the incorrigible individuality of mankind. All experiments at reform are frustrated by the "human nature" of those to be reformed! In their short-sighted obstinacy, the would-be improvers are as "incorrigible" as the wastrels! At the end of the play the derelicts are once more "down and out"; and the reformers bankrupt of their methods. And all that is left is Wellwyn's casual benevolence, his sympathetic humanity. Real *help* there cannot be, for every attempt at real help is frustrated in advance by hopeless temperament. Some London audiences were disappointed in this last act. They had laughed heartily at the first two acts, without sensing the gravity under the gay and ironic surface. In the last act, where the inexorable conclusions from the first two acts are drawn, laughter dies away. It had escaped the notice of the disappointed, in fact, that this is a tragi-comedy, or rather a comic tragedy. In this play Galsworthy to some extent breaks through his usual reserve. Except for the Court scene in "Justice" and the scene between Johnny and Faith in "Windows", he rarely, such is his peculiar brevity, allows his characters to express themselves so fully and impressively as Ferrand in the last act of "The Pigeon." Ferrand is one of the most original, best conceived, and most enduring figures in the large gallery of Galsworthian types. This vagabond with his French elegance and sardonic humour, this knight errant and gentleman of the road, this profound philosopher and anti-bourgeois who hurls the most cynical truths at one's head with such irresistible charm, has already made our

acquaintance in the "Island Pharisees", and in the three very characteristic short stories "Courage", "Compensation" and "A Simple Tale." In the author's hands he is an admirable medium for the proclamation of ideas, and for contrasting the hungry with the well-fed. It would never be a matter for surprise, if Ferrand were again resurrected some day. Ferrand, with his caustic Gallic esprit, introduces a valuable and effervescent relief into the earnestness of "The Pigeon." In the last act, he voices the climax of social misery: "Ah. Monsieur, I am loafer, waster, what you like; for all that—poverty is my only crime. If I were rich, should I not be simply 'veree original', 'ighly respected, with soul above commerce, travelling to see the world? And that young girl, would she not be 'that charming ladee', 'veree chic, you know?' and the Old Timson, 'good old-fashioned gentleman drinking his liquor well'." Whereupon Wellwyn: "We're our own enemies, Ferrand. I can afford it—you can't—quite true."

In most of Galsworthy's plays and novels, there lies an appeal—tacit generally—towards the understanding of man by man. Ferrand after explaining to the painter that *he* (Wellwyn) alone understands the wastrels, pours out his heart: "If I had one prayer to make, Monsieur, it would be 'Good God, give me to understand.' Those sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and chain our 'abits . . . but our spirits they cannot touch, for they nevare understand. Without that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange." What do these reformers know of the real life of wastrels? Better leave them in peace! "Leave us to live, or leave us to die when we like in the free air", demands the rebellious vagabond. In them all is something wild, something unbridled, something "of wild savage." "The good God made me so that I would rather walk a whole month of nights, hungry with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool.

I cannot help it that I am a vagabond. What would you have? It is stronger than me." That in the nature of human beings no fundamental changes can be made is one of Galsworthy's pet beliefs.

" It is stronger than me," so too says Wellwyn, of his incorrigible compassionate impulses; so might the reformers say of their salvational obsessions. Some critics have contended that the play is just a brief for misunderstood human derelicts. But it's not quite only that. Each of us, irrespective of caste and calling, can well ask ourselves whether we do not possess at least *one* arrant weakness, something unbridled, a vice, a passion, which might be our ruin, if we were socially hard pressed.

Timson, the old cabdriver, is another remarkably Galsworthian figure. Timson is drawn humorously as the typically narrow-minded Englishman of the lowest class, who hates foreigners, and as a sponger who dubs all other rivals " sponger "! And yet the crafty old toper has some touching human traits; and when, at the end, he appears at Wellwyn's, gone to rack and ruin, and, opening his tattered driving coat, points to his ragged trousers, and babbles: " On me larst legs, sir ", a shudder of real pity runs through one.

Truly Galsworthian likewise is Mrs. Megan, the young flower-seller! We have come across a similar figure in the short story " Once More." In a short scene in the second act, the curtain is lifted from her married life. A few terse ironical sentences, reveal a little of the misery of a great city. She finally goes on the streets, having worn out the patience of everyone till they think her better dead. But when she tries to drown herself, since in England suicide is an offence, the constable who has fished her out is obliged to take her in charge for trying to take her life. Wellwyn, usually mildness itself, can no longer restrain himself, and bursts out despairingly: " Well, God in heaven—of all the

d—d topsy-turvy—not a soul in the world wants her alive —and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where everyone wants her."

This flower-girl, filled with the *joie de vivre*, may be compared with Faith in "Windows." Faith, the girl of the people, cannot live without dancing, and, when drowning, dancing is what Mrs. Megan thinks of.

Wellwyn ranks among the author's finest inspirations; he is a true gentleman in the best sense of the word.

(7) The Eldest Son

First Performance, London, November, 1912

This play, although written before " Justice " and " The Little Dream ", at the beginning of 1909, was not produced till after " The Pigeon." The basic idea, dual morality, resembles that of " The Silver Box." In plain words : The same thing, done by a rich man of " the better class ", and a poor man of " the lower class ", is not the same thing. The aristocrat gets off, the proletarian must " pay the piper." In construction, too, this drama, with its parallelism, bears a strong resemblance to " The Silver Box." " The Silver Box " is the more effective on the stage, and its structure is less visible ; but " The Eldest Son " is more mature, more delicate, more finely shaded and more interesting in its character drawing. " The Silver Box " ends on a hopeless note, the rich carry the day, but in " The Eldest Son ", free spirit triumphs, and the " better class " suffers a moral reverse. The setting is much the same as in the novel " The Country House " : the family to which the drama happens of the same class and much the same temper—landed gentry. " The Eldest Son " is, in milieu and characters, indeed, one of Galsworthy's most typically English plays.

The Cheshire family—like the Pendyces in " The Country House "—are a quasi-feudal family which passes its time, partly in their coverts and the hunting field and partly in the west-end of London. In the brief, very lively, first scene of the first act, the whole family is introduced ; its members in turn descend the staircase in the hall of the old house to go in to dinner. At the foot of this staircase, Freda Studdenham, Lady Cheshire's maid, is waiting with

roses in her hand, and attention is at once focussed on this pale, modest girl. She is the daughter of Studdenham, head gamekeeper in Sir William Cheshire's service. The roses are intended for a guest, the attractive young Irishwoman, Mabel Lanfarne. We soon learn that there is a liaison between Freda and Bill, the eldest son and heir of the house. The father, Sir William Cheshire, is described as " a man of fifty-eight, bull-necked, with grey eyes and a well-coloured face " ; Bill, the son, as " a tall good-looking edition of his father, with the same stubborn look of veiled choler." Lady Cheshire, his mother, is a " refined-looking woman of fifty, with an expression at once gentle and ironic." In the second scene of this act which takes place directly after dinner (this two-scene division with a quite short interval is technically reminiscent, too, of " The Silver Box "), we find the family, which consists of two sons, one son-in-law and three daughters, assembled with its guest round the fireplace talking over the last event of interest. It seems that the young underkeeper does not want to marry the village girl, Rose Taylor, although she is expecting his child. Sir William, who " can't have open scandals in the village," has required the young man to marry the girl. " I'm not forcing you," he explains. " But if you refuse, you must go, that's all." This little affair out of the way, the Squire proceeds to tackle his son Bill for spending too much money and not taking his position as the heir to a baronetcy seriously enough. Sir William, like Horace Pendyce in " The Country House ", has a very exalted opinion of the duties and position of a squire in national life. He wishes Bill to marry Mabel Lanfarne, whom Bill greatly admired a short while back, and then go into Parliament. The " infernal Radicals " are pressing on from all sides and " everybody must buckle to and save the landmarks left while there is still time." But Bill neither wants to stand for Parliament nor to marry. And when Sir William tries

to enforce his paternal authority, Bill rejoins, " You can't force me like young Dunning." A domestic scene appears inevitable, but the gentle Lady Cheshire, who reminds one of Margery Pendyce but is more worldly and energetic, prevents a clash. At the end of this act, Freda informs Bill that she is in the same condition as Rose Taylor. The young man is thunderstruck !

At the beginning of the second act, Lady Cheshire is vainly endeavouring to convince Rose, the stolid village girl, that if she tries to force Dunning to marry her, the marriage cannot be a happy one. Shortly afterwards, she experiences the painful shock of seeing Freda in the arms of her son. Thus caught Bill declares to her that he is going to marry Freda ! During the cross-examination by the mother which follows, Bill sticks loyally to Freda, Freda to Bill. To Lady Cheshire, stunned by the blow, only one thing is clear : this marriage must be prevented at all costs, it would only spell misery for two young people, too utterly dissimilar in every respect to be able to live together for long. She gives vent to words of wisdom and truth about marriage, which she knows so well from personal experience. And then suddenly she learns of Freda's condition.

The splendid scene between Freda and Lady Cheshire which follows is interrupted by her three daughters, who want to rehearse the old-fashioned play, " Caste ", whose moral is that difference in caste need not necessarily be a barrier to love. Sir William also hurries unsuspectingly and genially into the room—he is going hunting—and holds out his gloved right hand to Freda so that she may button his stiff glove. Mabel Lanfarne now joins the inquisitive girls ; and, after his father's departure, Bill bursts out with the news : " I'm engaged to my mother's maid."

The third act, the strongest of this rapid family drama, takes place a few hours later. Suspense has reached its climax ; the whole family is awaiting Sir William's return

from hunting and his decision when he learns the dreadful news. During this time, Bill says to his younger brother Harold, " I'm not the sort that finds it easy to say things." A sentence which is characteristic, not only of the landowner class, but of the reticent British race, of reserved British breeding. The effect of the news on Sir William even surpasses expectation. He raves, holds forth to his wife in a long tirade. He reverses the views he had expressed the previous evening to the keeper Dunning. " Morality be d—d ! " says yesterday's champion of morality. Another leading Galsworthian idea ; theory and practice—how fundamentally opposed they generally are. Christine, the eldest daughter, urges her mother, regardless of pride, to go on her knees to Freda to give up Bill ; the Squire, nearly crazy, *commands* his wife to talk to the unfortunate girl. Poor tormented Lady Cheshire answers : " There are things one can't do." . . . " I have been to her ; I've tried ; I (putting her hand to her throat) couldn't get it out." " Send the girl to me," orders Sir William. " I'll speak to her myself." And now follows one of the most delightfully English scenes in any of Galsworthy's plays. At the sight of the pretty passive Freda Sir William quite fails to be ungentlemanlike. All he can say is that he'll speak to his son. So he summons Bill and informs him that if he marries Freda he must fend for himself ; he will disinherit him in favour of his younger brother. Bill, no less obstinate than his parent, remains obdurate. " You put the butt end of the pistol to Dunning's head yesterday, you put the other end to mine to-day. Well ! Let the d—d thing off ! " The dispute is at deadlock, when old Studdenham enters to announce that Dunning " will do the proper thing." Sir William then tells him about Bill and Freda. At first Studdenham can't grasp it, and " moves his hands as if wringing the neck of a bird." " My girl was—was good enough for any man. It's not for him that's—that's—to look down on her ",

stammers the old man. There is a moment of suspense before Freda, seeing Bill " standing rigid with his jaw set," turns from him and cries out " No ! " As Sir William utters a sound of profound relief, Studdenham's emotion turns to anger. " She may ha' slipped her good name, but she'll keep her proper pride. I'll have no *charity marriage* in my family", he growls. " If the young gentleman has tired of her in three months . . . she's not for him ! " And he leads away his daughter who, in contrast to Rose Taylor, renounces a marriage which can only lead to misery, and voluntarily shoulders her cross. Freda, the apparently weak, passive girl, and her father, an old man in a dependent position, have carried off the moral victory. The Cheshires can breathe in relief, but they remain discomfited.

A new and courageous ending, far removed from the tearful convention of the stage ! Sir William Cheshire, one of the writer's most clearly visualised figures, is a typical John Bull, perhaps even more so than Horace Pendyce. He is not unlike the Reverend Hussel Barter. Later on, Bill will be exactly the same bumptious aristocrat, like the more staid George Pendyce. But for his upbringing Bill might try a new life, farming or what not with Freda, who would probably make him an excellent and loving wife. As it is, he is destined to an existence of social nothings and idle sport. The system has brought him up to be a country gentleman, with plenty of people to work for him. As portrayed by the author, he would be *bound* to be unhappy with Freda. Sooner or later he will no doubt marry a Mabel Lanfarne, and lead the same life as Sir William and Lady Cheshire, as Horace Pendyce and Margery, his wife.

Perhaps this play is somewhat too tightly constructed and too concentrated, so that its irony is not immediately apparent. Some will say that, in view of all the recent social upheavals, the marriage of a young aristocrat with

a humble servant girl would be quite possible nowadays. Yes! But certainly not probable, even now. And Galsworthy's intention was just to throw an ironical light on average human nature and show that social fusion is not the easy matter some would have us believe. However we may talk of equality, we can't change human nature. (*Vide* also "A Commentary", "Fraternity", "The Pigeon", "Windows.") Galsworthy's reformers always come to grief on the immutability of human nature. When this is once clear to his readers, they will cease to talk of "tendency" in his works.

(8) The Fugitive

First Performance, London, 1913

This play in four acts, differs much from the social dramas, " The Silver Box " and " Strife ", nor is it in the same category as the author's pronounced family dramas, such as " Joy ", " The Eldest Son " and " A Family Man." It centres round an individual.

This central figure is a woman : Clare, George Dedmond's wife unhappily married, so that involuntary recollections arise of Irene in " The Forsyte Saga ", Olive Cramier in " The Dark Flower ", and Audrey Noel in " The Patrician " (though Clare is of a totally different type). And Clare, like those other three, is hunted. This recurrent hunting theme in Galsworthy's writings has already been repeatedly alluded to. It is inherent, of course, in the work of a man whose main theme is " the individual versus society " ; the theme which gives the epic quality to his work. The action of " The Fugitive " is spread over a whole year, and ends with Clare's suicide. We come across suicide, too, in " Justice ", in " Loyalties ", twofold in " The First and the Last ", attempted suicide in " The Pigeon " and " The Skin Game ", and camouflaged suicide in " Old English."

Clare is most carefully drawn ; but, if comparison be permissible between a drama and a novel, she is inferior, say, to Irene in force and artistic impressiveness. The shaping of a character in a play is rarely as convincing as the shaping of it in a novel. Clare, who comes from an impoverished family, is the wife of the worthy and prosaic young Englishman, George Dedmond ; she has married young, without experience, and—like Irene in " The Man of Property " and Ruth Honeywill in " Justice "—without

knowing her own nature. George is a matter of fact person (see the delightfully ironical sketch of a similar type in " A Commentary "), without a spark of imagination or humour. He has money, his wife has only charm and wit. George is perhaps more sympathetic than Soames Forsyte, but in the course of four years life with him has become real torture to Clare. Her married life appears to her one long lie ! To stay with her husband and *not* live with him goes against the grain ; she has too high a standard of honour to allow her only to take and give nothing in return.

The crisis comes when Clare, under the influence of the young bohemian Kenneth Malise, writer and journalist, tells her husband that she wants to leave him. George Dedmond then behaves to her as Soames to Irene in " The Man of Property." This atavistic incident only precipitates Clare's flight. She is one of those natures that have something untameable and desperate in them, which *must* break out at times !

In Act II she comes to Malise for advice, and we see his untidy, poorly-furnished room, almost the exact antithesis to George's prosperous flat. Malise, man of ideas and imagination, is the complete reverse of George, " man of the world," and really no more admirable. They are of two irreconcilable worlds, whose antagonism is deeply rooted in temperament. Malise, though a very different type, is, like Bosinney, a disturber of middle-class society. He reminds one of the " Emotionalist " in " A Reversion to Type ", one of the author's earliest sketches, ironically describing two implacable art rivals who finally run each through with boar spears ; a sketch well worth reading if one wants to understand Galsworthy's later work. Malise, too, has a few drops of Ferrand's blood in him ; and, perhaps a dash of Courtier's, that champion of lost causes in " The Patrician."

Hardly has Clare appeared at Malise's rooms, when the

chase of her begins. Malise is shadowed by detectives. The husband, injured in his honour, lays siege to Clare to induce her to return to him, but the last of her sympathy for George is alienated by this spying on her. His lawyer endeavours to make clear her situation. " In your position —a beautiful young woman without money. . . . This is a hard world. . . . What's open to you if you don't go back? As you haven't money, you should never have been pretty. You're up against the world, and you'll get no mercy from it "—nor from George, who, furious, threatens her and Malise with divorce proceedings. If Clare is to bring misfortune on Malise, she considers that at least she should give him some equivalent in return, and she offers herself to him; but his first kiss awakes no response, and he is too proud to take her without love. Clare, brought up to no profession, is forced to go out into the hard world, and try, like all other women who stand alone, to battle her way through. But she has very little of the energy and zeal of the " modern woman "; she is too highly strung, too sensitive and too sheltered in her bringing up. " D'you imagine they'll let you off out there—you with your face? " cries Malise. He opens the door (" the sound of the traffic far below is audible in the stillness "). " Hue and cry! The hunt was joined the moment you broke away! It will never let up! Covert to covert—till they've run you down, and you're back in the cart, and God pity you! " To which Clare replies: " Well, I'll die running."

In what other modern play is the tragedy of the eternal savage hunt of woman by man, of unchained erotic desire expressed in more intense and forcible language? And, in this connection, we may note once more Galsworthy's point of view in regard to woman. He beholds in many of them the hunted, the oppressed, victims of male and social brutality, and the prejudiced of the world. He has also depicted unscrupulous women, society women, without

much soul or pity; but his temperament causes him to resent doubly the wrongs done to woman by the superior force of the male. In "The Fugitive" and other works, there is no question of a "tendency", but of something infinitely deeper. His point of view is the exact reverse to that of Strindberg; differs also fundamentally from that of Bernard Shaw, in "Man and Superman", and other plays. In Strindberg and Shaw, the woman pursues the man. With Galsworthy, "vamps" are very rarely found.

In the third act (the only one which is divided into two scenes), Clare returns three months later to Malise, broken down by her experiences. She has not succeeded in making good, and has arrived at the conclusion that "It's a curse to be a lady when you have to earn your living." She and her best friend used to belong to a society for helping reduced gentlewomen to get work. *Now* she knows what they really want. Enough money *not* to work! She has, in truth, something in her that can neither adapt nor submit itself. This period of trial and tribulation has ripened her feeling for Malise; and she now stays with him, the man of her choice, and helps him in his work as best she can, though she is really of little material assistance. George now, vindictive like Soames, and bent as he, on ruining his wife's lover, sues Malise for damages. In the second scene of this act, again three months later we see Malise forced to the wall. Not only is there danger of George making him bankrupt, but, through the threatened loss of his position on a periodical, he is faced with the stoppage of his chief source of income. His passion for Clare has sensibly diminished, and Clare is aware of it. From the lips of Mrs. Miler, the charwoman, one of Galsworthy's delightful proletarians, she learns that she is not "right" for her lover's bohemian nature, he needs a woman of much more robust intellect. Mrs. Miler confides to her that Malise, who cannot sleep, has lately been taking morphia, and gives

her the little bottle. With a heavy heart, Clare decides to save Malise from ruin by leaving him. Once more she is alone—a fugitive !

Between the third and the last act half a year elapses. Clare, utterly adrift, is resolved on the worst—selling her beauty for a living ! This fourth act is the most original and important in the play. On the fine night of Derby Day, to the luxurious " Gascony Restaurant ", she betakes herself, where dubious gentlemen are supping with dubious ladies. A noisy company in a private room is howling out the old hunting song, " This day a stag must die ", to a horn accompaniment. Clare has put on her last good dress. A young man accosts her, but on learning the misery she has experienced, and that he would be the first, he offers to help her without return. Clare, however, true to her pride and principles, refuses to take without giving. She will sell herself and keep her dignity. Then she overhears two men about town, who have been insolently staring at her, making a bet that she can be had any time for money ; one accosts her and makes an appointment for the next night. This foretaste is too much for her ; unnoticed, she pours the contents of the bottle of morphia into her champagne glass. And just as the hunting chorus reaches its top note, her soul takes wing. The hunters have killed, but—like Falder in " Justice "—Clare has escaped her pursuers, given them the slip in—death !

Clare is one of those women who are not strong enough to endure the transition from an empty, but easy, life without work, to a life of action and the struggle for existence. She is not strong enough to resign herself to circumstances, too sensitive to accept help, and yet not energetic enough to do without it. With her, life is a matter of nerves. And yet she has her points, if pride, a sense of humour and a sense of honour are points. Anyway she would rather die than give herself without feeling. Submerged yet ultimately victorious

she has made no pact with the devil, but lived consistently to her last breath.

It may have been impossible to show in the action itself, how Clare gradually arrives at her last desperate resolve. Much of what she goes through has to be related instead of being actually seen on the stage, and this diminishes the sense of the inevitable. One remembers how Irene develops after she has left Soames. More energetic, more vital and less desperate than Clare she succeeds in supporting herself with difficulty by giving music lessons and so adapting herself and living her own life without, like Clare, breaking down. While Clare is on the point of becoming an unfortunate, Irene befriends the unfortunate, and subsequently begins a new life and brings new life into the world ; although in reality, life has been much harder to her than to Clare, she shows greater richness of character, and comes through. Yet both, if not the same in type, are delicate women, ill-fitted to cope with life's brutality ; both are symbols of beauty, first held fast against their will, and then hunted.

In any case, those critics are quite beside the mark, who imagine that the author only wanted to show that a woman of Clare's social position cannot stand her ground without means, and must be submerged in the maelstrom of life. No ! What the author obviously had in mind, was the tragedy of man hunting down woman, and the ultimate moral victory of the woman through remaining true to herself, though this led her to bodily self-destruction. In any case this play has cost Galsworthy the sympathy of those who still oppose the moral emancipation of woman, and would have her remain a creature absolutely dependent on man. " The Fugitive ", indeed, with other works, brought the author the reputation of a " feminist ", who despite his much vaunted impartiality is always on the side of woman. This charge of partiality can easily be refuted

if, apart from such as Mrs. Barthwick, Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. MacAnder in "The Man of Property", Bianca Dallison, Lady Casterley, Mrs. Hillcrist and Mrs. March, his modern women—Fleur Forsyte (Fleur Mont), and Marjorie Ferrar in "A Modern Comedy"—are carefully observed.

9) The Mob

First Performance, Manchester, March 1914

" The Mob " is another drama centring round an individual and another illustration of Galsworthy's main theme of the individual versus society. Stephen More, Under Secretary of State and M.P., hero of this drama, is *the* champion, par excellence, of a lost cause. He fights against the deepest feelings and convictions of his wife, of his family, of his circle of friends, of his constituents, of the great majority of public opinion and of the Press ; the seething patriotism, not only of his nearest and dearest, but of almost the whole nation, and—finally—the mob sentiment of the masses, the mob passions of the crowd whipped up by a war. At the beginning, More hopes indeed to convert his country to his point of view; gradually however the entire futility of his undertaking dawns on him. But to his last breath, he holds on high the flag of his great lost cause; and courageously faces death. The inevitable happens ; the mob kills him, but his indomitable spirit triumphs.

Stephen More is no crank ; neither is he one of those muddle-headed individualists who must always do exactly the opposite to the majority ; quite the reverse ; he is a strong man with a steadfast aim. A great Power like England should not, he maintains, war against and destroy a small weak nation which is hostile to her. The writer probably had in mind the Boer war ; from the bottom of his soul, he has always detested the axiom : " Might is Right." The strong will always oppress the weaker, but there will always be men who will oppose this with all their might and main. Imperialism will ever be confronted by Pacifism. To those who ask : " How, if not by force, is a powerful

nation to deal with the rebellious weak ? " the author will no doubt answer : " By a policy of conciliation, as in private life."

This play, however, is not an attack on imperialism but on mob sentiment. Mob sentiment in fact is one of Galsworthy's bugbears. In very early days he wrote a very significant sketch entitled " The Pack ", voicing the idea that, as individuals, men are usually decent and harmless ; only when they get into a pack are they carried away to actions of which, individually, they would never be capable. A persecuting instinct awakens in them ; they become bloodthirsty as a pack of hounds, and commit deeds for which, as individuals, they afterwards feel profound regret. It is a truism that once mob sentiment gets hold of an excited crowd, it will commit irreparable crimes. Mob scenes and the mob spirit are treated by Galsworthy in the novels, " The Patrician ", " The Freelands ", " Saint's Progress ", " The Burning Spear ", and besides " The Mob " in the dramas " A Bit o' Love ", " Foundations " and, to a certain degree, in " The Show " and " Escape." Before the outbreak of, and during, every war, the government of every State employs mob passions to attain its ends : and uses the Press to whip up and unchain mob instincts, without scruple or limit. This was seen during the World War to an extent perhaps hitherto undreamed of. It is against this mode of unleashing " the dogs of War " that More, in burning indignation, makes stand. But when patriotism is rampant, the individual is impotent ; and only too often, at such a time, patriotism and mob sentiment are one and the same thing. In his satiric novel " The Burning Spear " Galsworthy handles the theme lightly, if poignantly ; in the drama " The Mob " from its tragic side only.

First act : A July evening. The dining-room in Stephen More's town house. The guests, representative of the Church, the Press and the Army respectively, disapprove of

the " chivalrous notions " of More, who has " taken up the cudgels for a wild and lawless race." More asserts that he intends to protest that very evening in the House of Commons against a great country like England declaring war on a small nation. His guests warn him that he will only show his country up before other countries ; he will be boycotted ! As one of them says : " 'Ware Mob ! " His wife Katharine then tries her powers of persuasion. More loves both her and his country dearly, but he cannot act against his convictions. And so, with Steel, his secretary, he goes to the House. The shouts of the newspaper sellers are heard ; fighting has begun ; Captain Hubert Julian, Katharine's brother, will have to leave in a few days with his regiment. He entrusts his wife Helen, to whom he has only been married a short time, to Katharine's care. Steel returns from the House and vividly describes the effect of More's speech. " Something like a riot broke out as if they could have killed him." Then More himself appears and dictates to his wife a letter to the Premier, stating that " after his speech to-night he has no alternative but to resign." This first act is full of animation, it develops rapidly and with a fine crescendo towards the close.

The second act is weaker. Some days later—brief farewell between Helen and Hubert whom the war has inexorably claimed. The English have begun badly, and suffered a severe defeat. A deputation from More's provincial constituency appears ; for nine years, he has represented them in Parliament. They try to persuade him to abandon his attitude, or at least to be silent. More answers them : " A great country such as ours is trustee for the highest sentiments of mankind. Do these few outrages justify us in stealing the freedom of this little people ? . . . You all know that we've gone in there to stay, as we've gone into other lands, as all we big Powers go into other lands, when they're little and weak." Outside is heard the skirling sound

of the Highlanders' bagpipes; and all save More rush eagerly out on to the terrace; to the sound of drum taps, comes the tramp of many feet. The deputation again tries to force More into giving his word to hold his peace. But the hoarse roaring of the mob outside, only strengthens his unyielding resolve.

Third act: first scene: Night, behind a suburban theatre. More, who for two months has been making anti-war speeches, is shown running the gauntlet, undergoing martyrdom. A motley crowd out for excitement rapidly collects round him. "All are in the mood of hunters, having tasted blood." More is abused and hissed at, the crowd yells and calls upon "the blasted traitor" for a speech. He condemns the Government and the press, is bombarded with rotten eggs, stoned, and spat upon "He staggers and nearly falls, but then rights himself." The mob becomes uneasy and scatters. Second scene: A bedroom in More's house, the same foggy night. Katharine is waiting for Stephen who has not been home for six weeks. Her nurse has been in the family for years, but More's anti-war attitude so violates her feelings and her conscience that she gives notice. Then Helen, Katharine's sister-in-law, enters, scared and miserable, having just had a terrible dream; her beloved Hubert has fallen, she has heard his last cry. At last Stephen appears. When, after so long an interval, he sees Katharine with her hair down and buries his face in it, he is mightily assailed by longing. But his wife has, during these six weeks, suffered no less than he. "To-morrow it begins again," says she. "How long—how long am I to be torn in two?" She begs him to give it up at last—for her sake! She presses close to him. "It will be summer again, if . . ." "You're not making terms. Bargaining," cries More aghast. "It's selling my soul," he frees himself from her arms and leaves her; Katharine falls on her knees and remains motionless. A fine scene, the possibilities of which

have perhaps not been quite exhausted and which suffers from a sparsity of expression pushed to the extreme.

Fourth act: Again the dining-room in More's house on the following afternoon. In the twilight More is visited by Mendip, the editor, who tells him of the first English victory. *More:* "Thank God." *Mendip:* "Ah, so you actually are flesh and blood." Actually More is a much better and sincerer patriot than the so-called patriots. Katharine's father, the old general, Sir John Julian announces, simultaneously with the news of the victory, the news that Hubert has fallen. When he, too, reproaches More bitterly, Stephen describes his martyrdom to him. "Your battles are fool's play to it." In the street is heard the stir and rustle of the crowd rejoicing in the victory. A last warning from Sir John. "Leave the country till the thing's over . . . this country of yours that you're opposing . . . and traducing!" Whereupon More rejoins, "Our men are dying out there for the faith that's in them! I believe my faith the higher, the better for mankind . . . Am I to slink away . . . It's my forlorn hope not to betray those who are following me; and not to help let die a fire—a fire that's sacred—not only now in this country, but in all countries, for all time . . ."

Katharine enters, in mourning; she is going to her father's with Helen and her little daughter Olive, and will not come back. After ten years of wedded love? She cannot sit there silent doing nothing while her brothers are fighting and dying! She and Helen will go out nursing. And now perhaps comes the hardest ordeal of all for More: little Olive asks her father if he isn't coming with them, and he is forced to say no. Deserted by all, he stands at the window and stares after the child he loves. Then the crowd sees him from the street. Groans and laughter, and a flinging of stones! The garden gate is forced, the mob pours into the room, a mob of revellers over the victory. In mockery some students hoist More on to their shoulders and carry

him round the room, while the crowd dances round him singing and groaning. Then he is set down, and the Ringleader demands a speech. And More speaks! "You—Mob—are the most contemptible thing under the sun. When you walk the street—God goes in . . . Patriotism—there are two kinds—that of our soldiers, and this of mine. You have neither!" *Ringleader* (checking a dangerous rush): ". . . Swear to utter no more blasphemy against your country!" (The crowd yells approval.) *More*: "My country is not yours. Mine is that great country which shall never take toll from the weakness of others. (Above the groaning.) Ah! you can break my head and my windoes; but don't think that you can break my faith." Then a young girl, half distraught, whose lover has fallen in the war, leaps at More and swiftly plucks from the belt of a Boy Scout a knife, on to which More is flung by the rush of the mob. Screams! Confusion! Hubbub! A cry: "He's got it!" The mob scatters and flies! Someone turns out the lights. The dead body lies in the gleam of a single Chinese lantern! But even mobs are human and the ringleader lingers to lay on it a little Union Jack.

After this powerful curtain, comes a truly Galsworthian, and bitterly ironical epilogue without words! We see a life-size statue, inscribed thus:

"Erected
to the Memory
of
Stephen More.
'Faithful to his Ideal.'"

On the shoulder of the statue is perched a bird, and on the face is a faint smile.

But would the country have erected a monument to this "faithful" son? We wonder.

This play was written before the World War and its dwarfing and monstrous events. But the idea behind it is as living as ever. Pacifists and martyrs, isolated beings like More, there will always be—their tragedy is international. Imperialism will exist so long as nations exist with their own particular interests and their lust for expansion. And—Mob is Mob! The figure of More, that spiritual aristocrat, makes us think of Courtier in "The Patrician"; and Derek in "The Freelands." As one, too, who would sooner face ruin than compromise, and, deserted by all, falls for his ideals; he reminds one of Anthony and Roberts in "Strife."

(10) A Bit o' Love

A Play in Three Acts (six scenes)

First Performance, London, May, 1915

The scene of this drama, and of " Escape " Galsworthy's latest play, is laid in Devonshire, which is the scene too of several of his stories. The allegory " The Little Dream " was in lyrical mood, and " The Pigeon " had fantastic touches. Now after several years, the poet in Galsworthy comes out again in this drama " A Bit o' Love ", a tender and heartfelt play, not devoid however of a certain irony. Not quite in his usual manner it is a fresh attempt to marry the stage to prose poetry. This play, delicate and very English, needs a perfect production to bring out the particularly strong atmosphere and make it effective on the stage.

The central figure is the clergyman Michael Strangway, about thirty-five, who is " burnt within " (his sole resemblance to Miltoun in " The Patrician "), a true priest of God, like the Padre in " Escape ", a really kind man, and an almost fanatical humanitarian. He and the clergyman in " Escape " are fine exceptions to the general run of this writer's men of the Church who are usually bigoted zealots. Like Pierson in " Saint's Progress ", Strangway has music in his soul, but he acts like a Christian without the orthodox narrowness of the hero of " Saint's Progress." In many traits he resembles St. Francis of Assisi. If he has a fault, it is immoderate kindness and self-denial. He is too little in touch with this world.

The whole action takes place in a Devonshire village on Ascension Day—that is in May. Act I: Michael Strangway is playing the flute before a large photograph of his wife.

He then holds a Bible Class of quite young girls, of whom Mercy (with some gipsy blood in her), has brought with her a skylark in a cage. Strangway, who cannot bear anything to be caged, sets the bird free, and the girl runs off in anger. This is not the first time that Strangway has interfered between his parishioners and their live property. We now discover that this kind and conscientious priest is eating his heart out in longing for his wife, who left him six months ago after they had been married a year and a half, and, unknown to him is living not far off with a doctor to whom she was attached before her marriage. Beatrice Strangway returns unexpectedly to tell him of this and beg him not to divorce her, for the scandal would ruin her lover, owing to his special profession. She tells Strangway that she has never really loved him. After a severe struggle and a last unsuccessful attempt to induce her to return to him, he grants her plea for mercy, though he is tortured by his longing for her, and the clergyman in him revolts against allowing her to live "in sin." But he cannot make up his mind to keep Beatrice in a cage. This scene is overheard by the revengeful Mercy. The act closes with a labourer called Cremer, whose wife has just died, coming to seek consolation from Strangway, who has also lost his wife. Cremer will find her in a future life, but the martyred priest has lost his wife to all eternity. The peasant has come for consolation to one who needs consolation just as much or more than he—a really touching "curtain."

Act II, Scene 1: Evening. The village inn. Gossip among the villagers—and something like a conspiracy against Strangway. The drunken farmer Jarland, Mercy's father, is out for his blood. There is no room in their parish for a priest who treats his faithless wife considerately, rebukes the peasants for ill-treating their animals, writes poems, goes mooning about and plays the flute. They will not go to church any more. The evening bells ring, the sun

has set ; twilight is falling. Strangway feeling faint, comes in for a glass of brandy before the Evening Service. Jarland insults him and his wife. Strangway seizes the farmer, wrestles with him and flings him out of the window. The village scandal is completed.

Scene 2 : Again the inn. The peasants hold a meeting to arrange their course of action towards Strangway under the chairmanship of the fatuous Sol Potter. They resolve to demonstrate against their clergyman after service.

Scene 3 : The village green outside the church, a pitch-dark night. Strangway is preaching, and the last sounds of the organ and a hymn are heard. The young girls have collected before the Church door, the farmers from the inn slink round. The priest comes out of the church, and locks the door. Suddenly the silence is broken by a hissing sound that swells into a long groan. Strangway asks Jarland's pardon. But this Christian gesture is interpreted as weakness. He recognises that he is no longer fitted to be their " shepherd ", and bids them farewell. (The scene somewhat recalls " A Fisher of Men ", and a certain chapter in " The Patrician.") Because Strangway acts as a true Christian, he is stoned by his parishioners. We think of the rabble in " The Mob ", but here it is a mob and its passions set in the small. Still in this play, next to be produced after " The Mob ", we have again the individual idealist struggling against the brute force of the mass.

Act III, Scene 1 : Strangway returns to his rooms. He gives up the Church key to old Mrs. Bradmere, the Rector's wife. The old lady declares that he must divorce his wife, for moral reasons. But he continues to refuse, he does not want to torture her. " Then you love that woman more than God ! " He is setting a bad example, there are times when forgiveness is a sin. He must fight ! But Strangway will not. He expresses a doubt of God's existence, so that Mrs. Bradmere opines that he will one day certainly go mad.

Then Jim Bere enters ; the village idiot, as it were, who lost his reason years ago on a night of full moon, when he caught the girl he was to marry with another man. Since when he has been withering away. Jim loves Strangway and comes to advise him to revenge himself, as he, Jimmy did, by trying to strangle the fellow who had taken his girl from him.

Scene 2 : In a barn. The young girls are dancing in the moonlight to the beating of a tambourine. Ivy, one of Strangway's little pupils, opens the barn door. Full moon outside. They dance again, Ivy humming, and beating the tambourine. But at the sound of footsteps they all run off leaving little Tibby Tarland asleep and the barn in darkness. Strangway enters. Like a man walking in his sleep, he goes to a rope that is hanging down, and makes a noose into which he puts his neck. He is just mounting a ladder to hang himself, when Tibby wakes up frightened and calling for her " tamboulin." During a touching scene between Strangway and the child he finally comes to his senses. He only wants a " bit o' love " and the child gives it to him ! Then Cremer comes past the barn. He cannot stand his empty house, and is going to walk about all night. Strangway offers to walk with him. In this simple suffering fellow he has found a comrade. " God of the moon and the sun ; of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing ! " The full moon shines ; the owl hoots ; and some one is shaking Tibby's tambourine. Strangway has pulled himself together, he will live and work on.

Perhaps the final scene, which begins with the dance is too lyrical towards the end and not dramatic enough ; without careful treatment it might easily in performance seem sickly and sentimental.

In no other drama of Galsworthy's are animals mentioned so frequently as in this.

(11) The Foundations

First Performance, London, June, 1917

This three-act " extravagant play ", as the author styles it treats of the foundations of human society ; and the class problem once more. It is a very witty comedy written during the war, and the writer's only play whose action is set in the future : " some years after the great War." That future however is still under the influence of the War. The comedy, prophetic of post-war times, is at once grotesque and natural—a queer blend—and the whole action passes between 8 and 10.30 of a summer evening ; a greater condensation even than in the play " Joy ", " A Family Man ", " Windows ", " The Eldest Son," or even " Strife."

The scene of the first act is the dimly lighted wine cellar of Lord William Dromondy's Park Lane mansion, the solid foundations of a solid house. The true foundations of society do not seem to be so secure. The ideas promulgated *during* the war, have, after the war, by no means been converted into reality (" Windows ! ") ; the promises held out to the nation, in particular to the working man, have not been fulfilled ; everywhere are poverty, unemployment and discontent. Lord William is a man of real charm, rather resembling an aristocratic, but more superficial post-war Hilary ; his social conscience pricks him because he lives in plenty while thousands and thousands are in want. His amiability and kindness are delightful ; his four footmen who, during the war, were with him in the trenches, adore him. While one of these footmen is fetching wine from the cellar for a dinner party taking place that evening, he chances upon a round metal object. A bomb ! By Jingo ! Placed there by the little plumber, who has been fixing the

gas in the cellar that day, to blow up the house! (It must be remembered what a rôle bombs, owing to the Zeppelin attacks, played in England during the war.) Lord William is fetched. A smart journalist already on the spot interviews him. "Beginning of the British Revolution", "The foundations of Society reeling," writes the hopeful Pressman. A woman in the poverty-stricken quarter of Bethnal Green has died of starvation that very morning! Everything looks well—for the papers. Lord William—he finds—is anxious to get into personal touch with these people who are singing the Marseillaise in the streets, if he can only do that he is sure they would not want to bomb him. And he utters a sentiment which we have already met with in "The Pigeon": "It's pure accident, don't you know, that I'm here and they're there." The journalist has a brilliant idea. Could not Lord William give him the address of the plumber who left the bomb? Then he could publish a splendid article: "Bombed and Bomber," a sort of double interview —sensation! Lord William acquiesces with pleasure and begs him to bring the "little blighter" round afterwards to see him.

Second act: Contrast: A poor little room in the dreary slum of Bethnal Green. Old Mrs. Lemmy, the mother of the young plumber, seventy years old, originally from Devonshire, is sewing corduroy trousers at home. Her son, a cockney born, has something of the appearance of a Bolshevist, in any case he is a philosopher in the manner of Mr. Bly in "Windows." (His sarcasm is remotely reminiscent of Ferrand, and he is one of the most diverting of Galsworthy's proletarian types.) He shows the "old lydy" a bottle of port wine (we guess its origin) and explains to her: "This 'ere cork is like sasiety—rotten; it's old and mouldering'." The "old lydy" is to strengthen herself with a glass of this admirable fluid. Lemmy describes to her the mansion where he has been that day to fix a gas pipe in the

cellar. Everything as luxurious, the servants as stiff, as before the war; nothing changed! He, Lemmy, has left something in that cellar . . . "It'll be a bit awkard for me tomorrer." . . . Then he empties a glass to the British Revolution. Outside a confused murmur of voices, and the tramp of a passing crowd is heard, the Marseillaise is struck up—*leit motif* of the play. It is the funeral of the woman who has died of starvation. "The blanky Revolution!" rejoices Lemmy at the window. Lord William's journalist now appears on the scene to interview Lemmy as "a representative working man." Lemmy propounds his serio-comic views. He, too, demands "kindness" . . . He wants to be as "kind" to the millionaire as the millionaire to him. The journalist notes: "Extremes meet. Bombed and Bomber breathing the same music." But the port wine mounts into Lemmy's head: "Is kindness possible without spilling blood? Blood—an'—kindness, that's what's wanted —'specially blood." The journalist need only look at his, Lemmy's, poor hard-working old mother. "She can talk abaht the pawst." "I tell yer the foundytions is rotten." The Pressman turns to Lemmy's mother. Under the influence of the wine, the old lady relates her life and family history, a pathetic and amusing tale, as the old dear tells it. Mrs. Lemmy mild, kind and essentially a countrywoman, is one of Galsworthy's best drawn and most delightful old ladies, a true type of the old English cottage woman. One son had been so good, he had always "come home with a pheasant" till he went to prison. She has had four sons, and a daughter who died in galloping consumption. She has always saved money for the burial of her children; funerals are very dear. She never touched the funeral money no matter how bad things were. "Better a little goin' short 'ere below an' enter the kingdom of 'eaven independent." She had worked in a laundry as long as she could, but for fifteen years now she had been sewing trousers;

if she is very lucky, she makes five shillings a week; she describes her work in detail. Her greatest desire is to spend a day again in the country; this has not been possible for many years. In the country she had lived forty years, and "done her loving there." The journalist wants to take Lemmy and his mother in a taxi to Lord William's in Park Lane. But the wine has sent Mrs. Lemmy into a state of coma, and only when her son strikes up the first notes of the Marseillaise does she rise to the occasion, and go out on the arms of her son and the journalist, whispering excitedly: "Quite like a gel!"

The third act is the wittiest and most amusing in the play. Again Contrast: A gorgeous ante-room, all gold, in Lord William's house. In the room next to it, an after-dinner meeting to protest against the "sweating system," is in full swing. Speeches are being made and every now and then applause is heard. Lord and Lady William in full evening dress are receiving with the utmost cordiality distinguished guests, and some male and female sweated workers. Enter the journalist with Lemmy, that dangerous workman who left the bomb in the cellar, and his mother, and a strange figure she cuts! The journalist leads her into the dining-room, where, still under the influence of the wine, she repeats her former speech; but the footmen bar the way to the dangerous Lemmy. Lord William, however, in his amiably disarming and generous manner, at once offers him a small weekly sum for his mother. Lemmy feels guilty on account of the bottle of port wine which he sneaked. During a discussion between the two, the bomb is solemnly brought up from the cellar in an ice cooler, laid on a table and covered with a cloth. Then Lady William asks the plumber: "Don't you think you owe us an explanation?" But poor Lemmy, blinded by such a low-necked apparition, is incapable of bringing out a word. The butler, in great agitation, announces "The Populace!" It is the revolutionary

procession. Some of the demonstrators are already in the portico, yelling. Lord William attempts to placate them by a mild address, and is howled down. In his stead Lemmy goes to the window and harangues with them, in defence of Lord William and his kind heart. He finishes up by showing them his mother. " She's the foundytions of the country," cries Lemmy ; and Lord William has been good to her. The others are to bring their mothers there too, and he'll do the syme for them ! The mob then gives three cheers for Lord William and disperses, hoarsely singing the Marseillaise. Lord William, much affected, thanks Lemmy and then asks : " Now why did you want to blow us up before dinner ? " Lemmy is mystified. Lady William points to the supposed bomb. " I'm goin' to tyke it away," returns Lemmy. " Tell us what's it filled with ? " enquires Lord William. After reiterated questions, Lemmy whispers to the journalist, who shakes his head violently, ejaculating : " No, no, it's too horrible. It destroys my whole article." Lady William then lifts the bomb from the cooler, and for the first time it is seen in full light—a leaden cistern ball weight ! Lemmy tucks the " bomb " under his arm, says good night and takes his mother home.

A serious subject treated facetiously, with a laughable ending. In England, after the war, no revolution did, in truth, take place, and conservative institutions have been preserved. The revolution tarries ! The foundations of the island realm are still too strong to be shaken !

The piece is thoroughly English ; perhaps even more so than " The Eldest Son " and the many other very " English " dramas of this author.

(12) The Skin Game

Tragi-Comedy in Three Acts (Five Scenes)

First Performance, London, April, 1920

At the end of this, one of the writer's strongest plays, Hillcrist, the country landowner, whose creed is that of a " Gentleman ", queries : " What is it that gets loose when you begin a fight, and makes you what you think you're not ? . . . Begin as you may, it ends in this—skin game ! . . . When we began this fight we had clean hands—are they clean now ? " And at the head of this drama stands the motto : " Who touches pitch shall be defiled."

Act I : Hillcrist's study, at his country seat. Since the time of Queen Elizabeth these lands have belonged to the Hillcrist family. Hillcrist, a dried-up, gouty aristocrat of fifty-five, tries to be kind and just, and to maintain the traditions of a gentleman. Now, into the neighbourhood has come an unscrupulous person called Hornblower, rich and new, without a past but with a future, and established some flourishing pottery works. He is unpleasantly ostentatious, but an able manufacturer, who in contrast to the strictly conservative Hillcrist, turns everything topsy-turvy. Being hard up, Hillcrist has also sold Hornblower an important piece of land, " Long Meadow." The parvenu would like to be on good terms with the aristocrat and accepted in Society—Hornblower is a predecessor of de Levis in " Loyalties ", but incomparably less cultured, more ruthless and pushing. Our country gentleman, however, and particularly his wife, will not hear of it. Hornblower comes from another world, and Mrs. Hillcrist does not like the look of Chloe, his beautiful daughter-in-law, wife of his eldest son Charles. Thus the reserved

Hillcrist, and the boasting Hornblower have been living seven years next to each other, without the aristocrat responding to the parvenu's advances. Chloe has already been married for three years, but Mrs. Hillcrist will not call on her, and, in consequence, all the other local " big-wigs " ignore her. This has got on Hornblower's nerves, who is always extending his potteries ; and whose ambition knows no bounds. The conflict starts almost at the beginning of the play with Hornblower turning Jackman, the old labourer and his wife, and other small tenants out because he wants their cottages for his workmen. These cottages stand on the ground that Hillcrist sold to him, on the verbal understanding, however, that the cottagers should not be ejected. The Jackmans have been living there for thirty years, but Hornblower considers that the end justifies the means and that he can't allow himself to be disturbed in his great plans by every " potty little objection."

The Jackmans take refuge with Hillcrist, place themselves under his protection. Despite Mrs. Hillcrist's inimical attitude, Hornblower is at first prepared to settle matters amicably ; he offers an indemnity to the Jackmans ; for all his defiance, he would fain convince the Squire of his peaceful intentions. But the gentleman in Hillcrist jibs at the parvenu's lack of consideration, he looks upon himself as the protector of the weak, and rejects all compromises with his neighbour. Then his accumulated hatred gushes out of Hornblower, and he declares war. He will encircle Hillcrist's property, buy up the hilly land right in front of Hillcrist's estate, and build new factories there. Before Hillcrist's windows shall arise hideous chimneys to spoil the aristocrat's view. Hornblower's lorries and trucks shall circle Hillcrist's land, surround him and cut him off from the world ! So shall the ancient glory of this old family be at an end ! This thought is unendurable to the gouty gentleman, still more so to his arch-conservative implacable

spouse. Hornblower's acquisition of the hill land opposite —which used to belong to the Hillcrists, but was sold to an old lady near by—must be prevented at all costs. It shall be war to the knife. The tragedy of such a conflict is rapidly revealed and how that in it one cannot keep one's hands clean, that for the sake of victory one must resort to ignoble means. Hornblower began the duel with the black injustice of his high-handed measures against the Jackmans. Mrs. Hillcrist at once replies to the blow with another below the belt, by insulting Chloe grossly. In his chivalry the country gentleman apologises to Hornblower profusely for his wife's behaviour. The ladies of both families are not to be involved in the quarrel. "Let's fight like gentlemen." But Hornblower refuses, he will "fight without the gloves on." So Hillcrist unwillingly is also dragged into this "Skin Game."

Just before the end of this strong opening act, there is a short, arresting, curiously moving scene between Jill, Hillcrist's plucky daughter, and Rolf, Hornblower's young son; they are united by a feeling of comradeship, would like to reconcile their families, and yet finally part as enemies, each taking the part of his and her family. A heavy thunder-cloud lies over all. In Act II, which takes place a month later, and consists of two scenes, the atmosphere is even more sultry. Scene 1 is played in the room of a provincial hotel. The property of such vital importance to both Hillcrist and Hornblower is being put up to auction, and they are bidding against each other. An exceedingly vivacious, realistic scene, with constant flashes of grim humour, showing the two enemies, feverishly carried away, like obsessed gamblers—till Hillcrist at least is bidding far above his means. The auctioneer, who knows his job well, keeps egging them on. Up and up goes the price bid on bid, till Hillcrist has already bid the sum—absurd for him—of £9,000. Then £9,500 is bid by an unknown person, and,

by a dirty trick the land knocked down to Hornblower. The victor crows over his vanquished enemies and prophesies that in less than six months the Hillcrists' will be out of the neighbourhood. But with anxiety Chloe has been watching, and when Mrs. Hillcrist seriously warns Hornblower, the young woman nearly faints. What with the hints of Hillcrist's agent—Dawker, a bull-terrier of a man who hates the Hornblowers—and a stranger who confirms them, we begin to know that Chloe has a past. Hillcrist protests against making use of such means, but his wife takes the matter out of his hands, and resolves to summon Hornblower and to put the choice to him ; either he must re-sell them the property at its proper value, a third of what he gave for it at the auction, or Chloe's secret shall be revealed, and his family disgraced.

Scene 2, on the evening of the same day, shows us the anguish of the young woman, on whom Dawker has set her maid to spy. We are spared none of the ugly features of such a conflict, none of its essential intriguing brutality such as we see later in the novel, " The Silver Spoon." Hornblower, who is very fond of Chloe, and has no idea of her secret, comes to her and tells her that he will certainly not go and parley with Mrs. Hillcrist. After his exit, the agent Dawker, whom Chloe has sent for, appears. She begs him not to betray her, offers him her pearls, finally—even herself—in vain. Then she feels like a rat in a trap. She will bring shame upon Hornblower, who is so good to her, will lose the love of her husband, Charles, whom she also loves dearly, and whose child she is expecting. Charlie naturally cannot understand her agitation, but she excuses it by her condition, of which till now he is not aware, and which makes him happy.

The third and last act takes place on the following day, and is again divided into two scenes. The first is played in Hillcrist's study. Mrs. Hillcrist has summoned Dawker

with the two detectives he has employed. In consequence of her second letter, Hornblower appears after all, and she discloses to him that, before her marriage, Chloe has been dubiously employed. In England the law of divorce requires misconduct to be proved. Cases are often arranged to enable the divorce to take place. Chloe used to be employed on such cases and made her living out of it. Hornblower asserts it to be an infamous lie. He sends for Chloe, who strenuously denies it, but Dawker appears with the two strangers, and Chloe's face is a complete if silent confession. Hornblower reproaches her bitterly. But she begs him, for the sake of the child she is expecting, to compromise with the Hillcrists and not to tell Charlie. She loves her husband, she is faithful to him, she cannot live without him! And Hornblower, so that the secret should remain a secret, has to acquiesce in Mrs. Hillcrist's conditions, and sell his enemy "Long Meadow", the old property on which the Jackmans live, together with the newly-acquired estate for £4,500, by this he loses £6,000 in all. But still more bitter is his moral defeat, his plans are all shattered, while Hillcrist's position is more secure than ever. Hornblower has been brought to his knees by a sort of blackmail. . . . Scene 2 is again at Hillcrist's in the evening. Jill is telling her father that she has been to see Chloe, and that she "looks like a lost soul." Then the unhappy young woman herself appears to implore Hillcrist not to betray her to her husband. She says that Charlie suspects something and is coming there to find out. Hillcrist, too, tries to comfort Chloe. But after she has gone, Charlie does appear. Hillcrist takes the greatest trouble to keep back from him the truth about his wife, but the raging husband has already got everything out of Dawker, and declares that she has been living a lie for three years, that he has done with her. He won't own a child by such a woman. Chloe, outside the window, hears it all and dis-

appears. In the meantime, through Dawker's indiscretion the thing has got out, the whole village knows it already, and Hornblower furiously demands the return of the deed, as the opponents have not kept to their conditions. He will yet ruin Hillcrist! A scuffle is already taking place between Hornblower and Dawker, who has the signed deed on him, when at the window, in the moonlight, Hillcrist and Charles are seen with Chloe's motionless body in their arms. She has thrown herself into the gravel pit, but is still breathing. Hornblower will not accept help from the Hillcrists, and his two sons lift her and bear her away.

Then the Jackmans come to thank Hillcrist for being able to go back to their cottage again. But Hillcrist is silent. He "had forgotten their existence." And he comes to the conviction that, in such a fight, one loses oneself, that it is impossible to keep one's hands clean.

A strong, a recurrent idea in Galsworthy's work: Reflect carefully before rushing into a feud, it leads to nothing. Once begin a quarrel, you never know when and how you will end it. A seeming conquest is as bad as a defeat, (*Vide* also "The Silver Spoon".) Settle the matter peaceably; try, instead of quarrelling, to approach your opponent in a human manner; this, too, was the message in "Strife." As in "Strife", Annie Roberts falls an innocent victim; so here, Chloe, who in reality has nothing to do with the fight, is cruelly destroyed. Not Hillcrist, nor even his wife, can really rejoice in their victory. Still more loudly than from "Strife" resounds from this drama of hate and brawling the writer's cry: "More understanding! More forbearance!"

(13) A Family Man

First Performance, London, May, 1921

Really bad men are seldom found in Galsworthy's works; nearly all have something good at heart, have been led astray, perverted by life and the compelling power of circumstances. So John Builder, the "Family Man" who, thanks to his arch conservative disposition, his success, his environment and condition in general, has developed into the perfect family tyrant, is, on the whole, not a bad man. When, for instance, he is carried away by his sudden gusts of overbearing anger—he very soon feels he has gone too far, and blames himself. Unfortunately he repeats this sort of conduct so often that he becomes an impossible person. This comedy has three acts. Up to about the middle of the second act, Builder succeeds to perfection in alienating gradually and utterly our sympathies. But from then on we begin to feel for him a steadily growing compassion. His unfortunate temperament entangles him in one unpleasant conflict after the other, till ultimately John Builder, that stern guardian of law and order, himself collides in *propriâ personâ* violently with the law. The incredible happens! In a fit of ungovernable rage Builder smites a constable, gives the law "a black eye"! In fact, Builder must be made ridiculous before he can be saved. But with such subtle cunning has the author shaped the path of his tribulation that we follow him with ever-increasing sympathy and heave a sigh of relief when at the end his fate takes an upward turn.

When the play opens, we see John Builder, a thoroughly healthy, able-bodied man, aged forty-seven, at the summit of his power and success. In the small provincial town of

Breconridge he plays an important role as contractor, J.P., Town Councillor, and family man without fear and without reproach ; his pride and ambition are about to receive the highest honour that the worthy citizens of Breconridge have in their power to bestow ! He is to be nominated Mayor of Breconridge ! This pattern of authority, however, is maintaining neither authority nor peace in his own home. Athene and Maud, his two temperamental young daughters, rebel and strive to break loose from his autocratic and antiquated ideas. Athene, the elder, has a predilection for painting which annoys her progenitor, who beholds in art something revolutionary and dangerous, and looks down on artists as a " loose lot." Athene leaves the paternal roof, and creates a home of her own. Builder becomes wild with rage on discovering that Athene has illicit relations with Guy Herringham, the young " flying bounder " (only to think of it ! *His* daughter), whom she cannot bring herself to marry, because of the alarming example of family life supplied by her father with his gentle, submissive wife. She cannot bear the idea that Guy may develop into a " family man " ! (This first act, crisp and terse, is one of the most humorous ever penned by Galsworthy.) After a stormy domestic scene in the second act, Maud, the younger daughter, also takes her departure to go to the " movies." But worse is yet to come ! John Builder, who is of intensely vital nature, needs a wife at least equally vital, if only one wife is to suffice him. He is at the so-called " dangerous age " ; Julia, whom life with him has reduced to the utmost patience, and repression, cannot satisfy his passionate instincts. But, in his prudery he never owns, even to himself, that if he had his fling in this direction he would be a much happier man. Camille, the designing French maid, makes an onslaught on his wavering morality.

First covertly, then quite openly, she offers herself to him. Here we have one of the very rare examples in

Galsworthy, where the woman seeks to lead the man astray. A long, drawn-out kiss is accidentally witnessed by the long-suffering wife, and although Builder is at once seized with remorse and shows the temptress the door, to Julia, who nearly all her married life, has had to endure every possible humiliation, this is the last straw. For the first time in her life, she opposes her will to her husband's, leaves his house and takes refuge with Athene. Builder now sees the whole structure of his family life, which he had deemed eternal, suddenly collapsing, and with it his dignity as head of the family. In a situation strongly reminiscent of Molière, he rushes after Julia with the ejaculation : " They're all mad ! " In the third and last act, Galsworthy uses the three-scenes division. Something terrible has happened ! Builder has tried to drag his wife away from Athene's by force. A constable who is summoned (a very amusing figure) intervenes ; John Builder, J.P., and future mayor, becoming violent, strikes the constable in the face, is arrested and has to spend all night at the police station ! Next morning he is charged, before the present mayor and another J.P., an intimate friend. A nine days' wonder for the gossips of Breconridge and, of course, seized upon immediately by the local press ! The members of the family behave loyally when called on as witnesses ; and seek to exonerate Builder. " Family feeling " makes them take his part, in spite of his tyranny ! We find this sticking together of the family constantly recurring in many of Galsworthy's works, perhaps nowhere so strongly as in " The Man of Property." Builder gets off cheaply, he is dismissed with a caution. At home once more, Builder sits like Job on his heap of ashes, but Job's humility is lacking ; though defeated, he is morally unconquered. Forsaken by all, he is now ready, out of revenge, to take Camille for his mistress. But it is she who refuses now ; she doesn't want trouble, and is scared by his furious mood.

He is trying to doze after his sleepless night in the cells, when three street urchins appear at the window and jeer at him ! In fury, he flings a flower-pot and misses them. Finally Julia enters the room quietly, prepares his whisky as usual, and silently hands it to him, while he is silently filling his pipe. She then sits down in her usual chair, with her knitting. Builder makes an effort to speak, cannot, and only squeezes her hand silently. The family circle, which was imperilled, is closed once more ; it was, after all, impossible to break it ! This little scene, with which the comedy ends, is very fine and touching. In " Justice " we have already seen in what masterly fashion Galsworthy can employ the scene without words ; but there the silent scene is terrible ; here it is soft and restrained, and filled with something akin to music and tears. With unerring certitude, Galsworthy has brought Builder's fate home to us. In spite of many specifically British traits this aggressive man is an international type ; his intentions are good, but he cannot control himself ; his unbridled, choleric, full-blooded nature makes him his own worst enemy.

As this play, in its exemplary straightforwardness, contains no actual " plot ", there can be no " revelations." It is a character comedy of rare quality, with a dignified and quiet ending, far removed from all theatricality. Noteworthy, too, for the fact that the action, as in " Joy ", " Strife ", " The Eldest Son ", " The Pigeon ", " The Foundations " and " Windows ", is compressed into a very short period of time.

(14) Loyalties

First Performance, London, March, 1922

The theme of this play in three acts and seven scenes—dramatically one of the author's most effective—may be said to be international. In every country, and every caste, in politics, in all national, racial and religious questions, in all corporations, unions and cliques, in all marriage, family, amical and social relations, does the conception of "loyalty", of faithful adherence, of *esprit de corps* crop up. Repeatedly the problem arises: If one of "ourselves" puts himself into the wrong, is guilty of a shady action, how far are his social equals, his intimate friends and relatives, under an obligation to warn and advise him, to shield him and parry his assailant? For, if his unprincipled behaviour becomes public, not he alone is compromised thereby; it may lead to the exposure, and humiliation of the whole community, family, or what not of which he is a member. The closer and stronger the tie of friendship or blood, the higher the opinion we have of the person implicated, the more difficult is it for us to believe in his guilt! We reject all suspicion as long as possible. But too often we find that such "sticking together" leads in the end to the hushing up of shady actions. Often the culprit goes scot-free; if, however, his opponent be powerful and pertinacious enough to unveil the true facts of the case, and bring him before a court competent to deal with him, he ends by being broken and defeated. And the same society which before shielded him will, nay must, leave him in the lurch so soon as the truth is revealed. Better, then, to warn him at the outset, help him as best we can, but not blindly follow him through thick and thin.

The great interest of this drama, the technique of which is masterly from first to last, consists in the attitude taken by each individual to the accusation brought against the leading character. And here be it premised that Galsworthy had not the faintest intention of writing a " pro-Semite " play. Apart from the cosmopolitan touch which most great creative artists possess, Galsworthy is so English in every fibre of his being that he would assert, indeed, has asserted, that he is neither sufficiently interested nor competent enough, to treat of specifically Jewish problems. De Levis, the Jew, stands out as the individual arrayed against Society. But Galsworthy might, with equal right, have singled out any " outsider ", not recognised by English society as a social equal. By the fact, however, that the " outsider " happens to be a Jew, the conflict gains in salience, in actuality, and universality. With the writer's impartiality, nowadays almost unique, each pro and con has been weighed so conscientiously, light and shade so equally distributed, that it is hard to understand how this drama could cause Galsworthy to be stamped by critics and public as either Philosemite and Antisemite. Exactly the same thing happened, however, over " Strife ", where he was claimed with equal zeal as a partisan of Labour and of Capital. One of his highest aims is so to write that he may be reckoned of no party, unless it be that of the philanthropists who, as a " party ", unfortunately do not as yet exist ; but it is this very impartiality which annoys and vexes those who would like to compel an author to " follow suit." In New York, in Vienna, Berlin and other German towns, this play, which has made Galsworthy famous everywhere, has roused the furious anger, the burning indignation of all extremists, Gentile or Jew, without, however, any effect whatever on its triumphal career. Some ebullient critics took refuge in pillorying the play as a " criminal play ", " detective and cinema drama ", and,

whereas the writer had formerly been labelled " critic of Society ", it was now thought fit to stigmatise him as a " skilful, blatant melodramatist ", while all the surface details of the plot were seized on, without the slightest effort being made to understand the essential idea of " Loyalties." But these absurd fanaticisms drop off this powerful work like water off a duck's back. In Vienna and Berlin, the play also aroused lengthy polemics between jurists over the correctness of the lawyer's conduct in the Dancy —— de Levis case, which, however, was founded on the facts of a somewhat similar *cause celèbre* a generation ago, in England.

The first scene of Act I takes place in Charles Winsor's bedroom on his estate near Newmarket. Country house atmosphere ; almost midnight. De Levis, " young, rich, new ", staying with Winsor, comes in to tell him that, while he was taking a bath, nearly £1,000 have been stolen from his room, and to ask him to send for the police. Think of it ! A house search, a cross-examination in the country house of an English gentleman ! Reluctantly the Squire tells his wife, Lady Adela, to telephone for the police ; in the meantime, he debates with his friend, General Canynge, a man of about sixty, how best to avoid fuss and scandal. Very rapidly do the latent contrasts between de Levis, suspicious by nature, and the other inmates of the country house, rise to the surface. " I suppose it's natural to want my money back," exclaims de Levis. There you have it— on the one hand the parvenu, on the other the old aristocracy ; and added to this, the indefinable racial difference. Two other guests and friends of the house are now interrogated ; Ronald Dancy and Mabel, the young wife whom he has only just married. This Dancy behaved like a hero in the War, is a thorough sportsman, a lover of horses, with all sorts of adventures to his credit ; but he is always so hard up that he gave a racing mare to de Levis to save its keep. (Involuntarily we think of Captain Bellew in

" The Country House.") The astute de Levis has tried the mare high and sold her to a bookie for £1,000, the very money which has just been stolen from him. The worthy Inspector of Police now appears, and, in the second scene of this act, in de Levis' bedroom, he cross-examines both him and the servants, but without getting any further. De Levis, however, is more acute than the police. " I have intuitions, it's in my blood," he asserts to the General, and excitedly exposes to him his suspicion that Dancy has jumped from his own balcony on to his (de Levis') while the latter was in the bathroom, stolen the money and jumped back. Canynge is indignant at this accusation against " a soldier and a gentleman." Either de Levis must withdraw it unreservedly, or he will be confronted with Dancy. In spite of some not very sympathetic traits, de Levis is not a bad fellow at heart ; if Dancy will return the money and apologise, he'll do nothing. But when Canynge represents to the agitated young man that his suspicions are disgusting, de Levis flares up in bitterness. " You think I've no feelers, but I've felt the atmosphere here, I can tell you. . . ." Canynge interrogates Dancy a second time, kindly and considerately, for is he not one of his own set ? On this occasion, he chances to touch Dancy's sleeve, which is damp as if from rain, although Dancy has asserted that he has not been outside the house at all. Suspicion then arises in the General ; he imparts this suspicion to Winsor, but the Squire, though he understands perfectly well, stubbornly refuses to believe anything against Dancy, whom he has known from boyhood. So the General warns de Levis that he will be ostracised in society unless he gives his word to say nothing, and finally assures him that both he and Winsor place implicit trust in Dancy—this, in spite of the fact that they both harbour misgivings. And this is where they and Society go wrong, they should go to the root of the matter, help de Levis to his rights, and try to arrange

matters between him and Dancy; instead of which, they extend their protection to their friend and equal, probably in the expectation that de Levis, as presumably the weaker, will be silenced—in fact, they *must* be successful in shielding Dancy, in shielding themselves, also, and the successful are always in the right.

Now follows one of the most powerful dramatic scenes which Galsworthy has ever penned. The first scene of the second act is played in a London Club, of which Canynge and Winsor, as well as Dancy and de Levis, are members. In this club, Lord St. Erth, exclusive and conservative, "an old John Bull", sets the tone, and here de Levis publicly declares that he has been robbed by Dancy. For this he has to account to Canynge and some other members of the committee. Either he or Dancy must resign. De Levis, furious, heaps up the proofs of Dancy's guilt, whom he finally terms a "common sharper." The two are confronted; Dancy denies everything, and calls de Levis a "damned Jew." De Levis parries the blow with "thief", and refuses to give Dancy satisfaction. Lord St. Erth requests de Levis to consider his membership suspended till this matter has been threshed out.

Second scene: The following morning, at Dancy's flat. Margaret Orme, a young Society woman and friend of Dancy's, draws his wife's attention to the fact that he will be forced to bring an action for defamation of character. Mabel assures her that they will fight it out "tooth and nail." Lady Adela also appears, to pay a sort of visit of condolence to Mabel. While she and Margaret are gossiping over Dancy's character, Margaret says: "There are people who simply can't live without danger . . . if there's no excitement going, they'll make it—out of sheer craving." And here we learn that, right up to his marriage, Dancy had had an affair with a foreign girl. Dancy comes home and, to Mabel's great amazement, proposes to her to clear

out, to get away from the " monkeys and cats " of society. No, the action must first be fought out, insists Mabel with energy. Then to her surprise de Levis himself appears. She urgently begs of him to withdraw his accusation. Yesterday, he says, he might possibly have withdrawn to spare her; but since then, his race has been insulted. Dancy now insists upon de Levis signing an apology retracting the charge; this he refuses to do. In a fury Dancy cries: " Get out, you swine! " From the very outset Dancy has disliked de Levis, from racial antagonism, and from the conviction that de Levis is a complete outsider. Only Mabel's intervention prevents them from coming to blows. She has a moment of doubt, and then blindly loyal, insists that Dancy must see a lawyer, and hurries him off to Mr. Jacob Twisden, the celebrated old lawyer of London Society.

The last act, planned on a large scale, shows the division into three scenes favoured by Galsworthy. (*Vide* also a " Family Man " and " Old English.") The first two scenes take place three months later in the office of old Twisden, who is acting for the plaintiff in the libel action, Dancy *v.* de Levis. Twisden, a masterpiece of Galsworthian delineation, is visited by a grocer called Gilman. This visit, humorously faithful to life, makes an amusing interlude in this grim drama, though it leads to unpleasant revelations. Among the stolen £1,000 there had been one note of £100, and one of £50, the numbers of which had been published in the papers. Now this £50 had been, a few days previously, brought to Gilman to change by his old customer Ricardos, a small Italian wine salesman. He had at once gone round to see Ricardos, who had had value for the stolen note; and Gilman has now brought the Italian with him. This energetic suburban grocer takes a personal interest in the case, and wishes Dancy all success. And confidentially he remarks to the lawyer: " I don't like—well, not to put

too fine a point on it—'Ebrews. They work harder ; they're more sober ; they're honest ; and they're everywhere. I've nothing against them, but the fact is—they get on so." *Twisden :* " A thorn in the flesh, Mr. Gilman ? " *Gilman :* " Well, I prefer my own countrymen, and that's the truth of it." Loyalty ! Loyalty, also competitive jealousy.

Ricardos, likewise a characteristic figure in loyalty to his daughter, at first tries to wriggle out of it, but hints that she had received the notes from a gentleman as settlement. Twisden, assisted by his partner, Graviter, so plies the Italian with questions, that finally he produces the £100 note also—in all he has had £1,000. And to Twisden's sudden question, " Was it Captain Dancy ? " he desperately makes a clean breast of it. And then the old lawyer decides that with these stolen notes actually in the office, he cannot possibly go on with Dancy's case, or at least must inform the Counsel who is conducting the case in Court of the truth. He and his partner had taken the case up in all good faith, believing in Dancy's innocence. " There's duty to our profession. Ours is a fine calling. I must let Sir Frederick know," he maintains inflexibly. Loyalty to one's profession ! Not even Mabel's appearance, who, disturbed and agitated, comes to the office to find out how the case is going, can alter the old lawyer's decision.

Scene Two : Following morning, again in the office. Twisden informs Dancy that he and his Counsel cannot continue the case. He presumes that Dancy did it in a moment of reckless bravado, perhaps out of the feeling that as he had given the mare to de Levis, the money belonged as much to him, and that he had only taken it to satisfy a debt of honour to that lady. " It was mad, Captain Dancy, mad ! " He strongly advises him to leave the country at once, as it is possible that he may be arrested ; but Dancy must think the matter over, on account of his wife. Then, quite unexpectedly, de Levis comes in. He

has only come to warn them that a warrant is to be issued, and to explain that it is not his doing. Dancy does not answer. The two stand looking at each other, de Levis waiting for a sign from Dancy. In vain. Then he shrugs his shoulders and walks out.

De Levis has many antipathetic traits; he is proud, hyper-sensitive, dogmatic, revengeful, a boaster; still, he is a man who would fain live at peace with his fellow men. It is indeed hard to decide which of the two shows up better or worse—this young Jew, or the former officer who, after all, steals, lies, insults, keeps everything from his wife, deceives his friends, and would like to exercise an atavistic "Club-Law", and yet, in spite of all, has about him a queer halo of courage and adventure. We wonder, too, whether a Gentile guest in Winsor's house would allow £1,000 to be stolen from him without making a fuss, and whether Winsor would act towards a Gentile guest as he acts towards de Levis. The Jew here exemplifies the individual storming the closed phalanx of Society, this time with a somewhat negative result, for, as in so many more or less similar cases in Galsworthy's works, he does not really enjoy his tirumph. To call de Levis a "Shylock in evening dress" is fundamentally absurd; Shylock hates because, according to his whole nature and development, he cannot do otherwise; de Levis *defends* himself because they want to *crush* him.

The brief, wordless scene between Dancy and de Levis is an arresting and dramatic moment; it brings to mind the scene without words between Anthony and Roberts in "Strife"; and the confronting of Hillcrist by Hornblower in "The Skin Game."

Third and last scene in the Dancys' sitting-room is the most harrowing in this drama. Dancy has to face the music now and confess to his wife. Yet Mabel will remain loyal, will stick to him, wait for him till his return. But

Fate is on the march ; the police appear. Mabel can detain them no longer. Dancy, in the adjoining bedroom, shoots himself. " Through the heart," says Colford. " It's only another jump," writes Dancy in his farewell letter to his friend. He dies as a brave soldier, which goes far to reconcile us to him, and is, at the same time, a relief. Bad intent could so twist facts that it might be said : " The Jew drove him to his death." Actually, it is his unbridled temperament, his inconsiderate wilfulness, his arrogant nature which have brought him to this pass. *During* the war, he was in his element ; *after* the war, he is at a loose end. His daring, his resolute strength come to grief against his adversary's courage of conviction and brain power, and this it is which finally drives him to death. " A pistol keeps faith," he says in his last letter. " Keep faith ! We've all done that," cries Margaret wildly. " It's not enough." And in this last sentence lies the essence of the play.

The controversy aroused everywhere by this play does not appear to be ended yet. In particular, the attitude of Twisden, the lawyer, has been caustically and falsely criticised. He has been found " ridiculous ", " unreal ", even " base." A lawyer—they say—has no right to abandon his client's cause, as, in so doing, he betrays and ruins him. But, apart from the fact that continental critics are not good judges of British legal ethics, we have here a lawyer of the old school ; bred in the great pre-war tradition of professional honour and integrity ! Is such a man, *with the two stolen notes, actual proof of his client's guilt, in his pocket,* to shield Dancy, plaintiff into the bargain, and allow de Levis to be innocently condemned ? Even if he had done so, he could have hindered nothing, and would have placed himself in a very false position. Through Gilman the truth must have come out. To say nothing of the fact that de Levis would have forced on the issue a second time. In what position would Twisden then be ?

The author, moreover, has stated that Twisden's conduct in this case is based on what actually happened in a very similar case of theft some thirty years ago. Galsworthy has faithfully shown us at least what some great English lawyers have done. He is on familiar ground.

It jars curiously that, in some quarters, the author's great dexterity in the manipulation of the scenes, the telling power and peculiarly strong dramatic effect of this play have been taken amiss. It is very seldom that a writer not only understands the theatre but can also create a drama of ideas. In Galsworthy we find this combination, rare to-day, yet this is sometimes put to the debit of his reputation. Theft, police, cross-examinations, court of justice, suicide, elements, despised of some, are absolutely essential in " Loyalties " for the furthering of the theme. They are not the end, but the *means* to the end. The theft here is as little a vulgar theft as that in " The Silver Box ", and the more striking the drama of the piece, the more surely has the writer gained his end ; *i.e.*, to stir up the audience, to make them reflect, to awake in them a new perception and conscience, more humanitarian sentiments and deeper sympathy.

(15) Windows

First Performance London, April, 1922

During the world war, there was much and reiterated talk of the imminent or already accomplished fraternization of the classes. And when the war had been brought to a successful issue, everything was to be different, everything to become better: a new sort of world would arise, a kind of millenium. What, however, *did* actually happen afterwards? Young Johnny March, an idealist with his head but too often in the clouds, who finds all his illusions shattered, says in his drastic manner: "We went into the war to save the little and weak; at least, we *said* so; and look at us now! The bottom's out of all that!"

"Windows" is primarily intended to show the aftermath of the war—the bitter disappointments, the unrest and aimlessness, the "not-able-to-live-fast-enoughness", the blasé state; all this Galsworthy has also portrayed faithfully and forcibly in "The White Monkey", which appeared two years later. But how does one set about coping with such a life? What remains to us when our ideals are thus bankrupt? Nothing, in truth, but to help the weaker and oppressed. But *can* they be helped? Can human nature be fundamentally altered? We remember Wellwyn in "The Pigeon" with the reformers and the "incorrigibles", "The Country House" with Gregory Vigil and Edmund Paramor, "Fraternity" with Hilary and Mr. Stone! One should see things as they are, not allow oneself to be imposed on by—Gas! Enthusiasm and unreal idealism are worthless; a man can only be of use if he is able to grapple with reality. Away, therefore, with all the unpracticable Utopian ideas which lead nowhere! There *is* no millenium here on

earth. We must just take life as it really is! If this three-act comedy does not end altogether happily, it yet ends—in contrast to "The Pigeon"—with a definite outlook. The writer has grown older and more lucid, more philosophical; between "The Pigeon" and "Windows" lies a ghastly decade—that of the world war.

Another family drama! The well-to-do March family consists of the writer, Geoffrey March, Joan his wife, Johnny his son, and Mary his daughter; also Bessy, the good old cook. Father and son are unworldly dreamers and idealists, mother and daughter—in contrast to their menfolk—prosaic and sober-minded. Mrs. March, the mother, almost oppressively-matter-of-fact; Mary, of a like strain to Ann in "The Pigeon." Father and son absolutely obsessed with the desire to help, to "rescue" (Gregory and Hilary!). They find nothing but wrong and infamy in the world. "All that is, is bad." When the curtain rises, we find Johnny, a sucking poet in the post-war period, stripped of all his illusions, in one of his sentimental and rebellious moods; he yearns for altruistic heroism; he *must* find an ideal or he will be undone. Then appears Mr. Bly, window cleaner and philosopher—that is to say, he philosophises much more industriously than he cleans windows, and his *spirit* very frequently requires refreshing with *spirits*; one of Galsworthy's most felicitous proletarian types. Bly tells of his daughter, Faith, who has been out of prison a fortnight—at the age of eighteen, she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for having, after giving life to an illegitimate child, almost immediately taken that life away again. The March family happens at the moment to be without a maid, and the philosophical window cleaner earnestly entreats the philanthropic author to give Faith—whom he has brought along with him—a trial. This pretty girl, formerly employed at a hairdresser's, and, after her long imprisonment, yearning avidly for life, is the most unsuitable creature

imaginable for such a post! She has not left prison "reformed"—quite the reverse! As on Falder in "Justice", imprisonment has had a devastating effect on Faith. "Her winders want cleanin', she 'ad a dusty time in there," explains Bly. In spite of energetic protests by the mistress of the house, Faith, at the instigation of father and son, is engaged. But at once, when laying the table, she throws the pessimistic Johnny an unmistakable glance.

The first act takes place after breakfast. The second a fortnight later, after lunch. Father Bly is again cleaning windows, while his daughter is clearing away.

Bly: "Winders! There they are! . . . You clean them, and they're dirty again in no time. It's like life . . ."

After Bly has departed, Faith, whose afternoon and evening out it is, twirls round—as with Mrs. Megan, the flower-seller in "The Pigeon", dancing with her is a vital necessity. Johnny comes into the room and induces Faith to tell him her whole story. Like Mrs. Megan, too, with her feline coquettish ways, one is never sure when she is playing a part or when she is sincere. She tells him about her baby whom she killed; of the cold and loneliness of prison life. "People who are free don't know what it's like to be shut up." Johnny assures her that he and his will do all in their power to make her happy again.

He dreams of her "rescue"; *she* is bent on a love adventure with him! After a short skirmish, the inevitable kiss takes place. Johnny, however, wishing to behave disinterestedly, begs her "please forget it." Such stages kisses are usually meant to be seen (see also "A Family Man") and, in fact, Bessy the cook *does* see it through the service shutter. An ejaculation of astonishment and consternation over her beloved Johnny; the mistress of the house happens to be in the kitchen; the thing can no longer be hushed up; and Mrs. March summarily dismisses Faith. When Mrs. March tries to explain matters to Father Bly, the dismayed

window cleaner again airs his philosophy. " Character's born, not made. You can clean yer winders and clean 'em, but that don't change the colour of the glass. . . . Nothin'll ever make her regular." Then Johnny storms in ; he will not suffer Faith to be sent away ; she is an innocent, deeply pathetic little creature. And when his mother continues to raise practical objections, the son cries in despair : " You're so matter-of-fact, you never give one credit for a pure ideal." To which Mrs. March rejoins : " I know where ideals lead . . . into the soup. And the purer they are, the hotter the soup. . . . A young man like you never saved a girl like her. . . . It's as least as important to see into ourselves as into other people." Then ensues an agitated scene between husband and wife. In this critical situation, Mr. March behaves like a helpless simpleton. Mary announces breathlessly that Johnny has installed himself at the top of the servants' staircase, outside Faith's room, so that no one can get up and she can't get down. He will stay there till his mother caves in. Mr. March loses his head ; Mrs. March forbids any food to be taken up to her son, declaring majestically, " Johnny must come down to earth." Suddenly are heard the distant sounds of a concertina being furiously played by Johnny !

An excellent curtain ! The preceding scenes are also admirable comedy, and the dialogue as good and as subtle as is to be found in Galsworthy's plays. One of the finest scenes indeed in all his plays is surely that between Faith and Johnny, with its melancholy of youth, its ups and downs in sentiment, its constant changes from sunshine to rain—April weather in their hearts and April weather outside in the garden.

Third act : The same evening, after dinner, at which only a pretence at eating has been made. Johnny has already been upstairs six hours. Growing uneasiness ! Mr. March pours out one liqueur glass of brandy after the other for his

wife, to strengthen her. " She'll see reason presently." He proposes to compromise and to make peace with Johnny, goes upstairs himself and brings down his son and Faith. It is Faith's evening out, and she wants to be allowed to go at once, but Johnny detains her. Suddenly a peculiar whistle is heard, and Faith declares that someone is waiting for her. A young man then arrives on the scene, the girl's new " friend ", at whose existence she has already vaguely hinted. He makes the worst possible impression, and it very nearly comes to a brawl between him and Johnny, prevented only by Faith's vehement protests. " Why can't you let me be," she cries to her " protectors ", and, pointing to Johnny, " He talks wild. Thinks he can ' rescue ' me. I don't want to be rescued. . . . I'll have what I like now. . . . You mean very well, Mr. March. . . . But you don't see, nobody *sees*." She is about to leave with her friend, when a detective enters and discloses to the company that the young man is a notorious " souteneur ", who has already been convicted. The " bad hat " clears out, and then Faith, who " couldn't see inside him " breaks down. She wants to go back to her father. Once more Johnny intervenes ; to the horror of the family, he proposes to Faith to come to *him !* But she, though younger than Johnny, is infinitely more mature. She has no call on him. He doesn't really care for her, nor she for him. And, in saying good-bye to Mr. March, she avers : " There's nothing to be done with a girl like me." Then Johnny, in a kind of vision, foretells her future—she will end on the streets (like Mrs. Megan in " The Pigeon "). Suddenly in the silence, a little feathery laugh is heard ; Mrs. March has gradually emptied the whole decanter of brandy, is literally filled with " spirits ". And —very subtle, this—in her inebriated condition she sees things clearly for the first time in her life. " I see—it—all. You—can't—help—unless—you—love. You thought—she wanted—to be saved. Silly ! She—just—wants—to—be—

loved," and smiling and nodding to her husband, " See—people—as—they—are. Then you won't be—disappointed. Don't have—ideals. Have—vision—just simple—vision ! " And finally, " The room's full of—Gas. Open the windows ! Open ! and let's—walk out—into the air ! " She turns and walks delicately out through the open windows. The moonlight and air flood in. . . .

This is a great scene ; great in its dramatic effect, if played in the right manner, without pathos ; and, still greater in philosophical content. High, practical wisdom is revealed in these few sentences. How many present-day dramatists are there capable of treating social—nay—vital problems with so much wit, intellect, humour, profundity ? Galsworthy surpasses himself here. Poetically the scene is unrivalled in his plays.

The work has a strong narrative element without, however, flagging in dramatic interest at any point. In its concentration, it is technically reminiscent of " The Pigeon ", " The Eldest Son ", " Foundations " and " The Show ", all plays of a psychological nature with a thin plot ; in which the individual characters are each drawn with loving and careful detail.

Many critics have considered the symbolism of " Windows" to be somewhat forced. But what the play means is simply this : How pleasant and lovely to live in your windowed study among theories and ideas, and how very different life is when you open the windows and walk abroad !

(16) The Forest

First Performance London, March, 1924

As the title implies, this is no society drama. With its glaring streaks of colour, and in parts exotic milieu, it is a departure from the author's customary style. The play shows the working of the " Cat Force " both in Nature and in Civilisation. The second and third acts (five scenes in all) take place in Africa, for the most part in the heart of the forest, and are framed in by the first and fourth acts (three scenes in all), which pass in the City of London. We have to do, so to speak, with Front and Hinterland—the adventurers who penetrate into the forest there to leave their bones, while the city waxes exceeding rich through their adventures. This interlocking play has a fierce and unleashed tragic irony, with a technique, somewhat reminiscent of that of the novel " Fraternity."

The contrasting of civilisation and primeval forest—which recalls to us Galsworthy's early story, " The Silence "—is attractive in itself. How far, however, does it lend itself to the stage ? The work is forcible and original ; the plot, in keeping with the characters and surroundings, cruel and ruthless ; the language vigorous and impressive, born entirely of the spirit of violence, of the inexorable struggle between Man and Nature, Man and Man. To vary slightly some words of John Strood, the leader of the expedition : " *This isn't a play for the chicken-livered !* " The forest of the City of London and the forest of Africa are well linked to show the working of the Cat Force, but it remains questionable how far so stupendous a theme can find expression within the limited resources of the stage ; whether, indeed, in its very conception it does not go beyond stage dimensions.

The stage manager who is competent to produce this play as it should be produced, must be a man of imagination and original ideas, and must strain every nerve to tone down crudities which, on the stage, are so apt to be exaggerated. At any rate, only a large stage, with a very strong cast and the most modern equipment, should attempt the difficult problem of this piece. So far, indeed, this large-minded drama still awaits its real awakener. Probable—possible—that its effect would then be overpoweringly great.

" *Your own—tooth and claw—my boy, forest law.*" These words uttered almost at the end, stand as motto to a play whose period of action is at the end of the nineteenth century. In the first act we see Adrian Bastaple, one of the worst tigers of finance in London, unscrupulous to the backbone, stalking his prey. A beast of prey in the forest of London, he brings to his " lair " certain amiable gentlemen to discuss the financing of an expedition to be sent for various purposes to the forest of Central Africa. Farrell, Bastaple's accomplice and secretary, pulls the wires. These gentlemen are all possessed with their own ideas—the editor of a newspaper, the President of a Bible Society, Beton, an Imperialist living in his dreams! The expedition is ostensibly to fight the slave trade in the Belgian Congo—in reality, the vital private interests of Beton and Bastaple are at stake. The largest sum is subscribed by Bastaple, who wants to drive up the price of the South African shares he has bought cheaply, so that he can unload at a very high price. In spite of Bastaple's fascinating figure, this dry, acrid act of facts and figures in the great city lacks at times the human note.

In the second act, the situation changes abruptly to blue sky and tropical vegetation. We are introduced to John Strood the explorer, one of the writer's most striking stage characters; a man possessed with the lust of exploration, who " drives things through." To such imperious natures,

striding on unscrupulously and incapable of retreat, the British Empire, it is said, owes most of its colonies. So begins the forest drama, within the setting of the city drama. The work gains considerably in coherence if Strood is introduced in person in the first act as, with the author's sanction, was done at the Viennese performance, May, 1926. The story is thereby better linked.

The expedition immediately takes that ironical bent so characteristically Galsworthian. Against orders Strood follows a totally different aim; he allows himself to be persuaded by an American elephant hunter to undertake, without the knowledge of the other members of the expedition, forced marches to a distant and dangerous district where diamonds are to be found. Bastaple cheats his business associates by abuse of their names and means for his private ends; Strood, spurred on by ambition and lust of adventure, ignores Bastaple's instructions and uses the expedition for his own purposes. To pass a particularly dangerous belt of country, he is obliged to take with him Amina, the passionate Arab girl, sister of a chief, who refuses to go without her lover, the proud, self-conscious naturalist Herrick.

From the first moment personal antipathy reigns between Strood on the one hand, and Herrick and Amina on the other. Pride and lust of power lead to veiled and, ultimately to open strife. Strood is so carried away in his overstrained passion that he strikes Amina. Not only the forest, but the Arab girl, too, now conspires against him. The expedition suffers terribly from lack of proper equipment, fever, attacks by cannibals, and the disputes between Herrick and its leader. The carriers refuse to march further; they are little more than famished skeletons. But Strood will not give in. "No limit to will power, none." "There's a limit to human strength. Ye're sacrificing the lot of us for no good. Turn back." "Never! Never have, never

will! One spurt and we'll win out." And so Strood drives on to destruction! One after the other they perish, till at last only Strood and Herrick survive. With "naked souls" the two enemies now confront each other, but common need keeps them together. The forest closes in on them. Vainly Amina tries to save her lover, laid low by a poisoned arrow. Finally the "Forest Hell Cat" drives her dagger into the heart of Strood, who has fired his last shot. "Civilisation," coming rapaciously into the primeval forest, goes down beneath the spears of savages. Not exactly an original theme, but Galsworthy in his own way now gives it an original turn.

For the "beast of prey" in the city forest converts the expedition's failure to his profit. Out of the death of Strood and his fellows he makes a very good thing. Involuntarily the comparison of Front and Hinterland again obtrudes itself, our thoughts turn to war profiteers. After the ghastly horrors of the forest we find ourselves in the fourth and last act, once more in Bastaple's "lair." Franks, the doctor of the expedition, and its sole survivor, has returned to London. In consequence of severe illness Strood had sent him back earlier. He tells Bastaple how Strood was really after diamonds, and that he is certain that the whole expedition has perished. With Farrell's help, Bastaple instantly launches a false report to the effect that new diamond fields have been discovered by Strood. There is a sharp rise in his shares on this news, and in this "deal" Bastaple "nets" some £200,000, 10 per cent of which he presents to his worthy secretary as "commission." Then he takes his cigar from his mouth and emits a great puff of smoke. "His face has on it a half smile and he stretches himself with a sigh of satisfaction, his fingers spreading and crisping unconsciously like the claws of a cat." At the end, the actual aim of the expedition is quite forgotten. One thing only is certain—it perished, and a city magnate

receives back his capital twenty-fold. True, he risked £10,000 in cash, but took no other risk, and continued to live in comfort and security. Tragic irony ! Curtain !

This play puts a considerable strain on the intelligence of an audience. They have to find their ways in the labyrinths of the forest and the labryinths of finance. The story, in fact, is too intricate for the stage. Apart from this defect the play has, in some scenes, an almost Shakespearian force. The feverish breath of passion pervading it and the almost fantastic exoticism of the forest scenes make it unique among Galsworthy's dramatic creations. Once more, this is a play of men, but Amina, the only woman in it, symbol of the treacherous forest, in her seductive exoticism focusses all attention. She stands out among the author's female characters, isolated, except, perhaps, for one or two short sketches. Extraordinarily strongly drawn figures are Bastaple and Strood. Bastaple is unique among Galsworthy's men. Strood, something of a Titan, bears a certain resemblance to Anthony in " Strife ", and others of the author's strong, hard men. Each member of the expedition is very subtly drawn. Such humour as the play has is the characteristic British humour in tight situations. Tregay, the war correspondent, must be finally mentioned. At the end he makes a vain effort to expose Bastaple's swindle ; he is the raisonneur of the play, an idealist and a realist, a stickler for truth with a bent towards chivalry. Reminiscent, perhaps, of Courtier in " The Patrician." He stands out refreshingly against Bastaple and his precious secretary, and the smug figures of the city.

(17) A Note on Old English

Comedy in Three Acts (*Six Scenes*)

First Performance London, 1924

With great skill Galsworthy has dramatised the story " A Stoic," and made of it a delightful character comedy, revolving, of course, round the octogenarian Sylvanus Heythorp, and catching successfully the peculiar shipping atmosphere of Liverpool in the early years of this century. The story of this play is precisely the same as in the story " A Stoic ", which has already been examined.

(18) The Show

First Performance London, July, 1925

"Loyalties" ends on a suicide, the three act drama "The Show" begins on one. In "Loyalties" Margaret Orme observes, referring to the law proceedings: "It's made me feel that there's nothing we like better than seeing people skinned." "The Show" conveys the impression of this idea having been exhaustively worked out.

An unusually rapid and dexterous opening initiates us at once into the plot of this play. A morning in March, the study in a prosperous London house. Anne Morecombe, a distinguished-looking and beautiful woman, 25 years old, is telephoning to her lover. "Is that you, Geoff? An awful thing's happened. Colin (her husband) has shot himself . . . last night . . . When I got in from you, I found him there in the study . . . dead . . . Us . . . No, no, he didn't know . . . I'm sure not. And if he had, he wouldn't have cared . . . I can't conceive—I don't know anything of his affairs—no more than he knew of mine—" Enter a detective and a Divisional Surgeon of Police, to take the proceedings usual in England after a suicide. The detective exhaustively examines the maid. The Law, represented by the Police, begins to interfere in private life, to lay it bare, inexorably, bit by bit. We learn that Major Morecombe, a distinguished flying man in the war, and Anne, have not lived together as man and wife for more than a year. The detective has hardly left the room with Anne for a few moments, when a pretty distracted-looking young woman hastily enters and asks the servants whether the Major hadn't left a word for her? They do not know—will she give her name? But she runs out again. Scarcely has she gone when a smart young reporter from "The Evening Sun"

is already on the spot; the Press, too, has immediately seized upon the Morecombe case to exploit its sensation. From the detective's cross-examination of the maid and Anne which now ensues, it transpires that Anne has a lover and we divine that the dead man has been the lover of the young woman. Anne's father, Colonel Roland, "retired", now enters; of the old school, kind but conservative, for whose sake Anne did not divorce her husband; and then, Geoffrey Darrel, Anne's lover, appears. It is to her an utter mystery why her husband should have killed himself. Darrel proposes to take her abroad, but Anne declares it out of the question, she will have to be present at the inquest. The bell rings; and the detective once more comes in. He quickly recognises the man for whom he is looking and from whose rooms he has just come, for evidently the Police suspect some connection between the Major's suicide and his wife's lover. There is also another suspicious fact; just before his violent end, Morecombe had sent a letter to be posted. To whom was the letter addressed? The detective surmises Darrel was the recipient, but the latter gives his word of honour that he knows nothing of it. The young man is obliged to empty his pockets, but no letter is there. Then the detective brings in a box which he has confiscated in Darrel's rooms and makes him open it. And it is one of the most poignant moments in the play when the detective, no brute, merely an executive of the Law, rummages among the letters Darrel has received from Anne and takes a dried flower from one of them. But the suicide's letter is not among them. The detective has just taken his departure when the reporter appears again. From one of his remarks Anne learns of the young woman's visit. "Are you going to drag another wretched woman into this," she cries desperately. "My husband has a mother, to whom he was a hero." "Indeed! Could you give me her address?" says the imperturbable Press man.

The suspense of this whole act, with its tearing pace, constant breathless development and revelations growing steadily in importance, is far too powerful to be excelled by the two following acts. The first scene of the second act takes us next morning to the editor's rooms in the " Evening Sun " office. The biting sarcasm of this scene after the sadness of the first act, is distinctly diverting. The chief editor asks the news editor why he had passed the paragraph on the Morecombe suicide, referring to the young woman's visit. It may lead to unpleasantness with the Police. The " little grey-haired " Lady Morecombe now enters ; she is the Major's mother. Like Colonel Roland, who accompanies her, she is of the old school. Involuntarily she reminds us of Lady Casterley in " The Patrician." How could the " Evening Sun " publish that scandalous paragraph about her son ? Will the editor contradict it ? This he refuses to do, basing his refusal on his duty as a publicist. " What concern is it of the Public ? " queries the Colonel heatedly. With the exclamation " It's ghoulish," the old lady leaves the office, followed by the Colonel who threatens a libel action. The detective now appears and complains that the newspaper, by its interference, has impeded the law ; the editor smooths him down by giving him the address of the young woman, in return for which the detective promises " favoured-nation terms " in regard to anything they give out to the Press. The editor then finally observes : " Curiosity is the greatest thing in the world. I'm quite keen myself to know why Morecombe committed suicide. I suppose he *did ?* " Yes," returns the news editor. " No improving on that."

The second scene is played, somewhat later the same morning, in Anne's house, Mr. Odiham, a London workman, comes to the widow with his daughter Daisy, no other than the distracted young woman who has rushed in the day before. Odiham has read the paragraph in the " Evening

Sun " and comes to ask Anne to stop these " noospaper fellows." He had only learnt of his daughter's relations with Major Morecombe from the paper. Odiham is an indulgent father, a man of the people with a healthy sense of humour and does not blame his daughter. Daisy, a waitress, who adored the Major, relates that she had spent the evening before his death with him ; but she has as little idea as Anne why he killed himself. She states that the reporter is now pestering her and, indeed, he just then makes his appearance. By order of his editor, he is to see that she goes quietly into the country so that for a time she is not to be found, with the object of making the case still more sensational. At heart the reporter is quite a " decent chap " ; he endeavours to be as agreeable as possible in carrying out the duties of the profession by which he lives. It is not so much, too, his editor as the public, which, in its eagerness for sensation, forces him to ferret things out. It is characteristic of Galsworthy that where he exposes social Systems, he makes their representatives as humanly sympathetic as possible, portrays them more as tools of imperfect human nature than as evil in themselves. The writer has no desire to pillory individuals, only human nature at large with its faulty institutions, its blind Justice, its Yellow Press and its sensation-craving Public.

The possibility of getting Daisy away is, however, frustrated by the unexpected reappearance of the detective who has not yet nosed out the recipient of Major Morecombe's letter. He questions Anne, Lady Morecombe and Colonel Roland in turn, on the Major's relations with Daisy, without getting a word of information from any of them. He submits Daisy to an inquisitorial cross-examination. She, however, would rather be cut into bits than betray to him anything prejudicial to her dead lover. It seems as though the truth can be learnt from nobody ; and the detective goes away saying that everything must come out at the inquest.

The final scene is a deeply pathetic one without words. Lady Morecombe, left alone, moves behind the empty armchair, in which her beloved son shot himself. " Slowly her hands go out . . . she . . . presses her lips to the head she does not hold."

The third act takes place on the following morning, in a waiting-room at the Coroner's Court. " Sensation ghouls " of both sexes, but principally women, try at the last moment to get into the proceedings. Anne and Daisy are called in to give evidence. Colonel Roland and Odiham remain behind. This scene of suspense between the two men is particularly harrowing. The two fathers cannot possibly hear their daughters being tortured in the next room, but they can imagine it. Colonel Roland (to himself) : " I've seen men shot, but their eyes were bandaged." Odiham tries to distract the Colonel's attention from the ordeal of suspense, and observes : " Everything's a show nowadays. If you get two sparrers scrappin' you'll have a ring round 'em in no time . . . Well, you can't say but what we do like to see other people put through it . . . It's human nature to want to see all there is."

The scene is interrupted by Darrel's entrance. He has come to fetch Anne. For the first time, he and the Colonel meet face to face. In reply to the Colonel's reproaches, he states that he wants to marry Anne and take her abroad. But Anne, who now comes from the cross-examination, has been through such torture that she is almost in a state of collapse. Then, quite unexpectedly, appears a Lieutenant Oswald, a naval officer. He is Morecombe's best friend, and it was to him that the letter had been sent. For Anne this revelation comes too late. " Who minds being skinned ? " she cries. " Do I show ? Am I bleeding ? Their eyes ! " Darrel leads her out.

And now follows the most ironic scene of the play ; the sitting of the Jury on the inquest, eight narrow-minded

philistines. First of all, the foreman reads out to the Jury the Major's letter to his friend. Tragic irony! The Major did not commit suicide either on his wife's account or from any other high and noble motive, but wholly and solely because he suffered from constantly recurring and incurable fits of melancholia, amounting to temporary insanity. He could not make up his mind to tell Anne and this is why he no longer lived with her. The painful, mental agony that Anne, Daisy and the others have had to undergo has therefore been not only quite unjustifiable and futile, but disgraceful and ludicrous. What comes next is still more ludicrous. According to English law, it must be ascertained whether Major Morecombe killed himself when sane, or whether he was of unsound mind at the time. On this point an agitated discussion now takes place between the members of the Jury. Although Morecombe's letter can leave no possible doubt that he planned and carried out his suicide after ripe reflection, and in a fully clear state of mind, the majority of the harrassed and well-intentioned Jury come to the conclusion that a man who takes his own life *must* be mad. Accordingly, the verdict, which acquits the Major of the sin of suicide, is brought in as suicide while of unsound mind. A ray of light for Lady Morecombe as, in her opinion, this verdict clears the honour of her beloved son and removes the stigma from name and family. "The Show is over," she says, and on those words with the bitter after-taste that so many of Galsworthy's plays leave behind, we depart from the theatre.

The letter produced just too late by Morecombe's friend, even if a powerful stage effect, is dramatically weak. Moreover, a new crescendo, a new climax, is lacking in the debate after the letter has been read. Perhaps a sudden ingenious flash, either of irony or humanity, might have relieved this almost too drily matter-of-fact argument between some hopeless philistines and saved the situation.

One may also question, too, whether the maximum effect of the cross-examination has not already been achieved in the first act, so that, in the second scene of the second act, interest in the detective's inquisition slackens. There is, in fact, a certain monotony of horror and sadness, lightened only in the two last acts by the witty editorial intermezzo and the entrance of Mr. Odiham.

In " The Show," Anne once again embodies the individual vainly struggling in the grip of Fate—that Society's Trinity : Public, Press and Law. And, with her, the other persecuted, Lady Morecombe, Colonel Roland, Darrel, Odiham and Daisy, struggle, too, against this super-force. The " Public " here is human nature in its curiosity and lust of sensation, very much the human nature of to-day. The Press is the Yellow Press against which this drama is in bold and open rebellion.

The most powerful of these is certainly the first, "The First and the Last" (written June, 1917, first performance London, June, 1919), an effective dramatisation in three scenes of the story already examined of the same name from the "Five Tales."

"The Little Man" (written October, 1913, produced in Birmingham 1916) is an ironic little play, also in three scenes with farcical touches, and, if played briskly, is very amusing. The first scene takes place at an Austrian railway station,the second in the train and the third again at a station. At the start we are shown international society in the station restaurant: an Englishman and his wife, an American, a German and a young Dutchman, an amiable, much harassed Austrian waiter, and the good-natured, patient "little man." The train comes in, general excitement, everyone rushes to the carriages. A woman of the lower class with a baby and two bundles makes frantic efforts to gather them up, loses her head and calls for help. The altruistic "little man" takes hold of the baby and the bundle on which it has been sitting, the woman takes another and they run after the train. Scene 2: a second class corridor compartment in a moving train occupied by the people we have already met; in the corridor, is seen the "little man" with the baby on one arm and the bundle in the other hand. The little man finds an empty seat in the compartment and, in reply to a question, says that the mother of the baby appears to have been left behind—general amusement. The baby wails, the little man rocks it, a peal of laughter goes up from the carriage. But suddenly the passengers get the impression that the baby has typhus fever; begin to smoke and go out

into the corridor. The American praises the little man's humanity, but vanishes promptly to the dining car, while the little man patiently nurses the baby. Scene 3: the little man with the baby at a station. As he answers "no" when asked if it is his child, he is arrested. The little man speaks only English and cannot make himself understood, but the "official" shows him a wire with instructions to " 'Rest gentleman with black baby " and wants to arrest the little man. The American now interferes, and says that the baby has typhus fever, and that the little man is an angel. The officer requests the little man to give up the child at once, but he emphatically refuses. A scene is just beginning when the baby's mother arrives, beaming with joy. They want to arrest her at once for taking about a child with typhus. But matters are quickly cleared up, the baby is really all right, the American makes another long speech to the little man, full of sentiment, admiration and idealism. All, including official and policeman, conspire to show their reverence, the mother kisses his hand, round his head shines something like a halo, and the American quickly snaps the group. The moral of the play is, of course, that favourite moral with Galsworthy, the difference between verbal and practical humanity.

The author entitles " Hall Marked " a " satirical trifle " (written 1913). It takes place in the country, at a lady's bungalow. Very amusing is the entry of two hostile dogs (for the first time Galsworthy introduces animals on the stage). One of these dogs is rescued by the lady from a pond. The County Society to which the dog Hannibal belongs is grateful to her, but unfortunately the lady has forgotten her wedding ring in the bathroom. The seeming absence of respectability is confirmed by braces, strops and other masculine evidence, so that a feeling of discomfort gradually seizes on County Society, in that the lady should be living with a man without, as they suppose, being married to him.

Very droll how they take their leave, quite forgetting the lady's good action.

Two next one-act dramalets, are war plays. "Defeat" (written October, 1916, produced in London, April, 1924) is the dramatised short story of that title. An English officer visits a street girl without being aware that she is a German, therefore doubly despised and outcast from society. There is a talk in which is voiced the girl's home-sickness and disgust with the war, and all on either side who are waging it. When the officer learns of her outcast conditions he is sympathetic. Suddenly the raucous cries of the paper boys are heard, announcing a great British victory. The officer in his excitement lays down two notes and rushes off. She seizes the notes, tears them into little bits, and with all her might she begins to sing "The Watch on the Rhine" (while outside, the passing soldiers are singing "Rule Britannia"). The moral of "Defeat" is the way in which even those who suffer most from the excessive ardours of patriotism will on any provocation themselves become ardent patriots.

"The Sun" (written July, 1919, first performance 1922) is called by the author "a scene." After three years a soldier returns from the war to marry his girl, but finds that she is passionately in love with another, who has also gone through Hell and wants to fight him for the girl. The soldier just demobilised is too happy to fight anyone—he has looked on the sun, as it were, and with a laugh he goes his way. The play is a little epitome of the lightening of hearts that came when the war ceased.

In the "little comedy" "Punch and Go" (written December, 1920, produced in London 1926) Galsworthy for the first time has written a play within a play, and a witty, delicate, fantastic little satire. The scene is a stage in the usual state of fuss before a dress rehearsal. Then in the presence of the theatre's owner the rehearsal begins. A dry Professor is

writing a dry article on Beauty (he somewhat recalls Mr. Stormer in "The Dark Flower"). His much younger attractive wife yearns for more beauty and reality in her life. The Professor falls asleep in his chair and dreams. We see the dream: behind a rock in the moonshine lies a faun. Orpheus comes by playing on his lute, and the trunk of an apple-tree is transformed into a girl's body with bare arms and legs, and the face of the Professor's wife. As though hypnotised, the nymph sways slowly towards Orpheus, till their lips touch. The Professor utters a frightened cry and wakes. His wife tells him that it was no dream. But the Professor tries to exploit her "hysterical" outburst for his article . . . Return to reality and contrast; although the owner of the theatre likes the play very much, he does not know what the hell it's all about. When it is explained to him that this is a little allegory of the tragedy of hyper-civilisation he congratulates all the actors, and instantly countermands the play. Instead they are to produce a farce called "Pop Goes the Weasel" with "little Miggs" in it. No room for Romance in a world of big business!

(20) Escape

First Performance London, August, 1926

In this, the author's most recent play (in a prologue and nine episodes), the dramatic elaboration of the chase motif reaches its climax. A man—not as in " The Fugitive ", a woman—is hunted in this play ; Clare escapes by suicide, Matt Denant, the " hero " of this drama, surrenders and lives. " The Fugitive " leaves the feeling that life is ugly, and mankind base ; " Escape ", that, after all, life is worth living, and the greater part of mankind good.

The prologue : A summer night ; on a bench in Hyde Park sits a girl, whose profession it is to lie in wait for men. Matt Denant, who commanded a company during the War and escaped from a German prison camp (in him we find a distant kinsman to Captain Dancy in " Loyalties," but of finer mettle and, in contrast to Dancy, with a keen sense of humour), is accosted by the girl as he strolls by. During the conversation he has with her, which he pursues from human interest without ulterior motive, we learn her sad lot. Matt is a thorough sportsman, a long-distance runner, and horses and dogs interest him far more than women. The girl tries to lure Matt to her rooms by telling him of her beautiful cat, but Matt does not rise to the bait. Hardly has he left the temptress, when a detective appears, a plain-clothes man, who charges her with accosting and wants her to come along with him. In his chivalry and love of fair play, Matt turns back and asks the detective to let the girl go ; she has not molested him in any way. The detective refuses, and summons help. Matt gives him a knock-out blow ; the man falls back, hits his head on the railings round the grass and dies on the spot. Although the man has lost his life

through sheer ill-luck, Matt Denant is sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

When Matt has served a year in Dartmoor Prison, he, who has commanded men, and to whom freedom and decent civility are vital necessities, finds it impossible to resign himself to being ordered about for three years more. One day, when the moor is wrapped in heavy fog, despite the warnings of a comrade, he springs like a cat over the wall and is off. At once the hunt is " up ". The main theme of the play begins here. We see human nature illustrated in a variety of scenes in which all sorts of human beings come in contact with a fellow human being escaping from justice. The author does not wish to point a moral, he only wishes to stir us up. We see ourselves, as it were, placed in a very awkward situation and we wonder what we ourselves would do.

Already in the prologue, there has been a certain ironic humour ; this humour pervades every following episode, up to the last two where the hunt is closing in on Matt. In the second episode, at night in the fog, two warders lying in ambush for Matt on the main road, discuss their hard lot, and how they will make him pay for his escape. A rope is stretched across the road, to trip up the convict if he comes along. Footsteps ! Ah ! He's coming ! One flashes his electric lamp on Matt's face ; the other seizes him ! No ! deuce take it ! He has only got hold of his fellow warder— Matt has escaped !

The third episode takes place at early dawn in a young lady's bedroom at an inn on the moor. The convict has wandered round all night in the dense fog, almost frozen, has passed the inn and, seeing the balcony door ajar, has jumped up, slipped into the room, and hidden under the bed, without having the faintest idea who, if anyone, is asleep in it. In the morning, he crawls out again to get away, but the lady has already risen, and he is forced to give her an explanation.

There are very few writers, who would have suffered this adventurously-amusing situation to pass without making equivocal allusions and doubtful complications. In his exceedingly delicate reserve, Galsworthy has refrained from allowing one word to be uttered which could be interpreted wrongly. The word "sporting" alone is constantly stressed. Matt Denant is a gentleman, and, after the first fright and doubts have been overcome, pity and admiration move the young lady. She will not, cannot, be disloyal to a gentleman, a man of her own class! On the contrary, she helps him with a slab of chocolate, a flask of brandy and money. "Is that a razor?" "There's a limit, Captain Denant. My husband's." And yet she allows him to use it, for Matt would betray himself by his three days' stubble. She also lets him take her husband's old Burberry and fishing rod, in order that he may, while escaping, impersonate a fisherman. He then steals down the stairs and runs off. This delightful scene concludes the first part of the play.

The second starts with an episode on the bank of the river. Matt is fishing, and has caught eight small trout. An old gentleman comes strolling by, and begins a friendly conversation with the fugitive. He has often wondered what he would do, if he chanced to stumble on the escaped convict. This point is all the more complicated, since this old gentleman has once been a judge himself. The subtly carried on dialogue between the two men has a cat and mouse effect, for we sense that the old gentleman is soon aware of Matt's identity. He is, however, greatly amused at the adventure, and humanity awakening in him, promises that he won't give Matt away.

Another, then, who, in the struggle between duty and sympathy, is ranged on the side of the fugitive! The next (fifth) episode, an hour later on the moor, brings us in touch with commoner folk. The weather has cleared, and four provincial trippers are picnicking on the moor, not far from

their car parked in the road. Matt, still disguised as a fisherman, appears, and enquires the way to Bovey. He wins the heart of a somewhat corpulent lady by presenting her with the trout. He then turns the conversation on the escaped convict. The trippers wax indignant, declare that the fellow ought to have been hanged, and the girl put in prison! This rouses Matt, he says good afternoon and—drives off in their car! It now dawns on the shopkeeping family with whom they have been conversing. Bickering and grumbling, they trail off—the whole scene is highly diverting. Matt scorches along in the car over the moor till—in the sixth episode—he encounters a young married couple, whom he immediately charms with his gentlemanly bearing. He asks them, too, the way to Bovey, where he is going to tea with some imaginary aunts. Hardly has he driven off, when a constable appears, who is following the escaped convict, but can only get along very slowly with his bicycle on the hilly moor. A diverting examination of the couple now follows; they have not only allowed the convict to escape, but have even shown him the way! Of course, however, he has no real intention of going to Bovey; and vexedly, the constable rides off to telephone. Almost immediately Matt returns in the car, for there are two policemen up there. The woman espouses his cause; she is impressed by Matt's adventurous bearing, and his humour; the husband poses as guardian of the law and proposes to drive the car himself in order to give the convict up. But Matt is not to be trifled with, threatens the zealous fellow who is not so bold as all that and drives off again leaving the wife jeering at her husband. Seventh episode: Matt has driven the car into a ditch and is hiding in a gravel pit, pretending to sleep; in reality waiting till dark falls to continue his flight. But, in this scene for the first time, Matt's inventive powers and audacity seem in danger of failing; a thick-skulled but shrewd farmer gets hold of him.

By an unexpected movement Matt once more eludes his pursuers and makes off. Intensely infuriated, they and the constable, in hue and cry, rush after the convict. These rustics are, as a fact, the only ones who find real pleasure in this hunt, for the sake of the hunt itself.

We now come to the two final scenes, and these move the heart as but little else which Galsworthy—so far—has put into his plays. The eighth episode passes in a cottage inhabited by two gentlewomen, the spinster sisters, Miss Grace and Miss Dora, opposed characters, as so often the case in the same family. Miss Dora is humanitarian, and free-thinking ; Miss Grace is arch-conservative and religious. Dora has come straight from a fox hunt. She has just heard of the man-hunt—and tells her sister that she means to give up hunting altogether. A sharp dispute over the escaped convict ensues. Dora warm-heartedly takes his part. Suddenly Matt appears at the open window. Dora wants to hide him, Grace to give him up. But when the eager pack of pursuers come rushing into the room, Dora denies his presence and, by her glance, compels Grace to lie to them. " Thank me for telling a lie? . . . You'd make me do it again," the elder sister cries in fierce reproach. But Matt has slipped away. He doesn't want to sow dissension between the two, who, after all, love each other, or to bring trouble on Dora who has helped him, or drag her sister to lie against her conscience. He prefers to disappear. An intensely human scene.

Ninth and last episode: in the vestry of the village church. The parson, a middle-aged man, who was a chaplain in the war, enters, and finds the exhausted convict hiding among the cassocks and surplices. Matt demands the right of sanctuary, the protection of the Church. And this leads to the most profound and moving dialogue in the play. The parson, an enlightened man of noble instincts, Field Padre during the war, wants to shelter Matt Denant—but—

dare he? The Church is a State institution. "I can't help you to escape, but if you want rest, take it." Then Matt puts the poignant question: "Wonder what Christ would have done?" "That, Captain Denant, is the hardest question in the world. Nobody ever knows. You may answer this or that, but nobody ever knows. The more you read those writings, the more you realise that He was incalculable. You see—He was a genius. It makes it hard for us who try to follow Him." But Destiny is on its way. The bellringer has seen Matt slip into the vestry. The pursuers search the church without finding him, for he has again taken refuge behind the cassocks. Then the vindictive farmer, incensed at being outwitted, asks the parson, on his word of honour as a Christian gentleman, whether he has not seen the convict. A lie is already hovering on the Padre's lips, when Matt, to save his perjury, steps out and surrenders. The farmer breaks into a roar of triumph. "Be quiet in this place; and go out. You shame God," cries the Padre. Matt asks his forgiveness, and then says: "It's one's decent *self* one can't escape." The parson gives him his blessing, the bell begins to ring for Evensong.

Only at this final point of the drama does its deeper purport become apparent to us. Matt Denant may try to escape, and perhaps, had he been exceptionally fortunate, might have succeeded; but his *own* self, his conscience, he can never escape! He acts consistently throughout. Just as in Hyde Park, in his chivalry and love of justice, he could not do otherwise than take the part of the poor harried girl, so he cannot tolerate two sisters quarrelling on his behalf, or a true priest of God lying for his sake. He is a soldier and a gentleman, a warrior in the best sense of the word. We may hope that the return to prison and the long confinement will not break his spirit. On his return to prison he takes with him one positive piece of knowledge; he has personally experienced how kind and "decent" quite a number of people can be. For, although the author has, in a scrupul-

ously impartial manner, weighed the pros and cons, we feel on the whole that decency is in the ascendant, especially if we throw Denant himself into the scales. The " ayes " of kindly conduct prevail. " Escape ", therefore, despite its bitter irony, is one of the most—perhaps *the* most—positive of Galsworthy's plays, and opens up thereby new perspectives.

Matt Denant, who immediately espouses the " lost cause " of the girl, makes us think of Courtier in " The Patrician ", and Jimmy Fort in " Saint's Progress." Attention has already been drawn to the " sporting " instinct, which he has in common with Dancy in " Loyalties ", and it is this which gives such an adventurous spirit to the whole drama. (For instance : " A bullet'd be a nice change for me.") In all other respects, he stands alone. We find figures in the novels distinctly resembling the two sisters. Admirable, the two prison warders (this episode has a sort of Shakespearian humour), admirable, the " old gentleman " and the group of philistines. Very successful, too, the infuriated farmer ! Finally a word as to the parson. He is in some way akin to Edward Pierson in " Saint's Progress " and, though stronger, more active, more positive and humanely Christian than that reactionary dreamer, in the stirrings of his conscience, strongly suggests him. He and Michael Strangway (in " A Bit o' Love") are fine figures in the large gallery of Galsworthian men.

Galsworthy employs this loose sequence of scenes for the first time. It is eminently suited to the theme of this play ; indeed it is difficult to see how the story could be told or the effect reached in any other way. It is something of a new technique, at least in England ; and will inevitably suggest to the weak-minded that the author was trying to write the scenario of a film, an art for which Galsworthy to judge from allusions in his works seems to have little respect or liking.

THE END

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